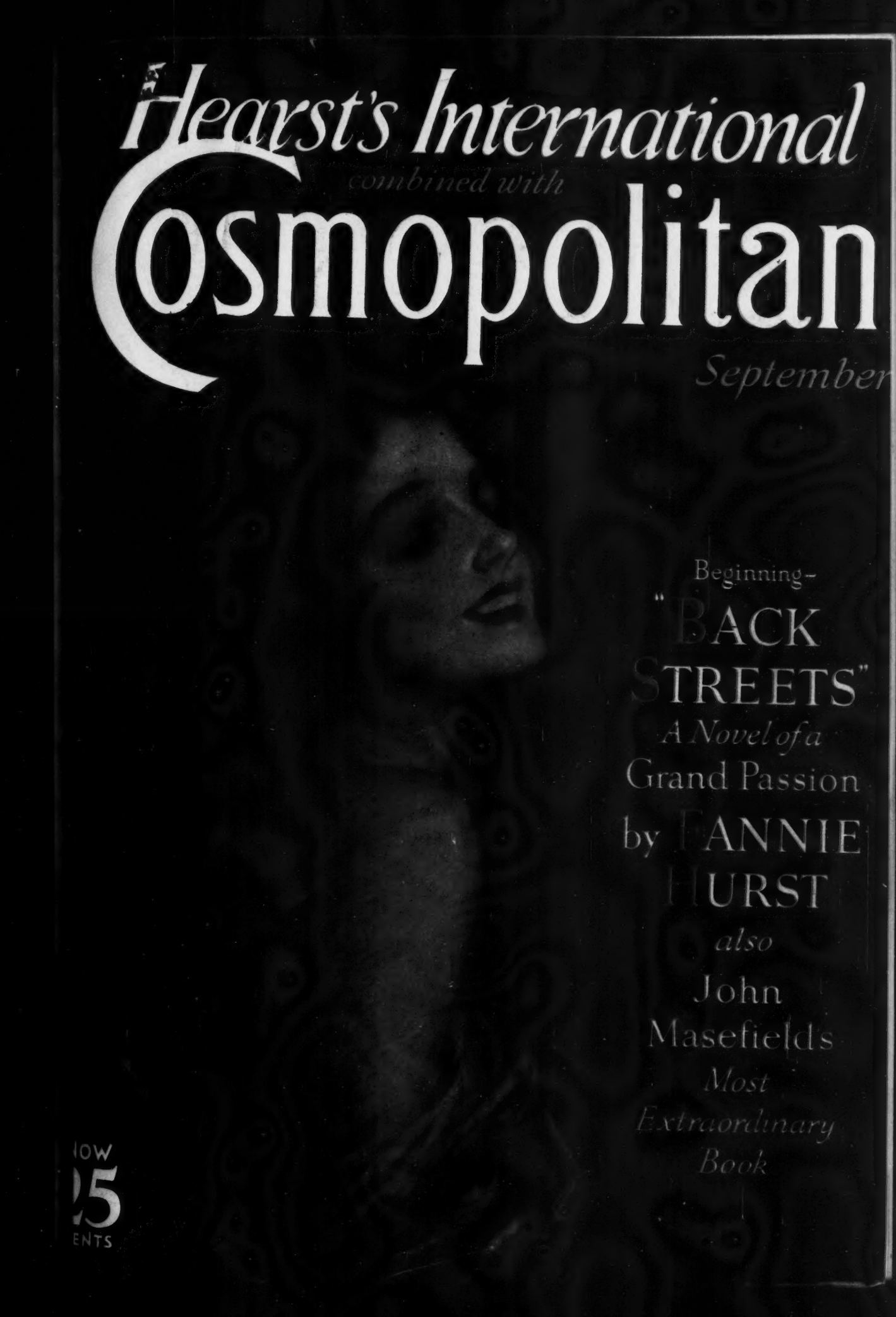
Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

September



Beginning—

"BACK STREETS"

A Novel of a Grand Passion

by FANNIE HURST

also

John Masefield's

Most Extraordinary Book

IOW
25
ENTS

Wouldn't one taste good—*right now!*

YOU know the answer to that if you've ever tasted **Milky Way**, for to think of one is to *want* one with a craving that says, "let's go."

If you haven't already had that pleasure, try to imagine a candy so good that just the *memory* of its taste is a joyous thrill. So utterly *satisfying* that it seems—even the first bite—something you've always been hungry for.

And yet you'll like **Milky Way** even more as you get better acquainted. It's so basically *right*—so full of wholesome quality, that appreciation grows and grows. When you're hungry for candy, you'll crave one definite candy in particular . . . and that's **Milky Way**.

Next time you're candy-hungry—but wait! Aren't you *right now?* What a wonderful time *this* is for a **Milky Way**!

MARS, INC., 2019-2059 N. Oak Park Ave., Chicago

Milky Way

"When you crave good candy"

The head of the family *discovers* "pink tooth brush"

HE: (Loudly, from the bathroom)

Well, what do you know about that?

SHE: Know about what?

HE: *Come here a moment, please.*

SHE: What are you so excited about?

HE: *Look at this—"pink" on my tooth brush!*

SHE: Well?

HE: *Isn't that enough to make anybody sit up and take notice? You would, if you had found it.*

SHE: It's nothing to go into a panic over.

HE: *Oh, isn't it?*

SHE: No. Perhaps you'll change your tooth paste now. I've been asking you to for some time. There's a fresh tube of Ipana in the medicine cabinet. Massage your gums with some of it right now.

HE: *I'd like to know what Ipana has to do with "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE: It has a lot to do with getting rid of it!

HE: *Yes? How? —How is a tooth paste going to help a condition like that? The thing for me to do is to see a dentist. I don't want to run the risk of getting any of these gum disorders.*

SHE: By all means see the dentist. You oughtn't to have to be told to do that! But the chances are you haven't any real cause for alarm yet. Evidently your gums are a bit tender. If you kept up to date on these things you would know that the soft foods we eat these days don't give our gums a chance to keep healthy. They need stimulation to keep them alive and to invigorate them when they commence to get tender. That's one of the virtues of Ipana.

HE: *What is?*

SHE: The effect it has on the gums. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic. Dentists themselves use it in the treatment of gum disorders. Ipana and massage are the best remedy you can find for gums that have a tendency to bleed.

HE: *How do you work this massage?*

SHE: Just rub Ipana on the gums after you have cleaned the teeth. You can use your tooth brush for it or, if the gums are too tender to the touch, use your finger.

HE: *Do any of the dentists recommend Ipana?*

SHE: Thousands of them every day.

HE: *What about the teeth? Will it keep them white?*

SHE: Have you ever seen mine whiter than they are now?

HE: *Can't say that I have. They certainly are stunning.*

SHE: And the taste of Ipana is perfectly delightful, too. You'll like it. Now try it for a month and you'll find you've made a tooth paste friend for life—and best of all, you'll rid yourself of all signs of "pink tooth brush".

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-90
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street.....

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IPANA *Tooth Paste*

VOL. LXXXIX NO. 3

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SEPTEMBER
1930

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RAY LONG
Editor

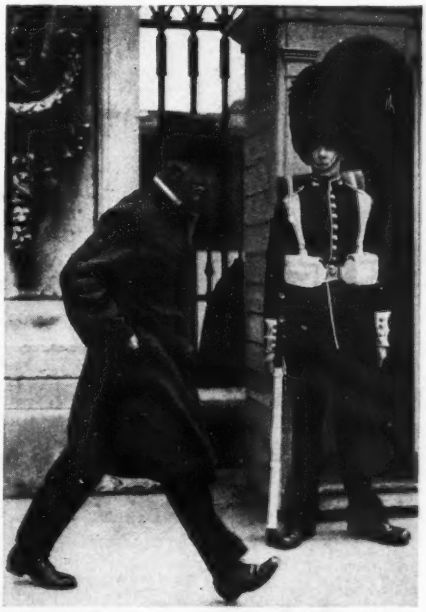
A Man Who Studied Men

WITH this issue, John Masefield, recently appointed poet laureate of England, former roustabout in a New York saloon, before that (from the time he was fifteen) sailor before the mast, adventurer in strange parts of the world, becomes a contributor to this magazine.

A very unusual man, John Masefield. One of the most cultured gentlemen of our time. One who makes words sing in verse. One of the most learned. One who has gained the highest possible honor in his own field. And yet a graduate only in the School of Life.

He proves a point I've made when I have been asked my view on college training as a basis for success. I believe that that or any other foundation means little unless the aspirant studies people more than he does anything else.

Masefield knows men. Men of all nationalities, kinds and conditions. He knows what's in men's hearts. That's why he can write of them so that you and I see them clearly and understand them.



Acme

¶ *John Masefield visits King George.*

And, of course, he knows ships. How he knows ships! Knows them and those who man them so well that he can accomplish the marvel in verse on the following pages. It begins the biography of the Wanderer, a four-masted barque, built by W. H. Potter on the island of Queen's Dock, Liverpool, and launched in 1891. She was a beautiful craft, this Wanderer, and her life was one of great adventure.

The story of the Wanderer is the first book by the new poet laureate to be published since he received the honor from his King. Those of us who have read it all in manuscript consider it his finest. After its magazine publication, a special, limited edition will be printed by the finest craftsmen that astute publisher, Charles Evans, can find in all England. One copy for the King, another for the Queen, one for the Prince, another for the Duke and Duchess of York. Then another very limited, deluxe edition, and finally a popular edition.

You readers of Cosmopolitan are privileged to read it first of all. In this issue comes the poem, "The Setting Forth." In the prelude to this, Masefield, who understands men and ships, says:

"On Thursday, the 15th of October, the ship was moved to a berth in the Birkenhead Alfred Dock, ready to sail. For some days of that week these islands had been swept by gales of great violence with unusual rain.

"On the Friday, the 16th, when Mr. Potter and some of his family went on board the Wanderer to drink tea with Captain Currie, it was blowing so hard from the west, that the Mersey Ferry traffic was disturbed; there were many shipping casualties along the coast, and a man was drowned in the Mersey, not far from the landing stage. It was such wild weather, that (it is said) Mr. Potter recommended Captain Currie to stay in dock until the Monday, the 19th. According to the story, Captain Currie answered that the 17th of October would be the anniversary of his sailing in the Wayfarer, and that he looked upon it as his lucky day.

"Liverpool then, as now, put forth many fine ships each year. The sight of a new ship, setting forth upon her first voyage, was one often seen. I will not pretend that the heart of Liverpool was stirred by the first setting out of the Wanderer. Yet some hundreds of souls in Liverpool had taken part in her building, rigging and loading; and all those who were interested in ships knew her as the finest ship of her year. She was thought of and talked of a good deal. Even in Liverpool a sailing ship of nearly three thousand tons setting two skysails, of a great sheer, and of a noble beauty, was a rare sight. She was the last achievement in sailing-ship building and rigging: nothing finer had been done, or ever was done.

"I tell of her first putting to sea in the lines which follow this."

The Wanderer

by JOHN MASEFIELD

The Setting Forth

Her builder and owner drank tea with her captain below
He said "Are you bent upon sailing at morning's full flood?"
And Currie, the captain, said "Surely. Determined to sail."
Her owner replied: "It is stormy, and something within
Warns me that worse is approaching; much worse, I imagine.
Stay until Monday, and give the gale time to blow over."

Then Currie replied, "Sir, to-morrow is my lucky day.
The seventeenth day of October, just five years ago,
I first took the Wayfarer out, at her first putting forth.
A fortunate day to a fortunate voyage and ship.
I trust to the luck of to-morrow, and sail, storm or no."

"So," said her owner, "So be it: good fortune go with you.
But still, I am sorry you cannot delay till it clear."

In sunlight next morning they hoisted her colours for sea,
Blue Peter in signal of sailing, red ensign abaft,
High at her main truck her house-flag, the swallow-tailed burgee,
Blue in the hoist, white in fly, at a summit so lofty
That only two ships in the world carried colours more high.

Now with a crying of catcalls and stumbling and swearing
The crew came aboard in the care of the boarding-house man:
They wore the thin cottons and serges of men of the sea
Some carried small kit-bags of canvas, or little roped chests,
But many had nothing but rags and a bottle of gin.
Three only were sober, three Welshmen, who went to their work;
The others, all Scands from North Europe, not knowing a word
Of English, all drunken, some fighting, some screeching, some stunned
Lurched in up the gangway and swore at George Shearer, the mate
Then stumbled their way to the fo'c'sle and screamed till they slept.

The paddle-tug Wrestler arrived at an hour ere flood,
Then slowly the hawser was passt and the mooring ropes slackt,
The ship moved away from her berthing, her voyage begun.

In dock, near her berth, lay the famous American ship
The R. D. Rice, lofty and lovely, with three skysail yards.
Her captain, there watching the Wanderer passing to sea,
Cried to George Currie, "I'll bet you a rosy-cheekt apple

Copyright, 1930, by John Masefield

I'll be in San 'Frisco before you": the Wanderers laught
From pride in their racer now trembling to gallop the sea.

Slowly she moved to the gateway that led to the river
The gates were wide opened, beyond lay the fullness of flood.
There on the pierhead, the dock-gate officials and riggers
The stevedores and dockers and penniless seamen were buncht
Watching her ripples advance as she followed her tug.

Now as that queen of the water went out to her kingdom,
As spear-like for diving the spike of her jib-boom was poised
Over the paddle churn foam slapping weeds at the dock gates,
And slowly her gazing white woman moved forward in thought
Between the stone walls, and her boys, coiling gear, paused to watch,
A man of that muster of dockers went up to the edge,
And took off his cap with, "Three cheers for the Wanderer": then
All of those sea-beaten fellows swung caps, and their cheering
Sent the gulls mewing aloft: then George Shearer, the chief mate,
Up, on her fo'c'sle, replied with "Three cheers for Pierhead, boys."
The boys and the seamen all swinging caps shouted three cheers.
A man from the pierhead jumpt into the rigging aboard.
She passt in procession of masts through the narrow dock gates.

Now in the river she paused as she swung through her quadrant;
Men hurried to watch her as slowly she headed for sea,
At bidding extending her loitering length of delight.

All of the power of muscle of hundreds of builders
Beating out iron and steel into straightness or curving,
All of the knowledge and cunning of hundreds of thinkers
Who make from the stubborn the swanlike and sweeping and swift,
All of the art of the brain that had seen her in vision,
Had gone to the making her perfect in beauty and strength.

Her black painted ports above black showed the curve of her sheer,
Her yellow masts raked as they rose with their burden of yards
High, high aloft rose her skysails, and over her skysails
Bright in the sun, blowing out, blue and white, were her colours.

As a stallion paws earth at the edge of a forest land,
Snuffing the air as he looks at the grassland below him,
Where all things await him, mares, battles, and clover by springs
And whinnies for joy, with his ears cockt, his crest hackled high,
And trots down to challenge, all trembling, with flame in his eye;
Or as the sea-eagle aloft in his desolate place
In rock, or in air, all intent on the infinite smile
Of an ocean too quiet to blot out the steamer tracks,
Yet sees in that dove-coloured quiet the silver gleam go
And launches, exulting, his beautiful body as Death;
Or as in a city beleagured an Angel of God
Moves in the alleys, and eyes bright with famine behold her,
And courage comes out of her beauty and hope from her word,
And as she advances to battle all follow her flag
So trembling and proudly and queenly she trod towards ocean.

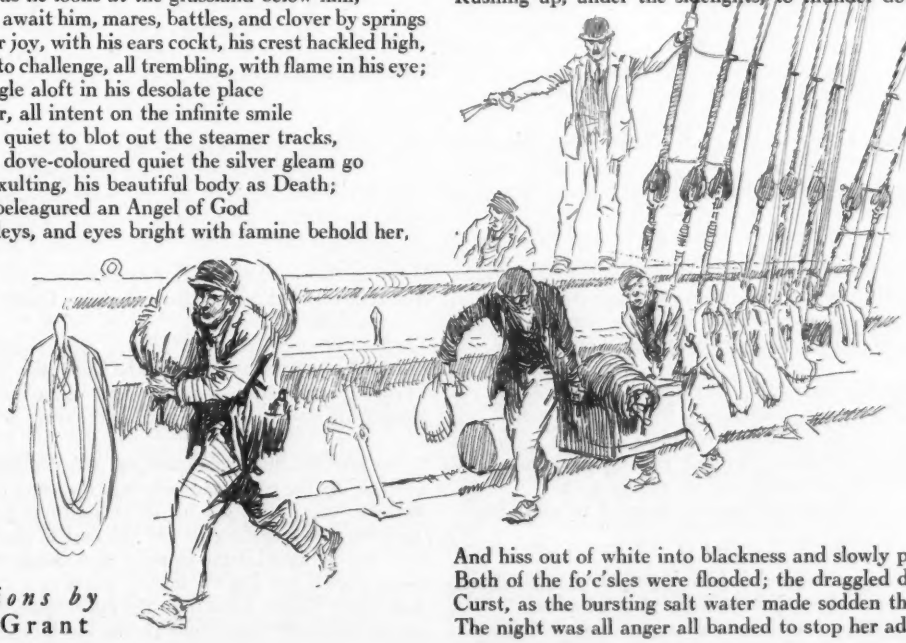
Her pinnacled splendour moved westward among the gray gulls
Past steamers at anchor, whose stewards stoppt work as she passt,
Past steamers bound outwards or inwards, whose horns blew salute,
By barges, tan-sailed, lipping under, and schooners from sea
Past a white-masted ship, towing in, flaunting colours out,
Past Bidston and beaches of pleasure and buoys showing sands
Past these the Wanderer towed, west for the desolate bar.

Next morning beheld her still towing, her pilot discharged,
Clear weather and moderate wind with the southern sky dark
And promise of worsening weather and freshening wind;
Day-long the heaven grew grayer with gathering storm
Coming with evil of water and evil of moaning
Of wind in the rigging beginning and seas ridging white,
Noontide was pastime of stubbornly butting the hillocks;
But ever the tempest advanced and the hillocks grew steep.
The spurtles of sea from her scuppers were wetting her decks.
In her descendings, the fire-bright shreddings of spray leapt
Over her fo'c'sle; her sails, not yet loost from the gaskets,
Darkened with rain and were dripping: she shone from the wet
And southward she laboured, with shoutings when watches were set.

Ere twilight came shrieking, the Wrestler made signal to say
"Holyhead's yonder abreast: shall we put in for shelter?
A dangerous sea is now running and stopping our way."
And Currie made answer, "Keep towing: we will not put in."

So on they kept towing in sight of the mountains of Wales
Dark on the anger of heaven; the darkness came early
With streakings of flame in the west and then darkness indeed,
Moonless and starless a lightning-blencht blackness of tumult,
With seas roaring out from wind roaring, and wind in the shrouds
Shrieking, and iron blocks batting, and swinging ports streaming
And smoke streaming from her, the ship shattered water like smoke.

Onwards she weltered astern of the labouring Wrestler
On, in the teeth of the storm in a blackness so utter
That no gleam was seen save the romping white races of waves
Rushing up, under the sidelights, to thunder down deckward



And hiss out of white into blackness and slowly pour free.
Both of the fo'c'sles were flooded; the draggled drunk seamen
Curst, as the bursting salt water made sodden their pallets:
The night was all anger all banded to stop her advance.

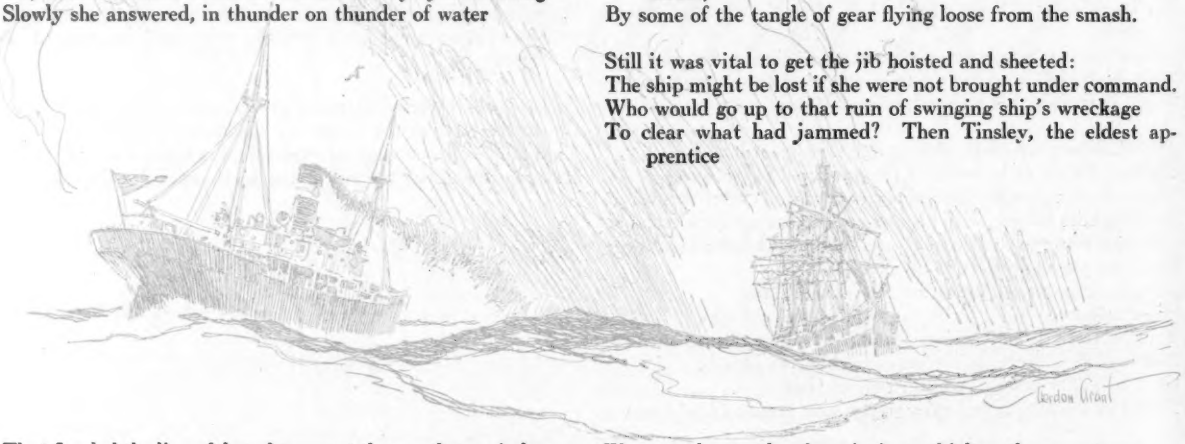
Illustrations by
Gordon Grant

And like a red stag of the forest, who comes from the glens,
Tossing his many tined antlers, adventuring softly
Downhill to the beeches, from hunger of salt of the rock,
And there is engulfed in a quicksand all sodden with well-springs
And struggles, but cannot escape, being sunk to the knee,
So struggled the Wanderer, held by the rush of the storm.

In darkness of tumult the danger came suddenly down.
Some sudden attack of the sworders that smite from the wind,
Some gallop of spearers that smite upon ships from the sea,
No man beheld it, or heard it, or knew it; but sharply,
Suddenly, somehow, the steel-towing hawser was broken
Snappt, in some heave or descent, and, as suddenly, danger
Leapt at those vessels; the Wrestler was towing no longer
But prone on her broadside as helpless as blossom in weir,
As may-blossom caught in a current and whelmed in a sluice;
Swept from the Wanderer far, to the brink of destruction,
While she, the fair Wanderer, wallowed, not under command,
In breakings of billows that lifted her ropes from her rail.

THEN Currie gave order, to get the ship under her sail.
But most of the seamen were drunken and lying asleep:
The others, all new to the ship, in the blackness of storm,
Divided, the some to loose topsails, the rest to sheet home.
Some loost the three topsails and lingered to overhaul gear
But all the sails thundered and bellied aloft like blown flags,
And streamed out to leeward with roaring of quick cannonade
The chains of the sheets flying skyward in showers of sparks
Tugging their leads like mad horses and shaking the ship;
For those upon deck standing ready to sheet the sails home,
Had all been flung headlong from footing by sea after sea,
And rolled in green water in scuppers with floating ropes' ends,
The sheets all let go, were unroven and flying aloft.
The setting those three lower topsails was playing with Death.

Then Currie, alarmed lest the ship should be blown upon Wales,
Called hands to wear ship, and the helm was put up, and she paid
Off, with the hands at the braces and steady eyes watching.
Slowly she answered, in thunder on thunder of water



That flooded the line of drencht men at the weather main brace.
Then much as the stallion that follows the hounds, being held
By one full of caution, goes steadily up to the jump,
Some red-berried blackthorn with thrushes' nests still in its twigs,
And there flings his rider away, but himself laughs aloud
And kindles from freedom and gallops with stirrups aloft
Free in his glory of speed, in his triumph of power,
So went the Wanderer round, through the staggering moment,
Down in the trough, to emerge and go galloping on
Roaring, high streaming, full-flooded, to head to north-westward

But as she came hurtling to windward, her topsails, all three,
Split into ribbons and rags like to battle-torn banners,
And crash came their gear from aloft on the roof of the house
Over the heads of the helmsmen who screamed in their terror
Lest they should be stricken, while steering, like rats in a trap.

George Currie himself took them aft to the ship's after-wheel,
And set them to steer under cover, with: "There, my men; now
You'll steer her in safety,"—they stood at the wheel steering hard,
Heaving the wheel up and down, though the wheel for the moment
Had not been connected; the pintles were presently shipped.
The thunder and lightning made battle in heaven above.

Now, as she laboured, deep-rolling, unsteadied by canvas,
All of her high foretopgallant mast suddenly snapping
Short, at the cap, with its yard and the royal and skysail,
Crasht from its splendour, collapsed in its rigging and swung there,
Raining down gear upon deck, blocking the weather fore-shrouds.

Then Currie gave order to light the red lights of distress:
The engineman ran to the lamp-room and lighted the lamps,
And carried them aft, there to hoist them aloft at the peak;
But as he was hoisting, the flames were blown out in all three,
He had to return to the lamp-room to light them again.
He was a faithful good servant to Potters, the owners,
Had wrought for them many long years in the Liverpool Dock,
But this was his first going sailing to sea in a ship.
Three times like a fighter he struggled down aft with the lamps;
Thrice, as he hoisted, the wind licked the flames from the burners:
The fourth time he hoisted, the spanker-gaff crasht overboard,
Taking the lanterns along with it under the water.
"O Jasus," the man said, "Thank Jasus, that job's at an end."

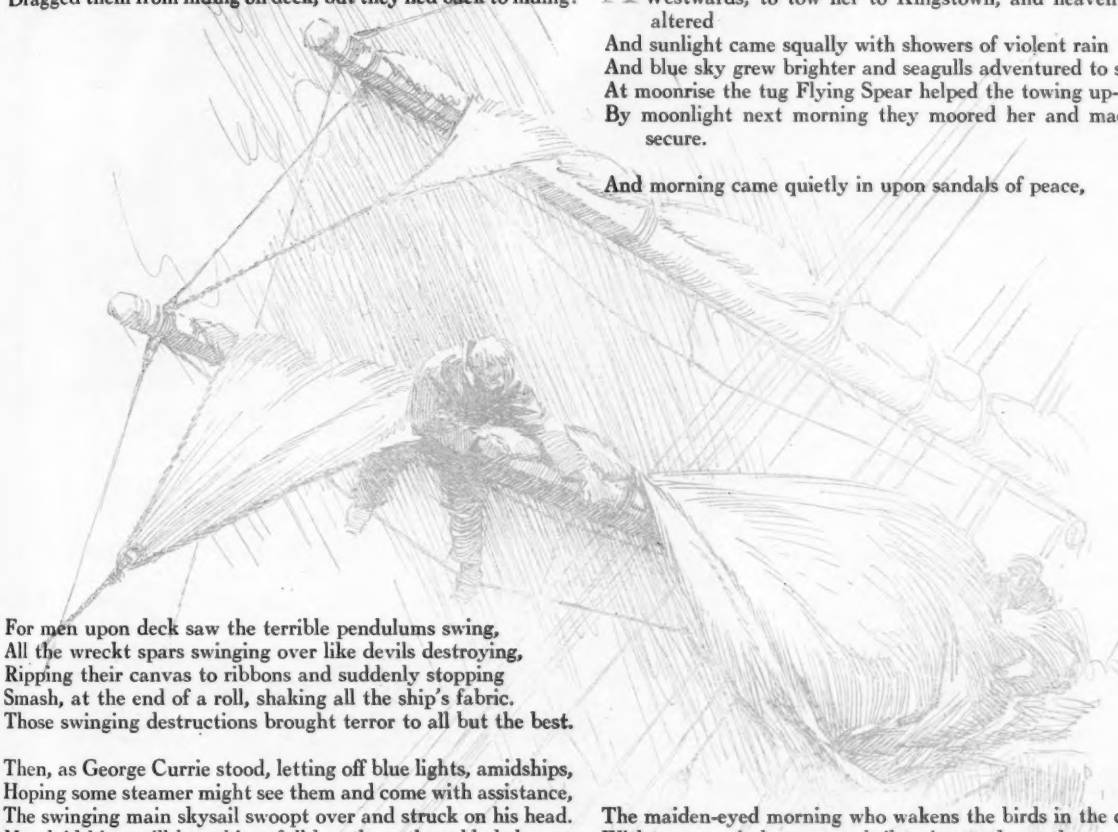
Shearer, with all he could gather of seamen and ship's boys,
Waded out forward to set inner jib and forestaysail;
The jib was cast loose, but the halliards were jammed in the throat,
By some of the tangle of gear flying loose from the smash.

Still it was vital to get the jib hoisted and sheeted:
The ship might be lost if she were not brought under command.
Who would go up to that ruin of swinging ship's wreckage
To clear what had jammed? Then Tinsley, the eldest apprentice
Went up the weather fore-rigging as high as the cross-trees
And cleared what had jammed, dodging Death as he groped in the dark.
Then, as he came from aloft, heavy gear, swinging blindly,
Battered him senseless to deck: he was taken below.
Then, sunken waist-deep at the rope, all the rest, singing "Ho!"
Hoisted the staysail, which scattered to rags as they hoisted.

FOR now the full fury of tempest was smiting them sore
Heaving the gasketted sails into tattering ribbons,
And streaming all ropes out to leeward like pennons of pride.
Over the shriek of the gale and the roar of the billows
Beat the continual death-drum of iron sheets smiting;
Chain sheets and blocks smiting masts as a riveter hammers,
And blocks broken loose from the upper spars hitting the poop.
The ship was not under control: she was labouring hard.

Then, as she laboured, her high maintopgallant mast parted,
Snappt at the cap, like the fore, and collapsed in its rigging,
Down crashing with royal and skysail to ruin the crane,
And gear of the main topsail-yards, bending iron like clay.
Crashing, the mighty spars fell to the length of their tether
To swingle aloft in the rigging and smash all they met.
Green water broke darkly aboard, for no canvas was set.

Now panic came over the seamen, who scattered below
To hide under bunks in the fo'c'sles, in nooks, behind chests,
Anywhere sheltered and dark to be out of the danger.
The mates in the full flooded fo'c'sles pursuing the men
Dragged them from hiding on deck, but they fled back to hiding:



For men upon deck saw the terrible pendulums swing,
All the wreckt spars swinging over like devils destroying,
Ripping their canvas to ribbons and suddenly stopping
Smash, at the end of a roll, shaking all the ship's fabric.
Those swinging destructions brought terror to all but the best.

Then, as George Currie stood, letting off blue lights, amidships,
Hoping some steamer might see them and come with assistance,
The swinging main skysail swoopt over and struck on his head.
Men laid him, still breathing, full length on the table below,
Where Tinsley lay senseless with five other suffering men.
Then down came the mizen topgallant, snappt short like the main.

THERE lay the Wanderer helpless, sea-beaten, sail-tattered,
All three topgallant masts broken and swinging aloft still
Raining down pennants and blocks as they tore off in rolling,
Her spanker gaff vanisht, her jiggermast bent with the strain,
Her captain unconscious, six seamen disabled from wounds,
Half the rest drunken or mutinous, hiding below deck,
The ship heading hither and yonder hove-to with a cloth,
Beaten rail-under by tempest and deluged by billows,
Her mate lighting blue lights and rockets in sign of distress.
The Codling Bank Light showing danger to leeward and near.

Just as the middle watch ended, her signals were answered;
The small coasting steamer, Merannio, offered her help,
And lay by with signals and waited for morning to dawn.

Soon after this hailing, the Wanderer's captain, George Currie,
Died on the table below; he was known among seamen
As one at his best in a gale driving on under sail;
As learned moreover; a perfect sea captain; and kind;
Strict, never swearing; a trainer of many fine sailors.
Death, and his comrade the sea, took him into their quiet.

When morning from wind-harried heaven showed wing-shattered sea
The steamer drew nearer attempting to take her in tow,
She hove up to windward and fired her rockets with lines,
But time after time, ere the hawsers were fast for the tow,
The Wanderer's sheerline bowed into the run of the sea,
And lipped up the living green water, and rising, deep filled,
Streamed with bright water and plunged, snapping hawsers like pack thread.
They laboured all morning while slowly the tempest blew by.

AT LAST, when the hawser was passed, the Merannio moved
Westwards, to tow her to Kingstown, and heaven's face altered
And sunlight came squally with showers of violent rain
And blue sky grew brighter and seagulls adventured to sea.
At moonrise the tug Flying Spear helped the towing up-tide
By moonlight next morning they moored her and made her secure.

And morning came quietly in upon sandals of peace,
The maiden-eyed morning who wakens the birds in the dew.
With grayness in heaven, and silver in streaks on the sea
She came to that harbour of rest where the Wanderer lay
And shone on her ruin all scurfing with patches of salt
Till shadows of beauty were tranquilly stirred at her side.

And weary-eyed men came on deck in the peace of the dawn;
All softly they laboured, all silent, as men in a dream,
As men in a snow in the winter, that muffles all noise.

As gently as rain in the summer those sea-beaten men
Blest her with service, securing the wreckage aloft
And mutely removing the ruin that tempest had wrought.
So dumbly, with depth of devotion will men serve a queen
Whose crown has been lost in a battle, whose beauty remains,
Who rules still by beauty, wherever her crown may have faln.

So hushtly, not speaking, in fear they should waken the hurt,
They tiptoed from cleansing to coiling till all was achieved,
They then crept below upon tip-toe, not liking to speak.
The smoke from the galley went peacefully up to the sky.

* * * * * *

Not all was accomplisht, for Shearer went aft with the boys
And hoisted her colours half-mast to the shattered masthead;
Then all day in silence they kept seaman's watch by the dead,
With tears for the captain laid dead there, with prayer for his peace.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick

GOLIATH'S VOICE: *Does you know who I am?* DAVID: *Yo' ol' Goliath.* GOLIATH'S VOICE: *Dat's it. An' I'm de biggest an' stoutest man in de worl'! I'm de doom of Israel.*

We present— Little David

the ACT *which the* AUTHOR Loved Most

but which, nevertheless, *was* OMITTED *from*

"The GREEN PASTURES"

by Marc Connelly

the Most Successful Play *in* New York

"The Green Pastures," which has been called the best-loved play of this century, and was the winner of the 1930 Pulitzer Award, tells the story of the Old Testament as it might have been visualized by unlettered but devout Negroes in the South. The play is acted by an entirely Negro cast and, in a sense, shows the adventures of Jehovah from the time of the Creation until he changed from a God of Wrath into Hosea's God of Mercy.

Owing to time limitations on the stage, one of the finest acts, a story complete in itself, a story human and touching, had to be omitted. Published here for the first time, it relates the imaginative Negro version of Little David and his giant enemy, Goliath—an enemy so frightfully big that the author had planned to show him on the stage only up to his knees.

(It is a grassy glade. Mechanical sheep are grazing up-stage. Sunlight dapples the scene through the trees. DAVID, *a little Negro boy, enters. He is barefooted and, besides his long switch, carries a homemade guitar. He seats himself on a rock.)*

DAVID: Hello, sheep an' lambs. Wanter hear little David sing?

(The sheep look up. DAVID *begins to sing.)*

Oh, Joshua was de son of Nun.
He never quit wukk to his wukk was done.
Little David, play on yo' hawp,
Hallelu, hallelu,
Little David, play on yo' hawp,
Hallelu.

(During the next verse the approximation of a wolf appears over a rise in the background. The sheep scatter to the right and left, but the wolf catches one and drags it out of sight.)

Ol' Noah he did build de Awk
An' he built it out of poplar bawk.
Little David, play on yo' hawp,
Hallelu, hallelu,
Little David, play on yo' hawp,
Hal——

(The song is broken by the bleating of the attacked sheep. DAVID *turns and sees the wolf disappearing. He jumps up.)*

Well, dog-gone dat ol' wolf. Dat's de fo'th sheep dis week he's tooken. I gotter stop dat. I gotter figure some way to ruin dat wolf.

(He sits, somewhat in the attitude of Rodin's "Penseur.")

I gotter invent somethin'.

(He thinks for a moment; then smiles.)

I's invented it.

(He reaches to the ground and picks up a sling.)

Dis'll do it. It's jest de right invention. C'm on back, sheep an' lambs. He ain't gonter hurt you no mo'.

(The sheep timidly return.)

Now you jest fool aroun' an' make out like things is goin' along jest as usual.

(He resumes singing, but this time he does not play his guitar. He holds the sling in readiness, and warily watches for the approach of the wolf.)

De Lawd picked out ol' Abraham,
Wild as a lion, meek as a lamb.
Little David, play on yo' hawp,
Hallelu, hallelu,
Little David, play on yo' hawp,
Hallelu.

(The wolf stealthily comes into sight again. DAVID *senses his presence but continues to sing.)*

De Lawd got mad, set de world on fiah,
Burned up Sol'mun an' Gomiah,
Little David, play on yo' hawp,
Hallelu, hallelu,
Little David, play on yo' hawp,
Halleeee——

(The wolf is about to take another sheep. DAVID *turns swiftly and casts the sling. The wolf leaps in the air and falls over the rise in the distance.)*

Wham! Don't need be 'fraid now, lambs an' sheep.

(He examines the sling. Then goes up-stage to see the wolf.)

Dat's a good invention. Who's dis comin' along? Dog-gone, he looks like he's drunk.

(The PROPHET SAMUEL *appears. He is an elderly Negro, greatly bewildered.)*

Why, it's Elder Samuel. What's de matter, Granddaddy Samuel?

SAMUEL: Who's dat? Why, it's little David. Oh, little David, de Lawd's pronounced a jedgment. I'm so out of my mind, I've been tearin' across fields every which-away, not knowin' where I was goin'.

DAVID: What's de Lawd done?

SAMUEL: Ain't you been home lately, son?

DAVID: I've been out yere fo' two weeks.

SAMUEL: David, de Philistines is captured us, an' yere we is goin' into bondage ag'in.

DAVID: *(appalled)* Oh, no!

SAMUEL: Dey ain't no use talkin'. Dey's burnin' our cities right now.

DAVID: Is dey took our town yit?

SAMUEL: Dey moved in dis mo'nin'.

DAVID: But my three brothers is dere, Granddaddy Samuel. Dey wouldn't *let* 'em take it!

SAMUEL: We's got de Lawd angry ag'in, little David, an' nobody kin stop 'em. Yo' three brothers was killed by deir head man jest a little bit ago.

DAVID: My brothers is de stoutest men in all de land of Canaan. What did dey *(Continued on page 197)*

by Fannie hurst

BACK

A Novel of a GRAND PASSION

One evening in one of those Over-the-Rhine cafés which were plentiful along the left bank of the Cincinnati canal during the 'nineties, a traveling salesman leaned across his stein of Moerlein's Extra Light and openly accused Ray Schmidt of being innocent.

"I know! You're one of those girls who act fly but really aren't. You'll lead a man on, but that's all."

At the implication and all that went with it, Ray's hand flew to her tippet, color ran beneath her tan pallor, and as usual when under stress, she rolled her eyes and became flippant.

"Try me," was what she said, with little sense of the outrageousness of such a remark.

"That's exactly what I have been trying to do all evening," said the traveling salesman, who, having exhibited what was for him an unprecedented astuteness in his summary of Ray Schmidt, now leaned to pinch her knee softly underneath the table.

Ray was forever being pinched underneath tables. As far back as she could remember, as a child and then as a girl growing up on Baymiller Street, boys had been fond of pinching her and pulling her toward them for kisses.

"Spooning" was not unpleasant. You "spooned" to be kind. It gave you the reputation of being "fly," no doubt of that, particularly if, like Ray, you were endowed with that subtle womanish dimension known as "style." Ray had that. When she so much as walked past the Stag Hotel, skirts held up off the sidewalk with that ineffable turn of wrist which again denoted "style," there was that in her demeanor that caused each male head and eye to turn.

Sometimes they made kissing sounds with their lips, past which she sailed with her head high.

But the fact was that usually Ray attired herself for this rapid sail past the Stag Hotel. The turning of the heads set agog within her a sense of excitement. It made life quicken, as she felt the eyes burn along her well-corseted back. Nor was she above straining her ears for the bits of applause that were sometimes carried along to her.

You'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

Sweet Marie, come to me!

She's a daisy.

Ray's longish eyelids would drop like two slow fans and she would remark, if her stepsister Freda happened to be along, "See anything green?"

But deep within her would begin to run the stirring sap of her body.

The contour of her breasts, flung high by corsets, felt beautiful, and so did the movement of her flaring hips and the strength in the calves of her legs, as beneath two petticoats and a Spanish flounced skirt, they strode her along in their strong black cotton stockings.

These Narcissus-like delights of hers branded the

STREETS

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

Ray Schmidt

was the sort of girl people called "fly" but she really wasn't "fast." There was that in her demeanor that caused men's eyes to follow her. But she could be relied on to take care of herself.

This Story begins *in* Cincinnati *in the Gay 90's*

daughter of old Adolphus Schmidt during the various stages of her girlhood as boy-crazy; fly; swift; fresh; shady; gay; and even fast.

"Ray lets the boys get fresh with her," was the sotto-voce indictment of Baymiller Street even back in the days before she had dropped her skirts, put up her hair and developed to its fullest sense that promise of "style" which had characterized her as a child.

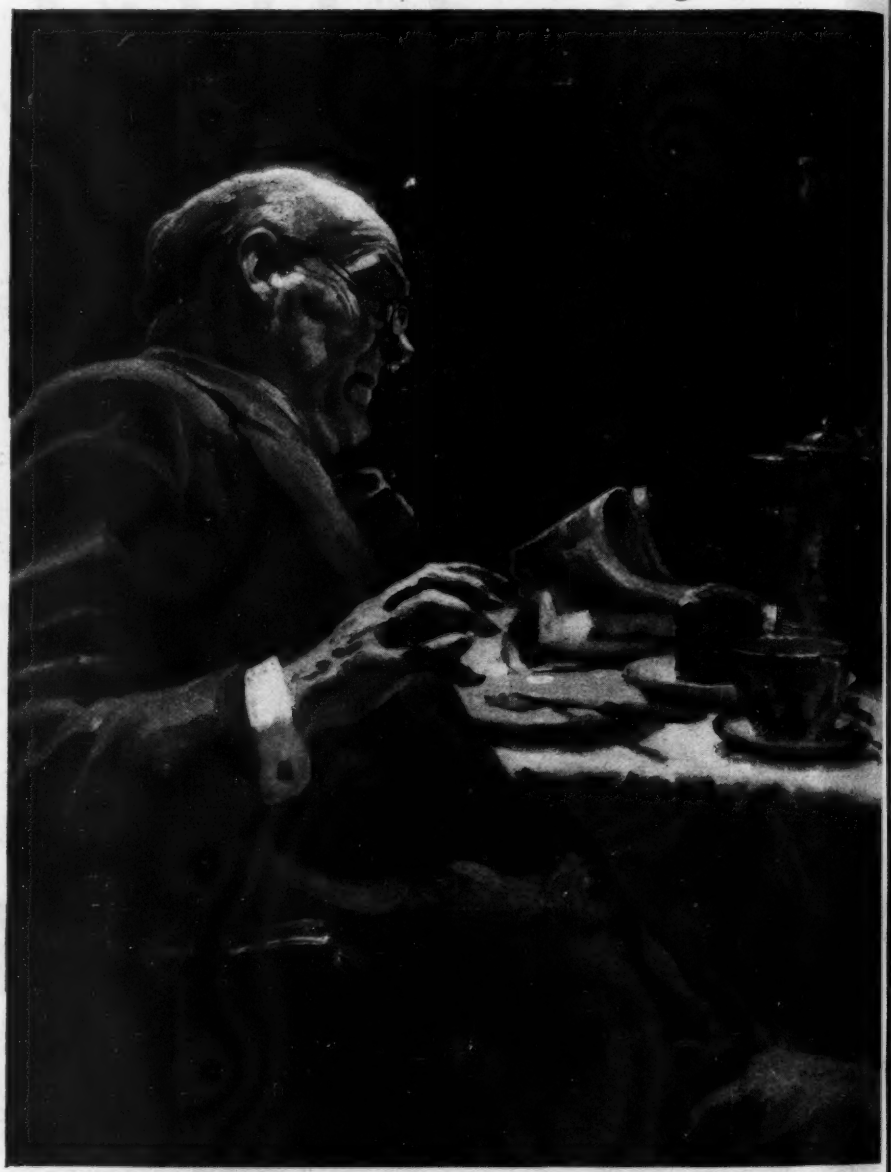
It was well known along Baymiller that Schmidt did not even try to keep his daughter off the streets; that he let her "run wild," as the saying went.

Boys carried home Ray's schoolbooks for her and stood for as long as an hour at the iron front gate, jiggling about in the spotty conversation of adolescence and ending with last-tag bouts and body mauling of Ray.

A fresh child.

When Ray was only thirteen, Bertha Aug, child of a prosperous local brewer, had already been forbidden to play with her because Ray kissed boys.

That hurt her, terribly. Bertha, forbidden, made Ray feel dirty and contaminating. You kissed boys, well, chiefly because you happened to be the sort of girl the boys wanted to kiss. True, the way it made you feel reminded you of the ice in the gutters when it began to thaw in spring and started to flow with that beautiful spiral glassy sound.



¶ *"What would you think, Pa," said Ray, "if you were just any one of a dozen boys and I do? Would you think I wasn't—good?" His face fell into pleats of helplessness.*

The best part of it all, though, was the fact that the boys wanted to kiss you. They didn't clamor for the osculatory favors of Bertha or, for that matter, of Freda Tagenhorst, who was prettier than Ray and who, at fourteen, was to become Freda Schmidt by virtue of her mother's marriage to Ray's father.

This impulse to please was part of the very texture of Ray. It pleased the boys to kiss and fondle her. She bore with their embraces for the ecstasy she was able to bestow.

It was not nice and she knew it and she suffered when the friendship of Bertha was withdrawn and when her stepmother bawled reprimands. But just the same, at eighteen, it was as characteristic of her as it was at fourteen, that a traveling salesman, in the very act of making so acute an observation as: "You're one of those girls who act fly but really aren't," should, unreprimanded, pinch her knee under the table.

How dared he? Why was she so acquiescent? Why, in the language of her stepmother, did she not "haul off" and slap the face of any man who dared to get fresh with her? A man expected it. A man respected you if you did. Went on getting fresher if you didn't.

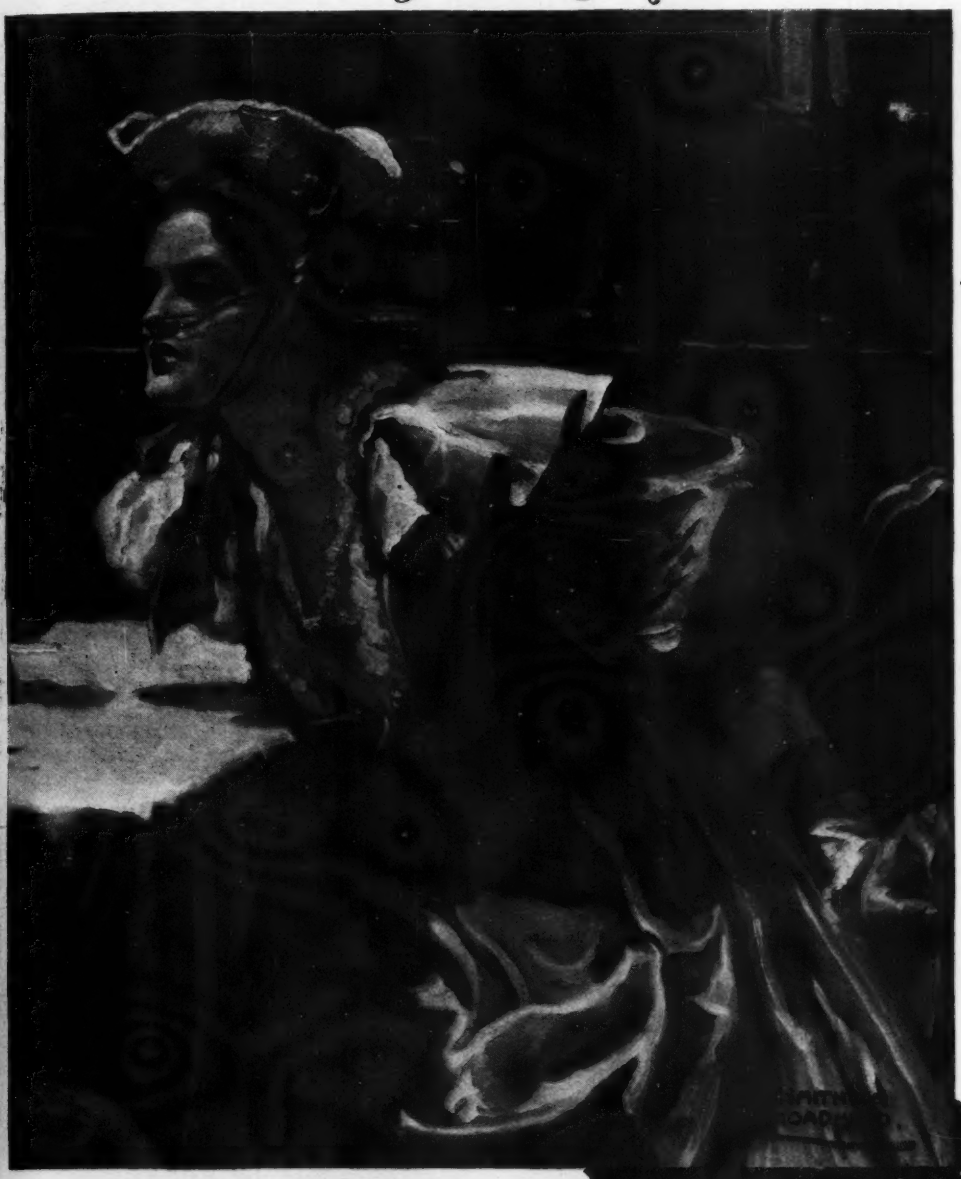
Ray knew that. She knew it as well as she knew she was sitting in a hall Over the Rhine, being pinched on the knee by a traveling salesman who was no more to her than the ten or twenty others who streamed through her father's store each year.

This one's name was Michel Prothero, and he lived in Staten Island, New York, and was a married man, and carried a photograph of his wife and his two children in the lid of his watch. He represented a dress-lining concern with which Adolphus Schmidt had carried a modest account for over twenty years.

"If I was a married man, Prothero," she rebuked him softly, "it seems to me I would have something better to do than to try to get fresh with a respectable girl in her home town."

He was not an unintelligent fellow. He was in love, after his fashion, with his wife, pompous and vainglorious about his children, and yet, every time he came to Cincinnati, he found himself admitting that here was the one girl who could bring him to the point of infidelity.

It ends *in the* Gambling *halls of* Europe—Today



I was a girl like me, running around the way
"You want to make me talk nonsense?"

Great girl to bother about a fellow. She cared. It was pleasant to have a stunning, up-to-the-minute-looking girl like Ray Schmidt walk into an Over-the-Rhine or Vine Street restaurant with you, and see her order with one eye to a fellow's digestion and the other to keeping the check down. Sort of like having your cake and eating it too.

Ray was a girl who would run around town all hours, not bothering about the looks of the thing (Prothero would "break her neck" if he ever caught one of his own girls at the like of it), but on the other hand, she wasn't out-and-out fast.

Father one of the old-fashioned and respected merchants of the town. Small fry, but Schmidt's Trimmings, Veilings, Dress Linings and Buckrams were second only to Le Boutellier's and in lesser fashion as much a part of staple Cincinnati as Rookwood Pottery, or Alms and Doepke, or as the old canal itself.

Married man might do worse than be seen spending an evening with Ray Schmidt. Wife of a married man could thank her stars it *was* Ray Schmidt! The difference between a fly girl and a fast woman was all the difference in the world.

"Yes siree—you're just one of those girls who act fly but really aren't!"

She did quizzical things with her eyes and lips, after the manner of one trying to appear enigmatic. It must be conceded that she succeeded. In her large hat, trimmed in two great panne-velvet splotches, her gray eyes shadowed by black lashes and a face veil with chenille dots, Ray Schmidt was sufficiently provocative of Vine Street's surmisings about her.

"A man like you, Prothero," said Ray, resting her chin in the palm of her hand and gazing at him across her glass of Moerlein's and one of Weilert's tongue sandwiches,

Every time Bakeless came to town he said to himself: "The one thing that gives it tone is Ray Schmidt."

"divides his world into two parts. The half where he would take his wife and the half where he wouldn't."

"Nonsense. I'd bring my wife here to Weilert's any night in the week before eleven."

She consulted the silver watch held in place on her fine bosom by a turquoise fleur-de-lis brooch. "It's just eleven-forty-five. That's me."

"You're the darnedest!" he said, admiring her with his eyes.

"Darnedest what, Prothero?"

"Darned if I know. Man like me comes to your town twice a year, year after year, sees you sprouting up from just a youngster around your father's place into about the toniest girl in town, but darned if I know any more about you now than I did when I used to pull your braids. A man likes to know where he gets off with a fine girl like you. Not human if he doesn't. Hm?"

"I'm just as you see me, Prothero. The kind of a girl you fellows get as fresh with as you dare," she said, without withdrawing her knee from his hand.

"Well, that's just what I am trying to get at, Ray! How fresh dast he? How far dast he go?"

How desirable she was, with all the attributes of the toniest girl in town, and yet right down at rock-bottom one of those girls you could talk to, straight from the heart! Not above a game of hazard in the back room of Weilert's long after the chairs were piled on the table in the outer room and the family element had retired to respectability and discretion, and yet withal a girl with whom you could discuss the homely eventualities. Life insurance. The wife's erysipelas. Business ambitions. Baseball. The youngest child's shoulder braces.

The girl who would think nothing of coming to your hotel to administer a hot mustard foot bath for a cold contracted in a Pullman car. A girl who would jump on a train as quick as you could say cock robin, and take a twenty-five-mile ride up to Hamilton and sit in Strobel's nibbling pretzels and drinking beer, while you called on the trade, and yet—why, a man would turn to Ray Schmidt if he were in trouble.

As a matter of fact, two years previous something horrible had threatened the equanimity of this salesman for ladies' findings and dress linings. He had tinkered with his firm's funds. So close to the bitter edge of tragedy had he faltered that he was on the

No man had ever kissed Ray so that it mattered. This she confessed when Kurt Kesseler asked her to marry him. "You haven't been waked up yet," he told her. "That's what I'm afraid of," she answered. "What if it should come after I'd married you?"

verge of being apprehended on a matter pertaining to five hundred dollars, which, if discovered, would have meant his ruin, and disgrace to the brood in the small house on the small street in Staten Island.

There had been one night, lying beside his plump, snoring wife in the neat bedroom of their neat home, when the idea of suicide had resolutely turned itself over in Prothero's mind. Nowhere to turn, and suddenly, out of his chaos, had shot the idea of this *gemütliche* girl in Cincinnati. The one who straightened his muffler when he came into her father's dress-findings emporium. The one who let him kiss her and pinch her pretty slender thighs and was willing to go over to Weilert's with him, there to drink beer with him until mid-Victorian dudes climbed upon the tables and with glasses held aloft sang "Little Annie Rooney" and "Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea."

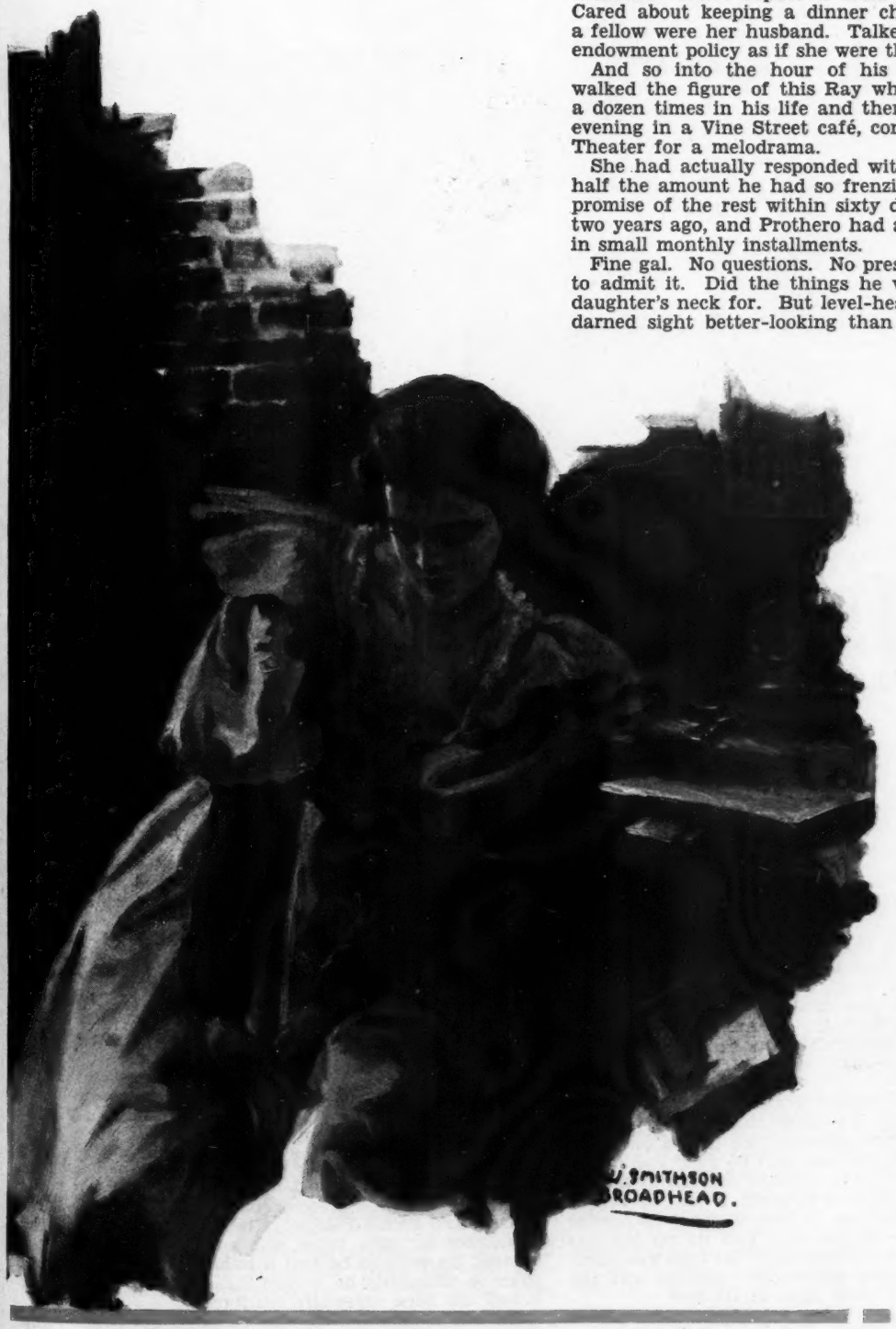
Ray Schmidt would care enough to bother to find him a life line! She was like that. Cared like the dickens about folks. Not about him in particular. That was precisely the point. She just naturally bothered about a man's muffler, if he was subject to sore throat.

Nothing extraordinary about that in a wife. But somehow—didn't expect it from a girl that was fly. Cared about keeping a dinner check down just as if a fellow were her husband. Talked about the value of endowment policy as if she were the one to profit by it.

And so into the hour of his shameful crisis had walked the figure of this Ray whom he had not seen a dozen times in his life and then only for a sporadic evening in a Vine Street café, concert hall, or Heuck's Theater for a melodrama.

She had actually responded with a money order for half the amount he had so frenziedly requested and a promise of the rest within sixty days. That had been two years ago, and Prothero had all but paid her back in small monthly installments.

Fine gal. No questions. No pressing. Fly, yes! Had to admit it. Did the things he would break his own daughter's neck for. But level-headed as a wife and a darned sight better-looking than the run of the mill of wives; not that he had any kick coming. A girl with a nest egg in her sock. Never mind where she got it.



Saved it, no doubt; leave it to those Cincinnati sauerkraut eaters. Girl like that working in her father's little concern—solid as Gibraltar—small credit, but never can tell a thing about those thrifty Germans—salted away—well, never mind all that. Where the dickens, though, did a man get off with her?

Every once in a while some fellow at the Stag Hotel or the Gibson House seemed to know a lot about the real truth concerning this girl and what she was—but usually you had the feeling that the fellow was spinning a yarn out of a half-truth. Didn't know any more than you knew before.

She darted her eyes; she nodded her head; she tilted her neck and took a sip of beer through her veil, with her eyes rolling above the rim of her glass.

What a girl! What a darned

(*Cont. on page 139*)

¶ *The young man, the only other occupant of the room, had snorted derisively at Napoleon's eulogy to the coffee of the French. François said the young man was an Englishman.*

M'sieur *Smeeth*

The name of the restaurant was La Roseraie, and it hung directly over the sea between Nice and Saint-Raphaël. So perilously was it perched, with its supporting columns resting on the rocks over which the waves splashed in calm and dashed in storm, that it looked as though a strong wind must topple it into the water.

The room in which the food was served was long and narrow, thus permitting every table to be placed near the window which ran the full length of the room, and also giving an unobstructed view of the Mediterranean and of the glorious coast line which stretched on either side. The food was unexcelled; the cooking marvelous; the service meticulous; the music delightful; the situation superb; the prices altitudinal, and every known method of brigandage, bland or blatant, was practiced assiduously.

Some twenty yards distant from La Roseraie was a restaurant which was its direct antithesis. It was nameless; it was on the opposite side of the street; it had no view of the sea; it was built of wood and not of concrete; its customers came by tram and not by motor; the prices were low instead of high; it had no music, and in consequence no *taxe de luxe;* it made no service charge; it was open all the year and its service was continuous from morn till midnight. Its food was good; its patrons were trippers and holiday-makers, and the street cars discharged them right at its door.

From midday onward there was about it an air of bustle and scurry; laughter and gay talk were heard; there was the rattle of plates; the calling of orders; the scraping of chairs on the uncarpeted floor. The waiters accepted hurriedly but gratefully whatever tips were proffered, and an atmosphere of camaraderie and jollity prevailed.

In another respect, and rather an important one, the nameless restaurant differed from its aristocratic neighbor in that excellent meals were served on the second floor at prices lower than those served on the first. This, however, was known to but few. The knowledge, in fact, was possessed by the villagers only.

For a stranger, an outsider, to be found on the upper floor was a rarity. It was considered by the villagers their private domain, and if a stranger invaded it, though his meal would be served to him, it was made quite plain that his presence was not a matter to be encouraged.

One evening toward the end of May, the table in the favorite corner on the second floor was occupied by Napoleon Boulanger, the mayor of the village, and his two cronies, Alphonse Douliet and Pierre Polette. The mayor, who had been a widower for some years, was a big man with a well-covered frame, and he had a habit of plumping into a chair so vigorously he always threatened to wreck it if it had not been especially reinforced.

He was a genial man who radiated good-fellowship and who laughed with his eyes as well as with his

Illustrations by Orson Lowell

by George Broadhurst

who wrote the plays, "The Man of the Hour" and "Bought and Paid For"

mouth. To be the mayor of the village had been the ultimate boundary of his ambition; having reached it, he had no desire to venture beyond the line.

He had brains and initiative; he had been successful in his business and had made money; his house was one of the finest in the village; and Marie, his only child, was a splendid housekeeper. Life had given him all that he had asked of it, although there was more than one woman of his acquaintance who thought she could render it fuller and more complete and who would have been willing to make the attempt.

The three men had been friends since childhood, and the passing of the years, which disintegrates so many friendships, had served only to cement theirs.

The dinner had been arranged at the suggestion of Pierre Polette, who was about fifty-five years of age and who carried himself with shoulders squared in military fashion. Pierre had intimated that he had some bad news concerning himself to convey to his two friends, but when they had met, the mayor had said to him, "Pierre, my old one, let us keep the news till the meal it is over. Misfortune is a sauce which will spoil the best of food, while a fine dinner and some good wine such as I shall order, will often make the sun peep through the darkest of clouds."

Then, turning to Douliet, the manager of the local bank, who was short, rotund and bald, and who wore a long spade beard, he appealed, "Do I not speak what is true, Alphonse?"

"It is indeed the truth that you speak, Napoleon," the banker replied. "And let Pierre be sure that in us he has two old friends who will help him out of his difficulty in every way that it is possible for us."

"Do I not know it?" Pierre rejoined. "Am I not sure that you will both be as sympathetic toward me as I would be toward either of you if you were sitting in the seat that is mine? Do you think I imagine it is for nothing they still speak of us in the village as 'The Three Musketeers'? No, my dear old friends! It is because I am so sure of you that I suggested we meet here tonight. I have not as yet spoken of my misfortune even to my wife. It is to you I have come first."

"**And it was** without doubt the right thing for you to do, old rabbit," Napoleon replied. "And who could be more useful? If a man has offended you or done you wrong, I am the mayor and can put him into the jail; if it is a matter of cash, Alphonse is a banker who has all the money in the village in his vaults." With this Napoleon laughed jovially, seized command of affairs as his custom was when the three met, took up the menu and proceeded with the ordering.

Napoleon attacked his dinner with gusto, urging his companions to renewed assaults, which he was always ready to lead; there were many compliments for the viands, the wine and the chef; and when he had taken the first sip of his coffee, continuing his congratulations he boomed, "It is useless for anyone to deny—

¶ *"The lips of Emile leave me cold like a stone," said Marie. "The girls of today," Napoleon remonstrated, "they are not like the girls who are their mothers."*

the coffee of the French is beyond all question the finest in all of the world."

Hardly had Napoleon finished the panegyric to his coffee, when a derisive and half-suppressed "Ha!" was heard coming from the opposite corner of the room.

The three men quickly turned surprised looks in the direction from which the sound had come, and saw the crown of a young man's head pointed directly toward them while the owner of the pate was apparently gazing with absorbed interest at a newspaper spread on the table in front of him. But not one of the three was to be deceived, least of all Napoleon Boulanger. The young man, the only other occupant of the room, had snorted derisively, contemptuously, at a eulogy delivered to the coffee of the French. That alone was enough to mark him as a foreigner; an alien. But who was he, and what was he doing in their domain?

A snap of his fingers quickly brought François, the waiter, to Napoleon's table. In reply to rapid and suspicious questions François said the young man was an Englishman; he had strayed on to that floor about two weeks ago and since then had been coming occasionally; he was so quiet and gave so little trouble he could not refuse to serve him; especially as he had lived in the village for more than a month and, in consequence, was not exactly a stranger. Besides which, he tipped liberally.

Napoleon promptly replied that anyone not born in the village was a stranger, and he ordered François to notify the intruder that his presence on that floor was no longer desired.

At this the young man rose calmly; folded his paper carefully; gazed at the mayor deliberately; nodded to François to come for his tip; said to him in meticulous French, "You need not trouble to give me the gentleman's message, for I heard it quite plainly"; lighted a cigaret; bowed courteously to Napoleon, Alphonse and Pierre, and left the room with an irreproachable air.

Pierre blinked, Alphonse gasped, Napoleon snorted, and François, struggling to suppress a snicker, followed quickly after the stranger.

"The impudence of the cockerel!" Napoleon exclaimed when he had caught his breath. "But I'll pull out his tail feathers for him. Tomorrow I will have a gendarme find him and bring him to my office. There I will ask him to produce his *carte d'identité*" — the identification paper every foreigner in France must take out, under various pains and penalties, within two months of his arrival, and which requires him to state such important details of his existence as the place and date of the birth of his father's grandmother on her mother's side. "If he has it not, and he probably has not, then we shall see what we shall see. If he has it, then I shall learn who he is, what he is, and what he is doing here; that is, unless he has given false information, and if he has——!"

"It will not take you much of a time to drag the truth out of his gizzard," Alphonse intervened.

To this Napoleon rejoined, "No longer than it takes a weasel to run a rabbit out of its hole. And I will be as much without mercy as a weasel, too. I do not like the look which grows on the face of that young man. I do not like the look he gives to the faces of other men. Even the way he puts down his feet on the floor below gives the offense to me, and I will teach him what it means to give the offense to Napoleon Boulanger, the mayor of this village."

All of which was entirely foreign to the nature of Napoleon Boulanger and would never have been said, had not the young man ejaculated derisively at Napoleon's encomium on the coffee of the French.

The interlude of the young stranger so upset Napoleon's usual geniality he felt it could be restored only by a drink of old brandy.

He therefore ordered three, and when he had warmed the big glass in which his was poured, and had whirled the brandy round and round in it, and had inhaled its odor with the appreciation of a connoisseur, and had sipped it slowly and had let it trickle gently down his throat, and when his companions had followed the same ritual, then Napoleon, his good nature partially restored, said, "And now, Pierre, unload the trouble from your mind, and your two good friends, Napoleon and Alphonse, will see if they cannot for you shovel it clear of the road and over the cliff where it can bother you no more."

Looking cautiously about, and seeing they had the room to themselves without the presence even of François, Pierre mused lugubriously, "What a thing is life, when an honest man can do his work so faithfully and successfully that it leads him to his ruin!"

"Ruin!" Alphonse exclaimed incredulously, and Napoleon protested:

"No, Pierre, that cannot be right. What were the maxims we copied in our writing books when we were at school? 'Diligence brings a sure reward,' 'The eye of the master rests gladly on the faithful servant,' 'Industry is a stock that always pays good dividends.' Those were the maxims, were they not?"

"They were," corroborated Alphonse, "and they spoke truly. In a long, and I think I may say a career not without success, never have I known them to fail."

"In spite of that," Pierre asserted, "with me they have failed. So listen, my old ones, and I will explain it to you. You both know what is my business. For nine years I have been the manager for The Hand of the Law in the territory from Nice to Saint-Raphaël."

"And a grand and worthy company The Hand of the Law is," Napoleon interposed.

"It is, indeed," Pierre rejoined. "It brings terror to doers of evil and a sleep of comfort to those who are its clients. Every night its men—always two of them together, accompanied by a police dog of great courage and intelligence—they patrol the streets and the roads from one end of the country to the other, guarding the properties of those whose names are on the books of the company."

"And well they do it," Alphonse said, "especially here, in the territory that is yours, Pierre."

"That is the point to which I am walking," Pierre rejoined. "When I took charge of the territory which is mine, matters were, as you know, in a condition most bad. Thirteen robberies there had been in just one year. But that I soon changed. I made reforms. For instance, I found the patrol started at the same hour every night, and that, in consequence, they would pass any spot at the same time both going and returning.

"What could have been more happy for a doer of evil? If he was planning an assault on a certain villa, how easily he could learn the time in which he could work without fear. This I saw quickly, immediately. So I arranged to change the times at intervals both irregular and frequent.

"And what was the result? The very first change that was made my two brave men, assisted by their faithful dog of great intelligence, seized a thief who was making off with an automobile stolen from an innocent householder who was also a subscriber."

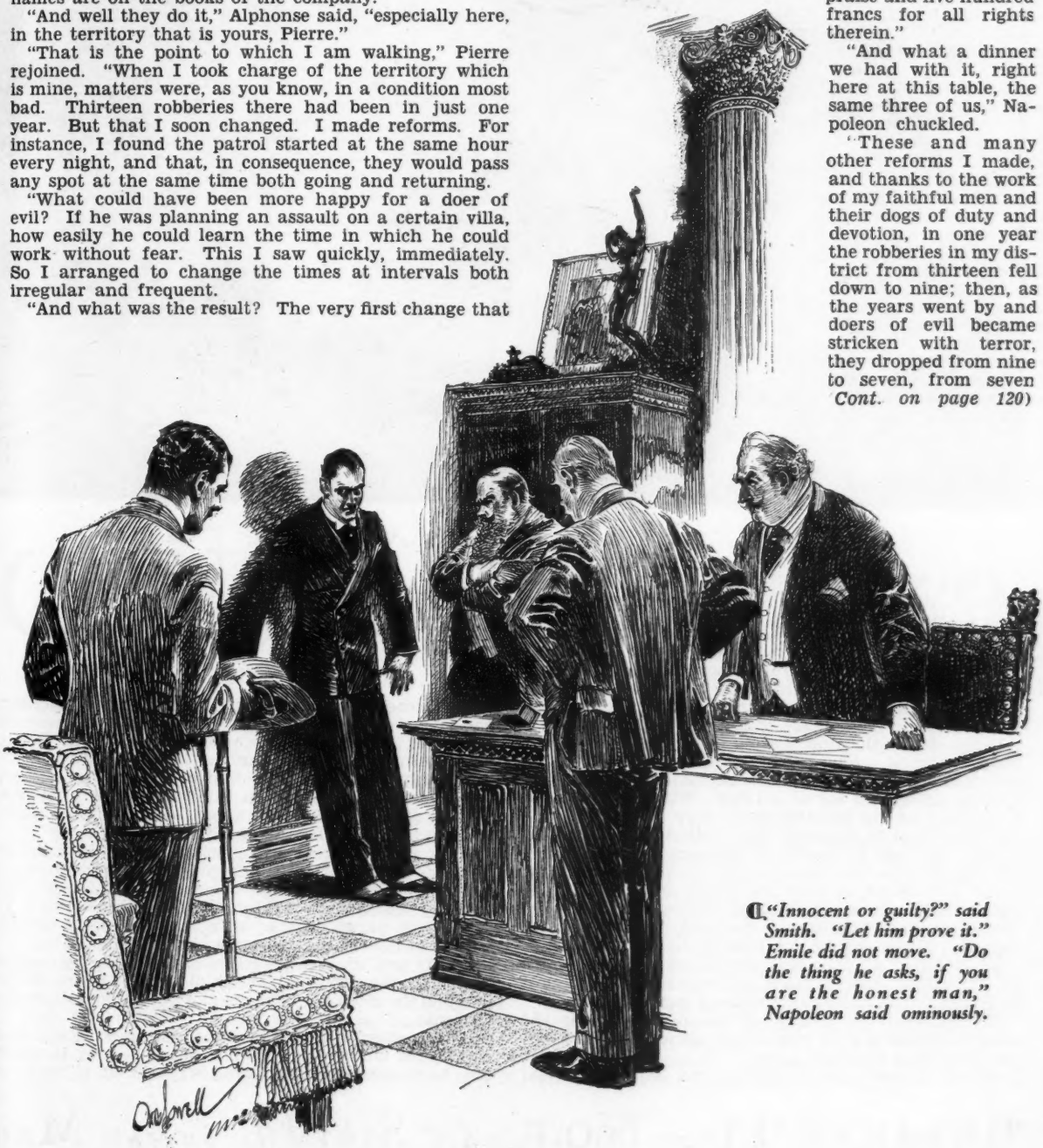
"I remember it most well," was Alphonse's comment, and this was supplemented by Napoleon's saying, "And so do I. The robber was most indignant at Pierre for changing the hour. He said if men in authority were going to play such tricks of dirt, soon thieves would have no chance to make an honest living."

"Also," Pierre went on, "I made a design for a small square plate of blue to be nailed on the gate or door of every client, and which would tell to the wicked that the house was under my protection. At the top of it was printed 'The Hand of the Law'; below was a hand with fingers stretched out like the talons of an eagle reaching for its prey; and underneath that the terror-striking word, 'Beware.' So pleased with it were my superiors in Paris that they sent me a letter of high praise and five hundred francs for all rights therein."

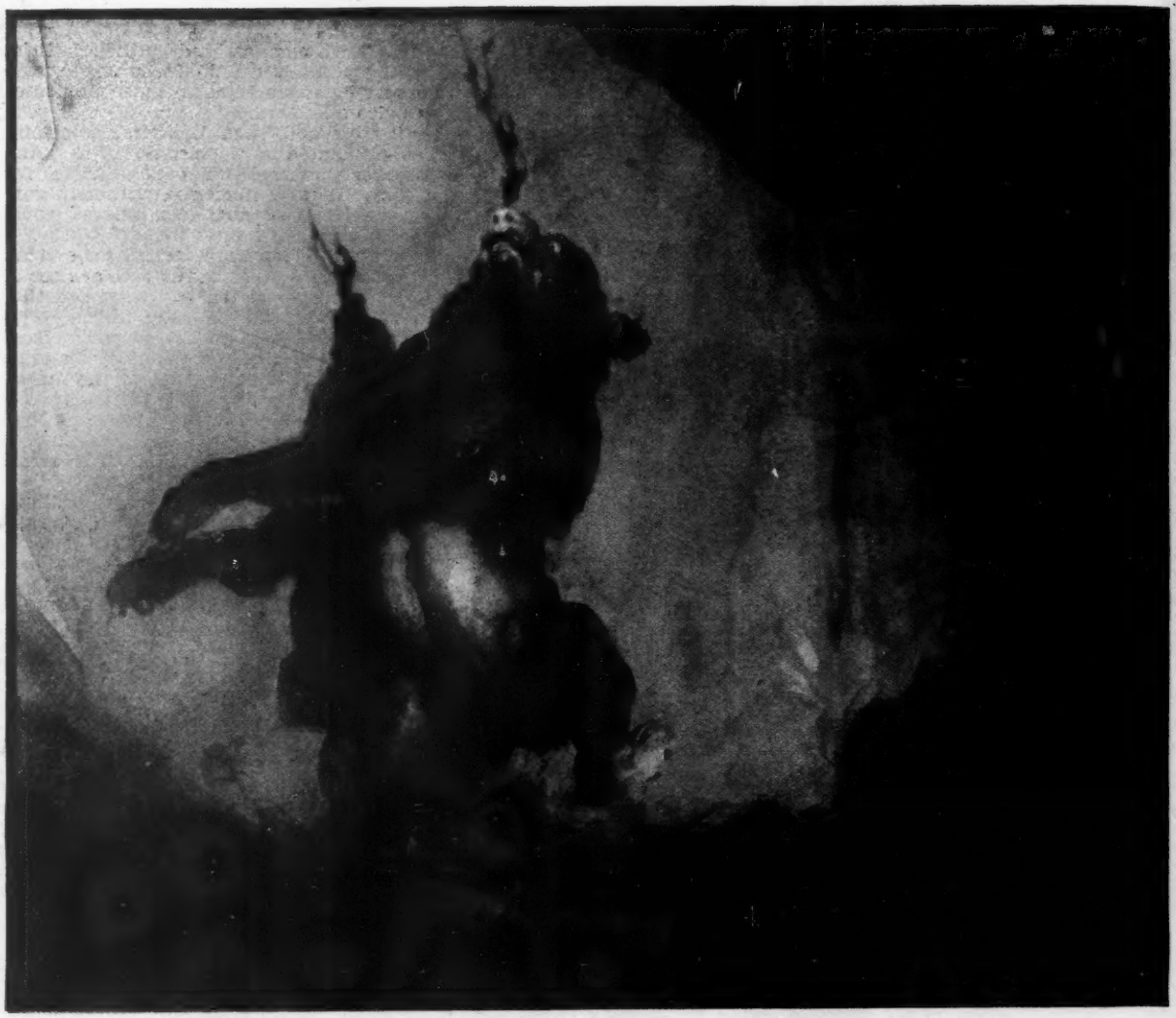
"And what a dinner we had with it, right here at this table, the same three of us," Napoleon chuckled.

"These and many other reforms I made, and thanks to the work of my faithful men and their dogs of duty and devotion, in one year the robberies in my district from thirteen fell down to nine; then, as the years went by and doers of evil became stricken with terror, they dropped from nine to seven, from seven

(Cont. on page 120)



¶ *"Innocent or guilty?" said Smith. "Let him prove it." Emile did not move. "Do the thing he asks, if you are the honest man," Napoleon said ominously.*



BONGO

The drums went trrrrrrr. The bugles shouted. Into the central ring staggered the star of Platt Bros. & DeSalz' Mammoth Combined Circuses—a small brown bear decorously costumed in a pill-box cap and a large red bow. It was Bongo, no less—Bongo the Protean, Terpsichorean, and Histrionic Ursine Marvel of the World—little bear Bongo, walking with a cane and, to the screaming delight of the children, waving a cigar made of the best papier-mâché.

Bongo circled the ring, bowing to the audience till his cap was almost shaken off his broad head. He handed his cigar and stick to an obsequious clown-waiter, in evening dress, and sat at a table. With a fork and a huge knife he ate nothing at all, very neatly, and finished the meal by drinking more nothing out of a tilted bottle. He rode a tricycle, he balanced a large starry ball on his nose, he hunted in his keeper's pockets for sugar, and wound up, with the drums again ruffling, the bugles hysteric, and the children yelping, by angling beside a tub, tumbling in, and crawling out with a huge fish, also papier-mâché, triumphant in his claws.

He marched off then, and the children settled down to the rather dreary finale of the circus—an almost bankrupt circus, threadbare under a patched tent.

Indeed, with the rivalry of the movies, it was the amiable genius of little bear Bongo alone that was keeping Platt Bros. & DeSalz alive.

Bongo, rejoicing now in lettuce and an exquisite loaf of dry bread, in his cage after the limelighted splendor, had been born in the circus. There was some scandal about his father—he was never spoken of in Bongo family circles—and his mother, like himself, remembered only the show. She had been a cub of but six months when she had been captured by furry natives, led by a spectacled German animal-collector from Hamburg, in the sullen forests of Siberia.

To Bongo, the circus was as much the whole of life as is Hester Street to the child fortunate enough to be born among pushcarts. No life was conceivable other than the long drowsy days in winter quarters, broken only by sessions of learning tricks, with the sure award of half a comb of honey; the motion of the circus train, its lulling sway and the clean smell of cinders; the menagerie tent with the exciting, faintly disturbing odors of the lion and the monkeys; and the glory of acting to hysteric applause.

It is doubtful if in his small bearish mind Bongo had ever heard much about Hamlet, but if he had, he could not have conceived that walking around a stage in

by Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations by Jose Segrelles

black silk tights, carrying a skull, was half so noble as riding a bright red velocipede, ever so gay and fine, one paw on the bar and the other poking nonchalantly at his pill-box cap. It was a many-colored life, but secure. Providence—acting through his keeper, Mr. J. Henry Trotter—unfailingly lavished bright fresh straw, dry bread and ears of corn, and each year a new scarlet pill-box cap with a fresh elastic to go under Bongo's chin.

It is doubtful, too, if Bongo realized that somewhere in the world were little bears who had no keepers to fetch them peanuts. Indeed, Bongo did not know that there were any other bears. He was four, now; his brothers had died at birth, his mother when he was a year old, and there were no bears besides himself in the mangy menagerie of Platt Bros. & DeSalz.

He was his own Hamlet in a Denmark inhabited entirely by worshiping human subjects—he thought. But this is a moral tale, with a message, and Bongo was to learn sad, long sorrows.

The circus had started out late in May, this year, and played seven towns before it reached Colorado. At midnight the circus train was climbing the edge of a high canyon. It was June by the calendar, but here, nine thousand feet above sea level, a smear of snow hung like torn wool on the mountainside, and a breath of winter crept into the cages on the flat cars, wilting all their tropic exuberance.

The leopards moaned in a gold-and-crimson den, the lone elephant rubbed the sides of his box car with quaking shoulders, and alone in the shivering darkness, little bear Bongo squatted on his heels and pawed unhappily at his nose.

He wore his pill-box cap and his handsome red bow tie—his keeper had been comfortably drunk, last evening, and had forgotten to take them off—but even a cap and a red tie are not protection against acid cold for a bear who has been enervated by sleeping on the richest straw.

The train seemed to be dropping downhill now; it rolled like a ship; the trucks muttered, "Hit it up, hit it up, hit it up." But so accustomed a traveler as Bongo was not nervous; he was more pestered by the cold. He scrabbled straw over himself feebly and rolled into a ball in the corner.

Then it happened. A crash. His car leaping into the air and turning over. Bongo thrown into the air and

who wrote "MAIN STREET" *and* "BABBITT"

slammed down. Quaking, he heard men bellowing, the lion thundering, the hyena shrieking, and swiftly the night was torn by flames. His cage was upside down; he stood on the ceiling of it, only a little bruised, and was cloudily aware that there was a way out from this horror—the door of his cage had been wrenched open.

He lumbered out, grotesquely galloping. His hind legs seemed to cross his front ones as he fled. The glare from the burning train showed a way through the sharp fractured stones up the mountainside, and Bongo followed it, mindless with terror.

He passed out of the lather of light. His eyes, unaccustomed to night in the wilderness, could still pick out better than man's a way through the scattered boulders. He felt for a path, padding with sensitive paws; came sharp up against a cliff, turned, got confused, turned and turned again—and at dawn, little bear Bongo was curled in an elbow of rock, shivering and completely lost.

He looked out on a natural upland clearing, bordered with fir, and was uneasy at the stillness, the thin air without one good wholesome trace of camel-smell or peanuts in it. He got up, shaking his coat till the frost flew from the agitated hairs, and feebly circled toward the center of the clearing. He'd had enough of this dismaying business of breadless freedom. He had an indistinct bearish urge to get back to the circus, but he had no notion which way to turn.

He rolled through the clearing, sniffing hungrily, humping up his back, his wide stern swaying. Suddenly he sat down with a "Whumph!" of surprise. He had seen the most astonishing thing of his life — more amazing than the train wreck. Out of the fir thicket came a creature strangely like himself, with an absurd miniature of itself rollicking alongside.

It was a she-bear and her cub, but Bongo did not know. His knowledge of cities and men, of pop and pink popcorn, his civilized taste in starry gilt balls to balance and vintage lettuce to chew, did not include any information about bears. Only by instinct and memory did he realize that here were beings related to himself, strange lovely creatures whom he wanted to know better.

The she-bear—a foot taller than little bear Bongo and twice as shaggy, a black bear of the Rockies, rival to the grizzly—squatted and growled. The cub squatted and whimpered. Bongo was inspired. He lumbered up. He scooped up a chunk of rotten log, he balanced it on his nose, and, with the dancing step that had never failed to win an audience, he capered affectionately toward his own kind, airily waving a histrionic paw.

The old bear squealed, slapped its cub, and the two of them dashed into the forest, the muscles of their shoulders rolling under thick hides as they fled. Bongo stood gasping, his paw foolishly raised. It was the first time an audience had ever walked out on him. The chunk of wood slid from his nose, and he dropped to all fours, his head moving slowly from side to side in bewilderment.

He was again homesick for the circus train.

He tried to head for it. He realized that in the darkness he had come uphill all the way; that he must climb down. Trotting to the edge of the upland clearing where he had awakened he found a slope and followed it; struck a long rocky decline and scrambled down it, wincing and grunting as the rocks clipped his urbane feet.

It was downward, right enough. But it happened that he was descending the side of the ridge opposite the canyon where the train lay smoldering. He dropped through rocks and thin shelters of fir into thick spruce, and after two panting hours of stumbling forward, reached a valley where a stream ran among larches, cottonwoods and weedy bogs. He had come to spring again—and incidentally to a land where, save for the wrecking crew now busy on the track across the ridge, ten miles away, there was no human being (with comforting loaves of dry bread in his pocket) within seventy miles.

He lapped and lapped at a cold pug-hole of water, and stood weaving, furious with hunger. He had noticed queer, smooth, long-legged green things that had popped into the water at his approach—animals, presumably, but stranger to him than the yak. One of them had come to the surface—two bulging little eyes and a flat head.

Bongo stared. Bongo the friendly, Bongo the pet, trembled with unuttered savage growling and, faster than it ever had moved before, his thick foreleg scooped at the water, caught up the frog, and he crunched it with swift fangs.

Delicious!

For an hour, the circus train forgotten, Bongo hunted frogs. He began to feel more at home in the valley. His eyes grew wise in hunting. He saw and swiped at a field mouse, missed it, sat stolid by the little highway of the mice, and agreeably snapped up the next one. He investigated an ant hill, and though he did it amateurishly and got well bitten about the nostrils, he licked up a few thousand ants as dessert and felt well pleased with himself.

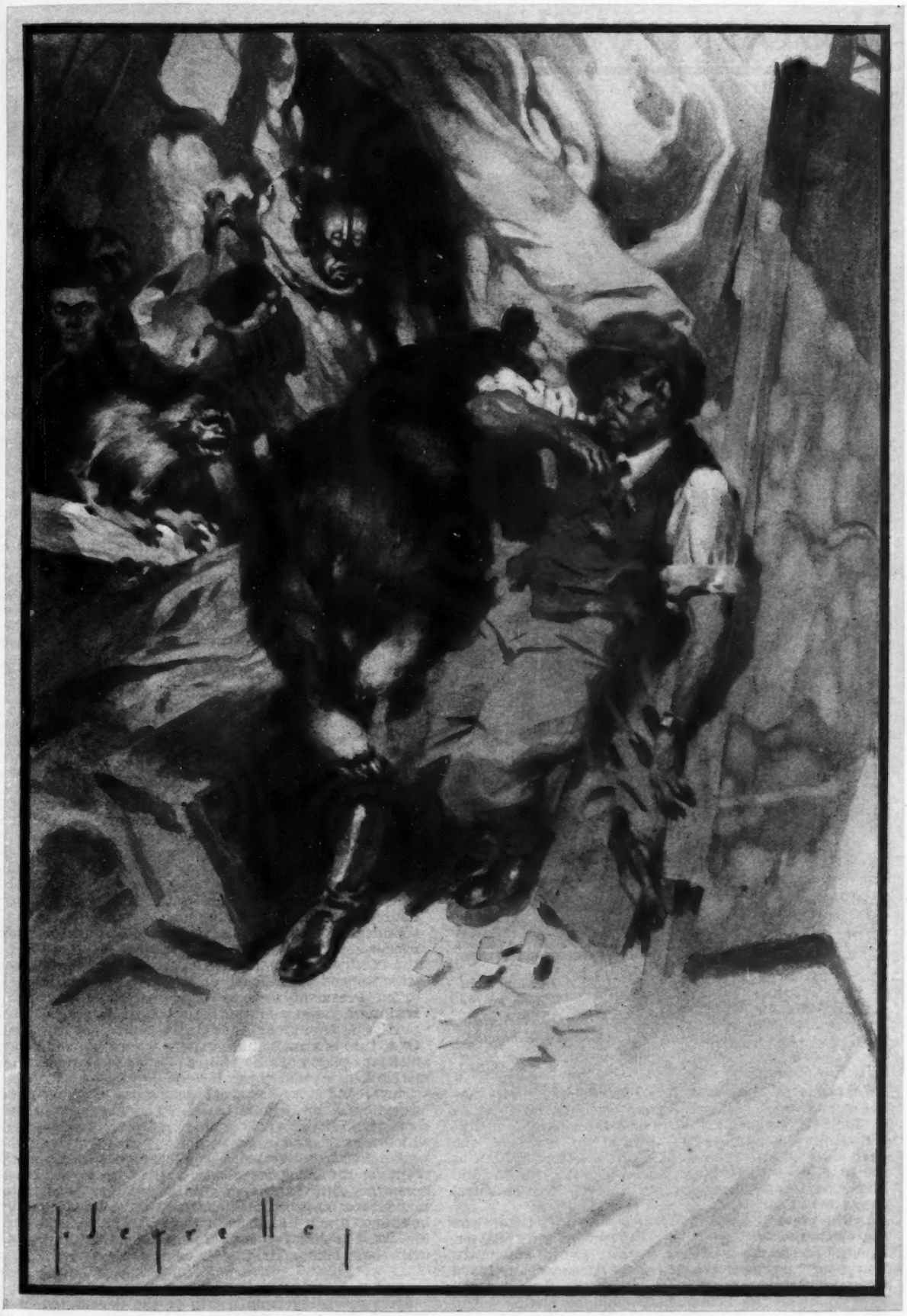
It was warm down here, in the coaxing spring sunshine and, curled in a thicket, Bongo slept till he was recovered from the shock and cold of the night before. He awoke toward dusk and vaguely headed in the direction where he still believed he might find the circus train. But he was confused when the valley began to slope up again, and he paced back and forth on a knoll as in a cage.

Now in the clay farther side of that valley, there were half a dozen caves, and all of them were intermittently occupied by the most settled and respectable families of American black bears. The bear is an individualist, tolerant of his fellows but a lone hunter, and Bongo had drifted into what came as near to being an ursine village as anything could. He did not know it, yet. He was sickeningly lonely, and as the moon came up, with its full unearthly light, he was frightened.

No more than any other city brat did Bongo know the panic moonlight of the country. Daylight he had seen on parades, but at night he had been shut in a cage or in his winter pen. This ghost of light, in which the spruce were dead stone, the grass was phosphorescent, and the clay banks rising above the knoll shone with malignancy, drained from Bongo the last of his Rotarian vigor.

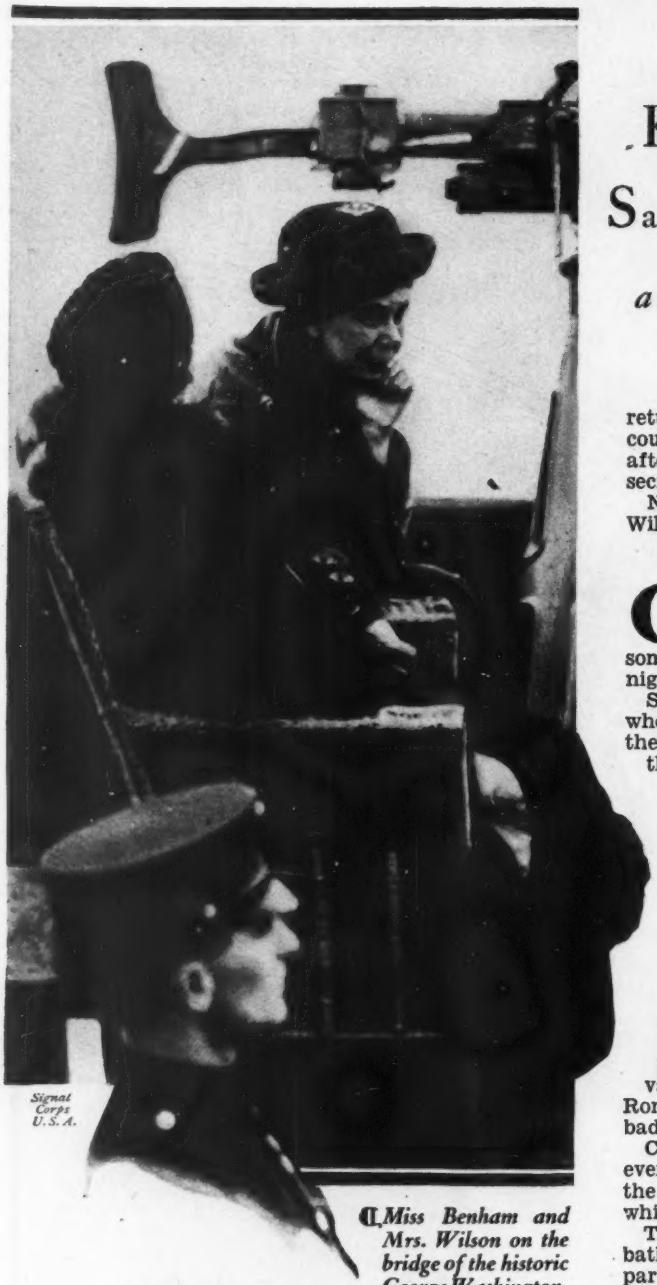
He growled feebly, and turning round and round like a corkscrew, burrowed for himself a nest of leaves. He crouched in it, his piggy little eyes watching with alarm the night, which should have softened downily into darkness, grow pallid in the bewitched false light as the moon sailed into open sky. He (*Continued on page 135*)

You *can now add to your favorite* Animal Stories *this one about the* Trick Circus Bear *that went* Native



Bongo dashed through the main entrance of the tent, upsetting the ticket taker, overthrowing the ticket box, while five thousand people rose in horror at this escaped beast of ferocity.

WOODROW WILSON *in the* Days *in* Paris *when* Only 2 Persons Knew *what he* Thought, Said, Endured—His Wife *and their* Social Secretary



¶ *Miss Benham and Mrs. Wilson on the bridge of the historic George Washington.*

When women write letters about what they see and hear they write history such as no reporter or historian could write after the fact. Nothing published has taken Americans behind the scenes at the Paris Peace Conference as have these letters written at the time by Edith Benham, Social Secretary to Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, to her fiancé, Rear Admiral James M. Helm.

In the previous installment of Mrs. Helm's letters you saw Woodrow Wilson, hailed as the World's Savior, meeting with the realities of Old World statecraft. You read his characterizations of Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando, and others high in the Councils who were to make the Peace that would be lasting. And you saw Woodrow Wilson, early disillusioned and double-crossed, losing his temper and breaking in health.

You read that when Mr. Wilson sailed for home in February, 1919, he did not make known his intention to return and the Allies thought that in his absence "they could override our Commission and make a peace after the old ideas of underhand combinations and secret diplomacy."

Now you can read what happened when Woodrow Wilson returned to Paris.

On Train to Paris.
March 14, 1919.

Of course, our return could not fail to be somewhat of an anticlimax. We reached Brest at night, a heavenly moonlight one after a rainy day.

Shortly after we came to anchor, the same officials who had greeted us the first time came aboard on the little navy tender. Admiral Halstead explained the French had insisted on their own arrangements.

Going ashore we landed at the place where the President disembarked the first time.

Paris—11 Place des Etats-Unis,
March 15, 1919.

I did not finish yesterday but really there was not so much to write about, for our arrival was quiet.

We were very curious to see the new house. It is in a newer part of town and faces on a square. It is curiously arranged. It belongs to Bischoffsheim, a great collector of Renaissance furniture and old paintings, and the house is filled with wonderfully valuable things, paintings by Van Dyck, Watteau and Romney, and fine old carved furniture, but all very badly placed and the whole house overdecorated.

Contrary to the French custom and the custom everywhere, for that matter, the bedroom suites for the President and Mrs. Wilson are on the ground floor, which opens at the back on a pretty little garden.

The President was convulsed with laughter by the bathing arrangements in his room. A large green tub partly in the room and partly built into the wall. Over this is a mezzanine gallery where he could have musicians play while he bathed! But the President had his clothes pressed there instead.

The second story has a ballroom, small drawing-room, large library and dining room. The library is a very comfortable room with big chairs. Upstairs is my room, which is sweet and clean and bright with white paneled walls. I have converted a small bedroom into a workroom for my office force, who turned up in the afternoon very shiny and very glad to see me. We started in housekeeping, running down at once to see the big ballroom, which has to be used for an office, and picking out the best typewriters and coming up merrily with them before Mr. Close's office force arrived.

Paris, Sunday, March 16, 1919.

After returning from a trip to the devastated areas today I found the President disturbed by an account that Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, had given an interview to the Press to the effect that the Covenant of the League of Nations would not be in the first draft

Letters of the Wilsons' Social Secretary

Edith Benham Helm

of the Peace Treaty. He called up Lord Robert Cecil asking him to offset that with a contrary statement in the British Press as he had already done with the American. The crucial test for the President will be whether he can put over his League or not.

Paris, March 17, 1919.

Nothing much doing today. I think the French populace have rather lost interest in us or else they have discovered we are poor, for they write very little. We all walked over in a body with the President when he went to the meeting of the War Council. It made quite a procession—Mrs. Wilson and the President in the front when the pavement was narrow, and Admiral Grayson and I behind, then the Secret Service. After we left him, Mrs. Wilson and I went shopping. The President says he leads a double life. Sometimes he is Peace Conference and sometimes War Council.

Paris, March 18, 1919.

Last night Ambassador and Mrs. Sharp came to dinner. He has any amount of good hard common sense. He has a theory that Tardieu is the tool the Republicans in the United States are using in France and that he is doing all he can to stir up bad feeling against the President.

Mr. Sharp said that Mr. Leygues, the Minister of Marine, is one of the best friends America has. To him he said it is a pity that France had allowed England to be the one to stand by the United States and to work shoulder to shoulder furthering the League of Nations and other questions, taking the place which France should have had from her traditions and the feeling America had for her in all she had suffered.

After they had gone, the President spoke of an incident at the Council that afternoon. They wanted to stop the fighting between the Poles and the Ukrainians. There was some conference as to who should go and he said he had suggested General Kernan, who is at Lemberg, as a very level-headed man. It was agreed to send a wire to him as well as a courier to tell the opposing Generals to stop fighting.

Naturally, the French should have been the ones to send a man but they had an attack of absolute helplessness, said they knew no one and couldn't the Americans send someone, and were vastly relieved when the President said we would send the courier. This, with all their general staff to draw from!

In consequence, the President sent a message to General Bliss to get an officer off at once. The President said that he wished then that he had taken the business of sending the wire, too, for he felt sure they would not be able to send that either.

Later: I have just seen General Allenby. He is the most magnificent-looking man I have ever seen, very tall, very handsome, and as the President said, carries out the saying, "Every inch a soldier." He had an interview with the President, and Mrs. Wilson was bemoaning the fact that she was ill in bed and could not see him, so when I heard the door of the President's study click I looked out from her sitting room and had a good view of him.

Paris, March 19, 1919.

Last night the Houses and Lord Robert Cecil came to dinner. I was very curious to see the latter, for the President seems to like him very much. He is a tall man, very round-shouldered and very ugly, but a very charming smile and very agreeable when he talks. He and Colonel House really came for a conference with the President, which they had later downstairs.

Lord Robert said, apropos of a conversation on place hunting, that we were lucky in being spared one variety which infests England, and that is the man hunting for honors or a title. He said that they usually say: "I don't want this for myself but it would please my wife so much!"

Paris, March 22, 1919.

Last night the President came in tired out. He said he had been so much with his colleagues that he knew just what they were going to say before they opened their mouths. The French are behaving badly and he says he really thinks they want to begin the war again. They want to do just what Germany did in '70: annex some of Germany, and then stir up bad feeling.

A curious thing came up. The Germans had been asked to allow the passage *(Continued on page 191)*

Signal Corps U. S. A.

Miss Benham with Mrs. Wilson, whose serenity helped the President through the world tragedy of the Peace Conference.

The Beauty-

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

The Story So Far:

The famous "Beauty-mask Murder" put the small city of Hanaford in the limelight and for many days furnished exciting material for newspaper headlines. Not only were the police interested in this crime, but also Hanaford's mayor, Andrew Barbour, and his widowed sister, Gwynn Leith.

Gwynn had come on a surprise visit to her brother, who at the time was entertaining another guest, Colin Keats. Though Colin was just recovering from a disastrous love affair which had caused him to distrust all women, he rapidly succumbed to Gwynn's charm.

It was on the very morning after Gwynn's arrival that the horrible murder of Maxine Ainslee was discovered. Andrew heard of it at once, because the murdered woman was the aunt of Muriel Prescott, widow of Alan Prescott, Andrew's late law partner. Because of Andrew's friendship with Muriel, Gwynn became interested in the crime.

From Andrew she learned that Muriel and Alan had been married in Baltimore. Muriel had come to Hanaford as a bride and had been received into Hanaford's narrowest social set, because of her own charm and her husband's position as the only surviving member of Hanaford's first family. It had been quite otherwise with Maxine Ainslee, who had visited the Prescotts soon after their marriage. For some reason Hanaford's élite, who so readily accepted the niece, were unwilling to welcome the aunt into their circle. Finally Maxine had left Muriel's home and moved to an apartment.

Soon after Alan's death the two women inherited a small mail-order business in Baltimore. Later, as the business prospered, Muriel built a house and Maxine rented a bungalow.

It was in the bungalow that Maxine's body had been discovered by her servant, Marzi Barna, when he went out to get the morning paper. He had

Karen Svensen, that Maxine had eral hours before not describe the ater she said she

mask Murder

By Viola Brothers Shore

tried the door between living room and dining room, he told the police, and found it locked. Puzzled about this, he had climbed the porch railing to look through the living-room window. On the sofa lay Maxine Ainslee, her head almost severed from her body. The face was covered with a clay "beauty mask" and a towel was wrapped turban fashion about it. The pillows and her garment—a soiled kimono—were bloodstained, and bits of blood-soaked paper were strewn about. Wrapped around a finger of her left hand was a cotton handkerchief and blood-caked shears lay on the floor.

These things were all in evidence when Andrew, Gwynn and Colin arrived at the bungalow, where Captain Joe Shelby was in charge of investigations. The murderer, it appeared, had taken no chances of Maxine's recovery. She had been killed in three ways: by an overdose of morphine, by a sharp weapon cutting the throat and by the injection of poison.

Besides the clues to the way Maxine met her death, the police had found a man's woolen scarf, a black silk cigaret case and a platinum chain to which a watch with the monogram "B.W." and a collapsible comb were attached. Through Gwynn's description of this man, deduced from clues overlooked by the police, Andrew tracked down Barry Weston, the "B.W." of the monogram.

Convinced of his guilt, Andrew wanted to turn the young man over to the police at once, when Gwynn startled him by saying: "No man murdered Maxine Ainslee."

But according to Andrew, Barry Weston's admissions were indeed damaging. He was the son of Doctor Edna Weston, from whom he might have procured morphine and poison, and he was engaged to Sidonie Saunders, whose father owned the Saunders Nurseries, where he might have obtained the weapon with which Maxine Ainslee's throat had been cut. And, finally, he refused to give a satisfactory account of himself after he left Maxine at half past ten on the night of the murder.

Gwynn, stubbornly affirming her belief in Barry's

seamstress, told Gwynn finished with her sev- the murder but could picture at the the- attended that evening.

Will a *Clever Woman's Intuition* Solve

innocence, suggested that they go again to the bungalow.

In Maxine's bedroom she reconstructed the murderer's actions. About the time the crime had been committed a strong box containing letters had been dropped, the crash awakening Barna, who was at home unknown to Maxine. In front of the closet where the box was kept a stool had been found. On this stool Gwynn discovered tiny cuts in the threads, semicircular in shape, smaller than the circle that would be left by a man's heels. Gwynn asserted that a woman of less than average height, one who had little strength in her arms, had murdered Maxine Ainslee.

Immediately Andrew turned his attention to Weston's mother. And when Peggy Ann Fraser, Maxine's so-called "best friend," told him of Doctor Weston's dislike of the murdered woman and a violent quarrel between them, he was convinced that the mystery was solved. But later, when Peggy Ann's apparently straightforward story of her own actions on that ill-fated night was found to be false in certain details, he was not so sure. Peggy Ann, it seemed, was the "Balloon Woman" who had been seen turning into the bungalow carrying some balloons and a suitcase.

Gwynn, meanwhile, had questioned Barna again. He denied that Maxine had had any caller except Barry Weston on the day of the murder, but seemed nervous when the question was asked. However, he gave an important bit of evidence concerning a candy box filled with typewritten letters, all in blue envelopes with the monogram "S. C. S." on the back. These he had noticed on the living-room table while Maxine was out.

Gwynn also questioned Mrs. Crocus, handy woman of Hanaford's best families, disclosing the fact that Mrs. Crocus had more than a passing acquaintance with Maxine Ainslee, having known her in Baltimore. And she, too, disliked the murdered woman.

But in spite of all this contradictory evidence Andrew still was convinced that Doctor Weston was the guilty person. And after an interview with her he was even more strongly of that opinion, especially when Barry and his mother tried to dispose of a hypodermic syringe, a fact which was uncovered by the police. Gwynn refused to admit that Andrew was right, and when he told Muriel Prescott his reasons for suspecting the doctor, she was troubled.

"Forgive me for saying so," she told him, "but you're all wrong about Edna . . . Won't you promise you'll wait before taking any steps against her?"

Andrew hesitated, but when Muriel left the room a moment Gwynn said:

"Andy, you might as well set Muriel's mind at rest by telling her you're not going to do anything about Doctor Weston, because you're not. I'm not going to let you."

Andrew was annoyed. "Look here, Gwynn, I don't see what interest you've got in this Weston woman."

"I'm not interested in Doctor Weston," said Gwynn. "But I simply can't stand by and see you make a fool of yourself, Andy, even if you deserve it."

Andrew heaved a sigh. Gwynn, having nothing further to say, picked up a book and was about to open it when Muriel returned.

"I think you've persuaded Andrew not to do anything about Doctor Weston for a day or two," said Gwynn.

Muriel's face lighted up with relief and gratitude. But seeing the book in Gwynn's hand, she made a gesture of apology. "You must be heartily bored with all this!" she exclaimed. "Would you care to look at my home? I'm rather proud of it."

"I'd love to," replied Gwynn cordially.

Muriel had good reason to be proud of her house and Gwynn had a woman's interest in every spacious cupboard and charming room. Andrew and I, who had been there often, contented ourselves with trailing along.

"Muriel seemed awfully cut up about Edna Weston!" I remarked as we drove home. "I can't help feeling, Andrew, that you can't go wrong if you allow yourself to be guided by two such brilliant women."

Andrew looked at me. "I'm certain, Colin, that if Gwynn said the Ganges was flowing in my garden, you'd put on your bathing suit before you went out to see."

Gwynn put her hand on mine, one of those thrillingly brief contacts. "When we show him up, Colin, you'll be repaid for your flattering confidence."

I was more than repaid already.

"I don't know what's the matter with Shelby," grumbled Andrew as we were leaving the house Monday morning.

Basil Emery breakfast day, when Ainslee's Peggy Ann Wednesday,

a Mystery *that Baffles* You—*and the* Police?

"I left word to have him call me as soon as he got in."

"Don't be cross with the poor captain," said Gwynn, as we stepped into the car. "He did call and I told him you'd left the house."

"You—what?"

"I didn't want you to do anything you'd be sorry for, Andrew. Just give me one day and if I don't convince you Doctor Weston is innocent, you can turn her over to the police."

Andrew was not exactly pleased. "Answer me one question—how on earth do you reconcile the fact that Edna Weston tried to get rid of that hypodermic with her hypothetical innocence?"

"Why, Andy, you're not even sure they mailed that hypo! It's just a bit of circumstantial evidence."

For the balance of the ride Andrew remained silent, while Gwynn and I chatted about nonsensical things. But in his office, after he had given John March some instructions, he turned to Gwynn. "I'm going to prove to you that Weston *did* go into the post office and *did* mail that hypo."

He said to March, "Send that chap Jackson in. I've got something I want him to do."

To Jackson he said, "Plant an operator where she can listen in on Weston's lines and take down any conversations. Then you go over and ask Weston what he knows about a man named Cai Foley. Never mind if he doesn't tell you anything. But if he leaves the office, let him see that you intend to follow him; that will drive him to the telephone."

Jackson departed and Gwynn pretended to be outraged. "You old snooper! I'll bet you know every loving word Colin has cooed to me since I got here."

"No such thing!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"He means that he hasn't said any—not that you haven't overheard them," explained Gwynn. "I'm afraid, Colin, you'd make a bad witness. You give the wrong impression."

Fortunately we were interrupted by John March, who said that Miss Saunders wished to see His Honor in reference to the Ainslee case.

Sidonie Saunders wore a brown hat perched on top of her red curls and a heavy tweed sport coat. She seemed nervous. "I don't know whether this will interest Your Honor, but I've just come (*Continued on page 101*)

told Gwynn of having with Peggy Ann on Thurs- they had read of Maxine death. But he denied that had been in Hanaford on the day of the murder.

¶ *The born yachtsman is happy in the possession of a small craft which he can sail and steer. He's enjoying life according to his fancy. But—*

By Irvin

On the Bounding

Illustrations by

Hearken whilst I sing of the amateur yachtsman. With a hey-niddy-noddy or a fol-de-rol-day or whatever is proper to sing with under the circumstances, I fain would sing his Song of Sorrows, singing not as one yacht owner to another, for I have never owned a yacht, and if I keep my poverty and my sanity I never shall, but rather as a friendly bystander having understanding of and an abiding compassion for my brother's plight.

It has to be a song of sorrows. Should this minstrel bard strive at ill-advised moments to interject a lighter note into the motif, that merely will be because he is the kind who probably would snicker if something funny happened during a funeral, and has been known to laugh right out at interpretative dancing. The theme is a grievous one calling for sympathy—yea, and pity.

For a good many years now I have been studying the varieties of this species. In the psychopathic wards of my mind I have divided the typical cases off into three groupings, as follows:

I. The amateur yachtsman who started in a small way with a *put-put* or a catboat or maybe a skiff, and gradually developed the progressive and successive steps of the disease; usually a hopeless victim unless Wall Street should take a wrong turn and the patient go broke.

II. The fellow who really loves it, not for the sake of showing off before his fellow man but because the germ of the thing was at birth created within him; case nearly always characterized by a complexion like a fumed-oak sideboard and callouses about the size of an English walnut in the palm of the hand and a desire to hang around docks. No grief need be wasted upon this party; to you and to me he may seem quite mad, but he is happy; we see that at a glance; and besides, he probably claims, observing our fads, that we're nutty, too—as who is not?

III. The rich man, usually a man in middle life and sometimes even older than that, who bought a yacht because he figured it out or somebody told him that when an American citizen reached a certain stage of affluence it was a duty he owed himself and the position he occupied, and society generally, to own a large slick yacht complete with tradesmen's entrances and hot and cold running stewards and, littering up the decks fore and aft, large quantities of brass plumbing fixtures—anyhow, they always look like exposed plumbing to me when they don't look like bass tubas or dentists' supplies.

It's the last-named individual who exhibits the most distressful phase of this prevalent and somewhat frequent malady. He merely is obeying an immutable law which ordains that when the average millionaire is ready, or believes he's ready, to surrender some of the worries and part of the burden of responsibility of active business, he shall dedicate himself to a form of luxury which will give him more worry and greater responsibilities and a heavier

S. Cobb

Red Ink

James Montgomery Flagg

load of gross and petty details to be looked after than the cares of business ever did.

It is recorded that once a wealthy contemporary said to the elder J. P. Morgan, "Mr. Morgan, I wonder whether I could afford a yacht," and that wise old financier answered, "If you're not sure you can, you can't!"

But, as I see it, it's not so much a question of affording it to begin with—it's not the initial outlay, but the upkeep and the overhead. Is it to be expected that a man who built his fortune by stopping up leaks and cutting off waste—and I'm told that's the way fortunes are built—will be able to cease from worrying over what appears to him to be needless and fraudulent expense in the maintenance of an alleged pleasure?

It is not. My contacts with the breed have taught me that the average plutocrat would rather give you a hundred thousand dollars outright than let you skin him out of one thin dime. That's where he starts fighting you like a tigress for its young. So nine times out of ten, when he buys one of those seagoing pets he buys himself a sick headache.

For the nonce, let us leave this unfortunate person, promising later to return to him, and take up the two remaining classified groups. Let us devote a brief secondary stanza to the born yachtsman, as the phrase is. I repeat that he is not to be commiserated. Nor need he be inordinately well off in order to gratify his strange passion.

If financially unable to support a big craft in the style to which she has been accustomed, he is happy or even happier in the possession of a small one which he can sail and steer. He's of the stuff from which true navigators are fashioned, a son of the tribe of tarry salts, Carlsbad, Epsom or domestic, as the case may be.

When he sets off in his single-rigger or his motor boat or whatever it is, he doesn't have to have in mind any particular destination or, for that matter, any particular purpose. Along with the drift log and the bobbing cork and the fish that has been dead three days, he shares the yearning to be afloat. He isn't dependent upon the company of his kind for entertainment; he rolls his own.

He probably is addicted to gunning for waterfowl in their season; he's pretty sure to be fond of fishing and know something of the angler's art—for it is an art. The tug of the tiller, the splash of the playful wave of cold water in his bosom, the dank feel of the wet sit-down place against the seat of his pants, the peeling of the sun-kist nose, the smell of bilge water and stale engine grease—these are as balm to his soul, as precious incenses to his nostrils.

We may wonder that he should be thus constituted, but there is no occasion for us to be concerned over his mental state, however obviously askew. Spend he much or spend he little, he's getting the worth of his money. What's more, he's enjoying life according to his fancy and that's all, or should be all, any one of us could ask of this foolish world.

'Tis his wife, if he has *(Continued on page 136)*

—the rich greenhorn, who knows nothing of yachting but who, actuated by a longing to be in style, buys a yacht, is a really tragic figure.

Henry Ford (*in collaboration with Samuel Crowther*) *reveals the* Habits *which make* Edison *the* *Greatest* American

A deal has been said about Mr. Edison's sleeping habits. He is thought to be a man who never sleeps. It is true that he does not take a stated amount of sleep each night. He may sleep four hours or he may sleep nine hours or again he may not sleep at all. He regulates the amount of his sleep by his need for it.

He has found that when he is intensely interested in anything it is not necessary for him to go to bed and take a normal amount of sleep. He will go on working until his intelligence, as he puts it, ceases properly to function. Then he lies down wherever he is and goes off to sleep.

He has told me that he never dreams. He can go instantly to sleep anywhere and at any time.

As everyone knows it is not the amount but the quality of sleep that counts and Mr. Edison probably gets all the sleep he needs. He has never spoken to me of any reaction from loss of sleep and I doubt if he has ever had any.

On our camping trips he goes to sleep whenever he feels like it—which is whenever he is not interested in what is going on. If visitors or the circumstances hold nothing for him, he goes to sleep in his chair—since there is nothing else to do he feels that he might as well be resting and storing up energy.

It is the same with his eating. He is a man of powerful frame and of great strength, but he has never taken any systematic exercise at all, because he is not in need of it, being naturally a very active man and goes into the fresh air a great deal for a man whose work is mostly inside. Until recently he has eaten when and what he pleased. If he goes to a dinner, he either takes with him the food that he then fancies or he eats before leaving his house.

As a young man he ate whatever he had the money to buy, but with the years he has found what best suits him and to that he sticks. He both smokes and chews tobacco but he has never used alcohol. His use of tobacco, however, has not reconciled him to the cigaret, which he abominates. He is not alone in that attitude.

His whole life is arranged on a program of economy of effort—he dislikes doing anything which is not necessary for him to do. His sleeping habits grew out of a desire to economize time. In his early laboratories he always had a clock—but it never had any works in it! This was simply to show that the place would not be a slave to time as measured by the clock. So his days are fixed by himself and not by the custom of the clock.

He carries the same thought into his handwriting. In this each letter is separate and it is the result of experimenting to discover how he could write clearly and quickly with the least effort.

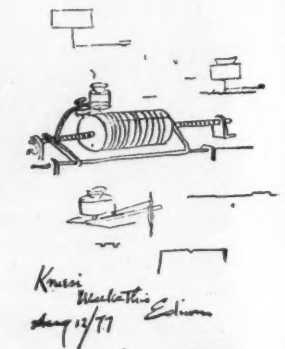
"I developed this style," he said, "while taking press reports. My wire was connected to the 'blind' side of a repeater at Cincinnati, so that if I missed a word or sentence, or if the wire worked badly, I could not break in and get the last words, because the Cincinnati man had no instrument by which he could hear me. I had to take what came.

"When I got the job, the cable across the Ohio River at Covington, connecting with the line to Louisville, had a variable leak in it, which caused the strength of the signaling current to make violent fluctuations. The clatter was bad, but I could read it with fair ease. When, in addition to this infernal leak, the wires north to Cleveland worked badly, it required a large amount of imagination to get the sense of what was being sent.

"An imagination requires an appreciable time for its exercise, and as the stuff was coming at the rate of thirty-five to forty words a minute, it was very difficult to write down what was coming and imagine what wasn't coming. Hence it was necessary to become a very rapid writer and so I started to find the fastest style.

"I found that the vertical style, with each letter separate and without any flourishes, was the most rapid, and that the smaller the letter the greater the rapidity. As I took on an average from eight to fifteen columns of news report every day, it did not take long to perfect my method."

His handwriting today is just as firm and about as



Above: A memo written by Mr. Edison to an associate fifty-three years ago. At left: Mr. Edison's capable right hand.

All things come to him who "Hustles" while he waits

Thomas A Edison

fast as it was more than fifty years ago when first he developed it.

Edison's habits are individual and worked out to suit himself and no one else. But how about the men who worked with him and who could not conform to his habits? One of the tests of a man was whether or not he could fit in with Edison's habits of work, and it is remarkable how many men, keeping the work always in the foreground, have been able not only to stay with him but so to arrange their own habits as to be able to work long hours whenever long hours were required. For he never left his men alone to work through the night; he was always there working with them and doing more than any two of them. If a man needed sleep, he took it just as Edison took it. I have observed that while a man is very much interested in a piece of work he needs little sleep. When the interest lags, then sleep comes.

As I have said, Edison is very human. But he is not soft. He does not believe that it helps any man to receive charity—but he will help a man to help himself. In a former article I have told how young Edison pulled the baby girl of Mackenzie, the station master, off the tracks at Mt. Clemens and how in return Mackenzie taught him telegraphy. Years passed and Edison became a world figure. Then one day the station master walked into the laboratory at Menlo Park and said in effect:

"I am old and I have lost my job and now that you have become a famous man, I thought you might be able to do something for me. Can you give me a job or get me a job?"

"I don't just know where there are any jobs," answered Mr. Edison, "but there is a crowd over here in New York who will give five thousand dollars to anyone who will invent a fire alarm in which one call box will not interfere with any other on the line. Why don't you work that out and get the money?"

"I never invented anything," said the station master. "How could I get that money? I suppose a lot of people are trying for it anyway."

"What difference does that make?" Mr. Edison went on. "You're a telegrapher. You know as much about electricity as I did when I started. I know I could do this thing if I had the time, but I am too busy with my other affairs. I will stake you and give you the use of my laboratory. You can do the rest."

The station master, given a definite target to aim at, went to work. He devised all the necessary apparatus and won the five thousand dollars. After that he invented a number of other contrivances and died with a very comfortable fortune.

He stayed around the laboratory until his death, for he was good company. Edison likes good stories and Mackenzie had an unlimited stock of jokes and stories. He also took a part in the development of the incandescent lamp—but as a source of supply, not as an investigator.

"Once after I had carbonized everything possible and impossible under the sun for lamp filaments, I asked Mackenzie for a handful of his bushy red beard. We had been trying everything and hair might just do. The beard carbonized well and when the Edison-Mackenzie hair lamps were brought up to incandescence, they had a splendid richness in red rays. Oddly enough, a few years later, some inventor actually took out a patent for making incandescent lamps with carbonized hair for filaments!"

Edison has a quick sense of humor. He always finds a funny side and will illustrate any point with a story and usually a funny one. He never gets too serious to laugh and in camp at night around the fire if he gets started on stories he will keep going until one or two in the morning—for he never notes the passing of time.

He cannot understand a man without a sense of humor. Most of the financiers that he dealt with in the early days were remarkable for being without any sense of humor at all. They used him for their purposes and he used them for his purposes.

He takes people as they are and does not blame them for being what they are. He has had the short end on some financial transactions but only because he was more interested in getting on with something new than in staying back to (*Continued on page 203*)

An ever flowing fountain of energy, a vivid and boundless imagination, a marvellous instinctive knowledge of mechanisms, and a talent for organization, These are the qualities that centre in Mr Ford He is also to be admired for his very real solicitude for the welfare of the common people.

Thos A Edison.

¶ *Mr. Edison wrote this about Mr. Ford.*

BLOOD *will* tell!

As Proved *by a* One-Man Horse *and a* One-Horse Man

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

Old Dad Tully, proprietor of the 70 Ranch, laid aside his newspaper and gazed thoughtfully and a little wistfully out across ten thousand acres of green meadow. "A horse! a horse!" he murmured, "my kingdom for a horse!" He turned to me. "Who was the cuss that got off that line?"

I ventured to remind him that the Bard of Avon had placed that line in the mouth of King Richard III.

"An' that was in a day when the thoroughbred was unknown," the old cattleman resumed. "They raised horses for utilitarian purposes then. You'd think old King Richard, well knowin' he, like all fightin' men, might need a brisk horse in a hurry some day, would have set about breedin' somethin' faster than the big Normans an' Percherons the knights had to ride, if they was to carry all their armor with them.

"It's a far cry, as the poet says, from King Richard's day to the present; yet it ain't more'n ten years since our cavalry people woke up to the fact that this branch o' the military service, aimin' to be mobile, ain't as mobile as it ought to be. But they're rapidly gettin' it mobiler."

"How?" I queried.

"By refusin' to buy scrub horses an' breedin' for not less than half thoroughbreds. I beat the United States cavalry to that idea by about a year, but I don't take no credit to myself for it. It was Mike Dolan that put that useful thought over on me . . . An' I've just been thinkin' of Mike . . . readin' in the paper about how Gallant Fox won the Preakness, an' then come back two weeks later an' won the Derby.

"Me an' Mike used to dream o' breedin' a horse that would win the Derby, but Mike Dolan's dead an' gone, an' all I have left to remind me of him is a couple o' hundred head of half an' three-quarter thoroughbred young horses runnin' wild on my range against the day when the officer from the Remount Service comes up to trade me out of the tops of them. There ain't a cent of profit raisin' horses for our government, but I suppose it's up to some of us to help the cavalry people out, even if we only break even doin' it.

"At that, my orders to my bookkeeper are not to be too dog-goned accurate in the horse accountin'; I'm afraid I might run into a little red ink, an' what I don't know will never trouble me. As the feller says, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, although I never thoroughly realized it until I meet up with Mike Dolan an' learn about horses from him."

Along about 1915, I think it was (Dad continued), I receive a letter from a fellow cattleman name o' Bill Calkins. Bill an' me used to ride the range together down in New Mexico in the days when our greatest ambition run to ownin' a hat that cost a hundred an' fifty dollars. Bill informs me he is sendin' to me, F. O. B. ranch, the person of one Mike Dolan, a friend of a friend of a friend of his an', presently, to be a friend of mine.

This friend thrice removed an' gettin' further (accordin' to Bill Calkins) has a thoroughbred horse farm down in Kentucky an' runs race horses. Mike Dolan is his jockey, an' from all Bill has been able to learn, Mike is so good his boss resolves to do somethin' nice for him, when Mike comes down with tuberculosis.

So he induces a friend of his to induce his friend,

by Peter B. Kyne

¶ *Strange to say, Mike likes Dad's Dandy best. "Well, Dad," he says one mornin', "how about shippin' me down to Tia Juana race track?"*

Bill Calkins, to let Mike Dolan come down to his ranch in New Mexico, to remain there indefinitely an' without cost to his former employer, provided Mike don't die in the interim. Yes, sir, this horseman thinks a lot of Mike, but not so much he's willin' to pay his board an' lodgin' at a sanatorium; an' as the doctors say Mike must seek a warm, dry, high altitude an' sleep out o' doors, Bill Calkins falls heir to him.

Now, an extra mouth to feed an' an extra bed for his Chinese housekeeper an' cook to make up daily don't annoy Bill Calkins none. Hospitality's a religion with him an' even if he'd been offered money for Mike's board an' lodgin' he wouldn't have accepted it. In fact, he'd have resented the offer an' reminded the feller he was runnin' cattle, not a hotel.

Bill informs me Mike has stuck it out a month at his ranch, all the time gettin' weaker an' weaker. Finally he makes an open confession to Bill Calkins. He tells Bill the climate is just right for him but cow-ranch grub ain't, on account of runnin' too high in starches an' fried victuals an' too low in variety.

Bill never did have truck with chickens an' the ranch is too far from town to admit of a constant supply of fresh eggs an' vegetables. Also, bein' an old-time cow-outfit, butter, milk an' cream ain't to be found on it, nor is there a man on the pay roll low enough to break a cow-brute to milk. A beef critter is always a worry but a milch cow is sure depressin', because she can't be neglected. Night an' mornin' she's got to be milked.

Lackin' a balanced diet, therefore, Mike Dolan is just naturally slippin' further an' further down the puny list; finally he grows desperate an' tells his host about it, at the same time admittin' he don't know what he's goin' to do about it, because he can't leave on account he's so broke he rattles when he rolls over in bed.

In his hour of calamity Bill Calkins remembers me.

Also, havin' visited me once, he knows my cook, Zing, swings a mean skillet; that the said Zing further maintains a family vegetable garden; that I tolerate hens on the 70 Ranch an' keep two fresh Guernsey cows on hand for family use; that I discovered in my middle years that good beds are obtainable if you pay the price, an' that the climate here is good for man or beast.

Wherefore, he's about to buy Mike Dolan a one-way ticket to my shippin' point an' asks me to meet him an' be good to him because Mike is certainly one nice little feller an' no mistake, an' all courtesies accorded him will be the same as accorded to yours faithfully, Bill Calkins. Which this low-flung Bill ain't so much as sent me a picture post card in ten years!

The day Mike is due I get into my old car an' go down to the railroad to meet him. My heart sure goes out to him at sight. He's a little quarter-portion of a boy about twenty-eight years old but lookin' forty. He has a little round homely face like a Waterbury clock, only more intelligent, an' just as white an' free from guile. It's framed in a thick mop of auburn hair, the shade that women go crazy over, an' he has black eyebrows an' black eyelashes an' big brown eyes like a dyin' deer's. But there's grit an' humor in them eyes an' a smile that never left them until the day he found himself too broke to buy oats for his horse.

When he grins his shy wistful grin one sees a flash o' fine white teeth, an' then, sick as he is, the little feller is almos' beautiful to look at.

¶ Without ever meanin' to, Mike Dolan made me ashamed of every horse in my caballada.

Yes, sir, what Mike Dolan has —what radiates an' sparkles from him—is honesty an' personality an' magnetism, which, added to his fragility, awakens in me a whole lot of dormant paternalism.

The colored porter carries him off the train in his arms an' sets him down on the platform in front of me.

"Hello, Mike, you young walloper," says I, wishin' to make the boy feel to home an' welcome as an early fall rain in a dry year. "Welcome to the 70 Ranch."

"Hello, Mr. Tully," he pipes back. "Thanks for the welcome, more particular since there ain't no sound reason for it." He give me a long searchin' look an' shook his head. "Strange as it may seem, this old boy's real," he says to himself. "I reckon there must be a God, after all." Then he shoves his frail little paw into mine. "Mr. Tully, it's most awful' kind of you to take me in, an' you not knowin' me from a saddle. An' I do appreciate you meetin' me yourself. I figgered your time would be so valuable you'd send a hired man."

"Hell's fire, Mike," I says, "you're my guest, an' a friend of a friend of a friend o' mine. Welcome to the 70 Ranch a second time."

"Thanks, Mr. Tully. I'll make myself to home, but I won't be presumin' long on your hospitality."

"Where you headed for next?" Like a fool I don't get his meanin'.

"For the potter's field—if you got one in these parts, Mr. Tully."

"Boy," I says, "I wouldn't bury you in the potter's field on a bet. I got my own private cemetery under a nice weepin' willer tree out to the ranch. I got a horse buried there now—my old top cuttin' horse, Delusion. I got a monument over him an' I'll plant you alongside him. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Was he a good horse, Mr. Tully?"

"He was a thoroughbred. I had papers on him, too, Mike. He was just a mite too slow for a race horse, so a friend o' mine give him to me for a saddler."

"A feller can't ask no better company than that, Mr. Tully," says Mike. "Me, I'm a jockey an' born in a box stall. My teethin' ring was the end of a bat—what you'd call a racin' quirt." An' he looks up at me with that winnin' grin o' his. "I hate to be a nuisance, but would you mind helpin' me over to the automobile? An' if you don't mind, would you put some straw in the tonneau so's I can lie down on the way to the ranch? I'm afraid I can't set up on the seat beside you."

I was tore between a desire to send Bill Calkins a dirty telegram or one o' thanks for sendin' this misfortunate boy to me. Not that I'm so danged long on philanthropy but because it would have hurt me to see a stray dog up against it like Mike Dolan was.

Right then an' there I make up my mind to take care

o' Mike an' see him through an', to tell the truth, I was a mite glad o' the chance, even if it was a long one. Bettin' on long shots was always my favorite diversion.

So I carry Mike Dolan over to the nearest saloon an' buy him a jolt o' whisky that was so good it cost me two bits a drink. Then I lay in a case of it for medicinal purposes, together with a case of old Portugee sherry, spread a foot o' sweet timothy hay in the tonneau an' drive him out here all nice an' easy.

I'm as curious as a pet coon to see what comes o' Mike's experiment.

I don't miss him up on the front seat, however, because I have a trained nurse sittin' up there with me. Yes, I've made up my mind to get expensive. Beef was up that year an' I'd had an eighty-five percent calf crop the two years previous.

Well, sir, the trained nurse puts Mike Dolan to bed out on my screened veranda, where he can get lots o' fresh air. She feeds him eggnog an' sherry an' egg, an' the best of invalid grub, in addition to givin' him sponge baths an' alcohol rubs.

At the end of a month we lift him out o' bed an' weigh him, an' the boy's fleshed up all o' two pounds. So we keep him in bed six months altogether an' by that time he's quit coughin' an' weighs a hundred an' two, which he 'lows is his regular ridin' weight. So I let him up an' fire the nurse an' substitute old Zing.

I never begrudged the money I spent on Mike Dolan. He was the best company I've ever had at the ranch an' that's takin' in a lot o' territory. He never would run out o' stories, none of 'em snappy or vulgar an' all of 'em sad or funny. He'd been born an' brought up in a world I never knew nothin' about; he talked a language I had to learn before I could understand what he meant; an' I learned about horses from him.

Me, I thought I knew somethin' about horses thirty year before Mike Dolan was born. But I didn't. Mike judged every cayuse on the ranch an' faulted 'em all. I never knew I had such a collection o' nags with spavins, ringbone, splints, curbs an' bad tendons until Mike found 'em an' showed 'em to me.

I had top cow ponies I wouldn't have sold for a thousand dollars each, until Mike Dolan showed me where they were no good. A good horse to me is a horse that can do his work cleverly an' willin'ly, stand abuse an' never pitch with me exceptin' on frosty mornin's. To Mike Dolan a good horse was a horse that was bred in the purple an', as a two-year-old, could work an eighth in eleven, a quarter in twenty-two an' three-eighths in thirty-four an' two-fifths—or thereabouts.

Well, sir, as I say, Mike Dolan, without ever meanin' to, made me ashamed of every horse in my *caballada*. I had a dozen chunky little ropin' horses that had hairy fetlocks, showin' a faint strain o' shire in 'em, but Lordy, how they could bust a steer an' hold him.

But Mike Dolan couldn't even bear to look at 'em. "Rubbish, Dad," says he; "all plain rubbish. I'd rather look at a donkey, because a donkey's all of what he is, an' you know exactly what he's goin' to give you."

I apologize an' explain patiently that usually a thoroughbred's blood is too hot for cow work, to which he replies that half a loaf is better'n none an' that if I have half-thoroughbred cow horses each one'll do the work o' two cold-blooded horses an' I won't have so many mouths to feed. What I can't use myself, he allows I can sell to the government for cavalry remounts.

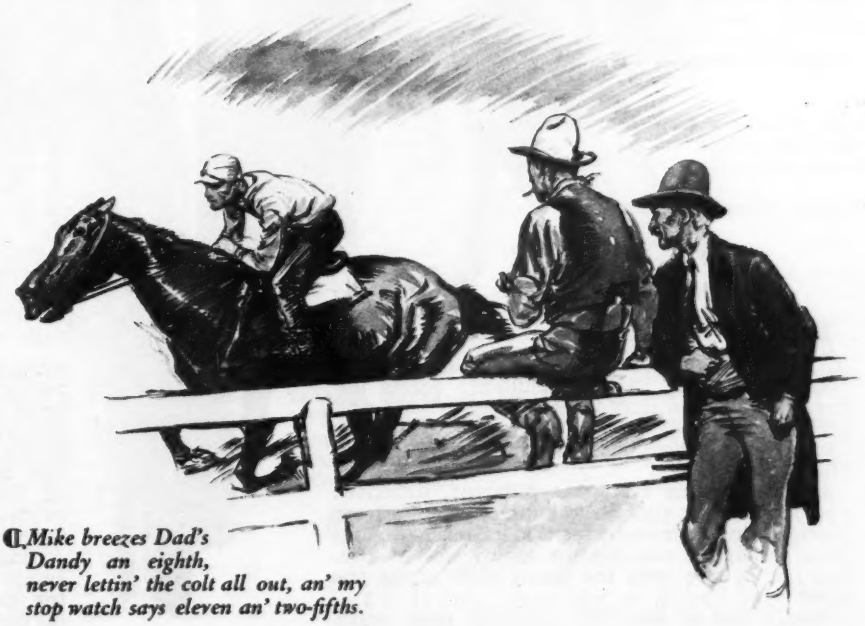
He tells me how the Australian cavalry horses in the Egyptian campaign, bein' Walers, or half thoroughbreds, outfoot, outmarch, outthirst an' underfeed the cold-blooded mounts. They wasted slower in campaign, lastin' at least six weeks longer, an' they come back a month sooner. An' they had more intelligence.

The result of all this missionary work is that presently I give Mike a letter o' credit an' send him East to pick me up a good thoroughbred stallion that's been broke down racin', but the which don't affect him none for breedin' purposes. For a thousand dollars he picks me up a three-year-old that's won one mighty important race, but owin' to bad handlin' he'll never win another.

I'm prepared to pay five thousand for the right horse, but Mike ain't. Still, he spends all the letter o' credit an' brings me back three three-year-old mares that ain't showed much on the race track. But that don't trouble Mike Dolan none, although my foreman almost dies when he learns o' my sinful extravagance.

"Which all these here animals is a gift," says Mike. "Many a mare that couldn't do a quarter faster'n twenty-five has dropped colts that broke world records when bred to the right stallion. It's their breedin' an' conformation that I go on, an' these three mares can't be beat for that.

"They're big mares, too, an' as we expect the dam to give the offspring fully sixty (*Continued on page 171*)



Mike breezes Dad's Dandy an eighth, never lettin' the colt all out, an' my stop watch says eleven an' two-fifths.

This one is by Norman Anthony

3 slices *presented in*

Illustration by Leslie Benson

¶ *The young man looked across and cried, "For Lord's sake, don't jump!"*

At first, Ginny wasn't much interested in him. Young men in office buildings across the street were an old story to her. They grinned and winked clownishly, made wild signs with their hands. They were nothing in Ginny's young life.

But this young man was different, somehow. Perhaps the fact that he was directly across from Ginny's window made it seem more intimate, and then perhaps it was because Ginny was in love. But not in love with the young man across the street!

Ginny was in love with a young man whom you'll never meet, so we won't even bother to mention his name. And being a normal healthy young animal, and very much in love, Ginny felt kindly disposed toward everybody. The bard who made the claim that all the world loves a lover got it twisted. The lover loves all the world, is probably what he meant.

Ginny liked the way the young man across the street laughed. She liked the quick way he jumped up from his desk to greet a visitor; the way he

# of LIFE
6 *pages*

On *these* Two PAGES, LIFE *as seen from a* Skyscraper Window

shook hands. She liked the way he stood in the window and looked down at the swirling canyon below with a sort of "It's a swell town!" expression on his face. And she liked him because he didn't try to flirt. Once in a while he had grinned in a neighborly way, and once he had pointed to a blimp floating overhead.

He was obviously a nice young man, but Ginny's boy friend was also a nice young man and Ginny's heart fluttered as she thought of him.

And then, one day, Ginny's nice young man wrote her an apologetic note and explained that he had just married another girl. Ginny took it between the eyes like a major but it had her hanging on the ropes.

She even looked down at the street thirty floors below her window and contemplated a lover's leap but, being the healthy young animal that she was, immediately banished the thought. She kept her eyes glued on her typewriter and worked feverishly.

She forgot all about the nice young man across the street. In fact, she forgot about all men. Her job was her salvation and that wise old practitioner, Time, soothed the aching heart that used to flutter. Then she began to take notice of things. And among the things she noticed was the nice young man across the street.

Something was wrong with him. He stood at the window with drooped shoulders and gazed down at the street. Ginny could read in his face the same emotion she had felt when she had contemplated a violent end.

And then one day, after the young man had stood there an interminable period, Ginny saw him slowly open the window and slide his foot over the sill. With terror clutching at her heart, Ginny sprang to her window and frantically jerked it up. She leaned out, panic-stricken, meaning to call to him, and then she realized that that would probably only strengthen his determination to jump. It is much easier to do desperate things when one has an audience.

She saw his leg hanging over the ledge, his face turned away as if he were afraid to look down. And then Ginny acted. Clambering up on the window sill, she grasped the frame with shaking hands and stood up. Then she let out a shriek of despair.

The young man looked across with blanched face and cried out, "For Lord's sake! Don't jump!" Then Ginny saw an arm pull him back from his perilous position and frantic hands grabbed her at the same time.

And now, we will borrow a leaf from the movies and flash-back to the nice young man across the street. His name was Jimmy and he really was a nice young man. When he looked down at the street he really did say, "It's a swell town!" And Jimmy was in love, as you probably have already guessed, and he'd got just about the same deal that Ginny had. Only his girl didn't throw him over. She simply shattered his youthful illusions of pure womanhood.

Up to that time Jimmy had thought the world a wonderful place. And he had noticed the nice girl across the street. He had watched her more than she knew.

He liked her pert, trim little figure, the way her hair curled around her face, and especially her hands as they darted over the typewriter. They were birdlike, fluttery hands, and Jimmy decided he would like to hold one. Suddenly he had realized that that wasn't keeping faith with his true love and he had looked away.

And then, when his idol had proved to have feet of clay, he had stirred his young soul into a torment and decided that life held nothing more. He had made up his tortured mind that the only way out was the window. The supreme moment had arrived and with it that terrifying picture of the frightened girl wavering unsteadily on a window ledge thirty stories above the street, and that horrible scream!

But he forgot all about the nice girl across the street. It took a long time for readjustment, after that close shave, and human nature being what it is, he kept away from the window. But Doc Time took on his case too, and the nice young man convalesced rapidly.

He began to appreciate what the nice girl across the street had done for him when she had halted his plan of self-extermination and he realized that he owed her his life. And life seemed awfully sweet, after all.

So one day he went to the window and looked across. Another girl, and one not half so nice, sat there, and Jimmy became alarmed. Perhaps she had tried it again and this time had been successful! It worried him and one day, during his luncheon hour, he crossed the street and went up to her floor. He pushed open the door and approached a blond switchboard girl.

"Er"—Jimmy blushed—"er—what became of that nice young lady who tried to commit suicide?"

The girl smiled, scenting romance. "She was fired! The World Life Insurance Company doesn't like to have people jumping from its windows!"

"Oh!" Jimmy looked startled. "I—I suppose not! Er—do you know where she works now?"

"Why, yes. At the Elite Company on Fifty-seventh."

Jimmy blushed again. "Could you tell me her name?"

"Sure. It's Virginia Kinney!"

"Th-thank you!" Jimmy stammered and left through the door marked "World Life Insurance Company." Then he went downstairs and called the Elite Company. Yes, he could speak with Miss Kinney. Just hold the wire. Jimmy discovered that he was unusually excited for a broken-hearted man of the world.

"Hello? Is this Miss Kinney?"

Although he had never heard her voice, except when she uttered that one terrible shriek of despair, he recognized it immediately. He knew she would have a voice like that!

"Er—this is the man who almost committed suicide!"

There was a long silence and then a husky, delighted laugh. Jimmy grinned to himself in the booth.

"Would you meet me at Schrafft's in five minutes?"

They sat looking at each other across the small table. Jimmy fiddled with the silverware and watched Ginny's hands. Then he looked at her eyes.

"You know, it's strange the way I feel drawn toward you! Do you feel it at all?"

Ginny looked at him and said, "Yes."

"I suppose it's because a queer streak of fate saved our lives!" Jimmy was getting a little dramatic. "And I suppose it's because we understand each other. I can understand the soul-torment you went through that made you climb out on that window ledge!"

Ginny looked at the top of his head as he drew nervous marks on the cloth. Jimmy plunged on.

"I can understand because I went through the same thing! And tried for the same end that you did! We faced death together and now we'll——" He looked up.

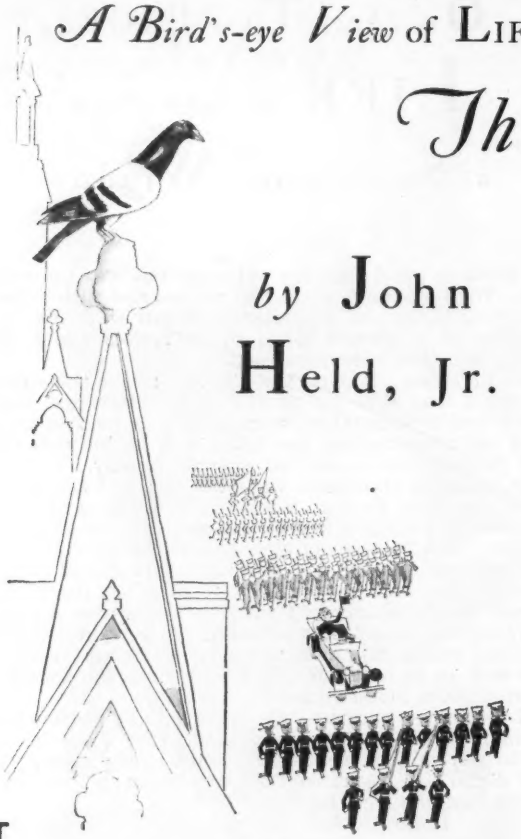
Ginny smiled.

¶ On *the* Next Two Pages—
LIFE *as seen by a* PIGEON

A Bird's-eye View of LIFE—

The Pigeon of

by John Held, Jr.



I am very romantic. I always have been and suppose I always will be. Being romantic will be the death of me yet: I am able to find romance in everything.

To fly high and look down on the great city with its deep traffic lanes surging with thousands of motor cars and millions of people, and all the tall skyscrapers pointing up at me; to watch the light change and make lovely colors in the dim canyons; to see the wide rivers on each side of the city with the queer-shaped boats cutting silver streaks in the water; to fly high and see all this at a glance is romantic, and don't let anyone tell you different.

I'm fond of having a fast high flight just as the sun goes down; to watch the lights come on in the big buildings. But I always prefer to be safely roosting before dark because it's difficult to fly at night.

Darkness always finds me roosting high on one of the towers of the Cathedral, in Fifth Avenue. And then, when the morning begins, and the darkness starts to disappear, I like to fly high to meet the dawn.

I call the Cathedral home. It's a lovely building. It's Gothic architecture. I'm very fond of the Gothic, because of the lovely places to roost, and I like the parades they are always having on Fifth Avenue.

I often sit up there all afternoon, watching the crowds down below: poor humans that have to stay on the ground and be stopped by the policeman's whistle. I'm glad I can fly.

It's odd that humans don't have wings. It doesn't seem quite right to have to stay on the ground. I wouldn't want to be a human. Still, I suppose they don't know any different and make the best of it.

Some humans manage to fly in a clumsy manner, with cumbersome machines and loud roaring motors. I think having your own wings is more practical.

Humans are romantic, too. I have great sport watching them. I am fond of flying up and stopping on the window sills of the office buildings and watching the bosses being romantic with their secretaries. I see many amusing things.

I remember one window where I used to go. The boss was getting on rather well with his secretary until one morning, when they were busily engaged in romance, a process server walked in on them. I didn't wait to see the results. I flew away and went to another window to watch a pair of accountants.

It's interesting to see what goes on at the penthouses. It's amusing to watch in high hotel windows. There is romance everywhere I fly.

Every change in my life has been on account of romance. I was hatched and raised in a rattle-shack coop on top of a Second Avenue tenement house. I belonged to an Italian boy, who used to come to the roof late afternoons and Sundays. He would turn us out of the coop and make us take to our wings. He would keep us in the air for hours.

Whenever we tried to light, he would wave a long bamboo pole with a flag on the tip, and keep us in flight. 'Round and 'round we flew, taking turns at leading.

Of course, all these hours of flying made our wings strong and kept us healthy. It was great sport to fly around and try to get flocks of other people's pigeons to join us, then have them come to our coop to visit.

One afternoon as we were being flown, we were joined by a handsome little hen pigeon. She was a pretty package. She seemed to admire my wing actions or the luster of my neck feathers, because she kept at my side as we flew. And I, being on the verge of mating, was attracted to her white wing tips and little pink bill.

I was very attentive to her and soon we were separated from the flock. We hadn't noticed them bank to the right, and so we flew off without a good-by.

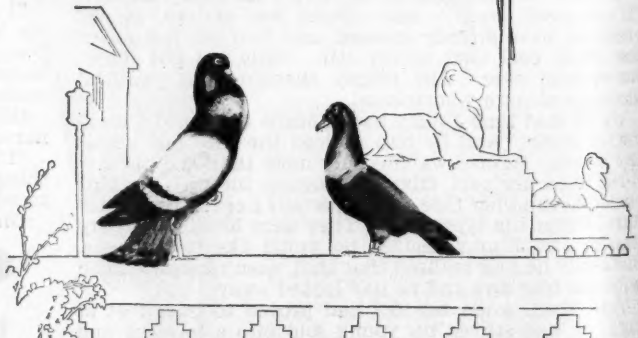
The little hen with the white wing tips and I soon had the sky to ourselves, and away we went. Before I knew it, we were being fed peanuts in Central Park, and I discovered that I liked peanuts, so I mated with the little hen.

Somehow or other, I never could get accustomed to the Park. The trees and the grass and the soft ground were strange to me, being a city pigeon and used to solid roofs and cement pavement.

I didn't like the idea of building a nest in a swaying tree. My mate was insistent that we nest in a tree, but I said that it was not pigeon-like, and we had a quarrel. I finally induced her to nest under the eaves of the sheep barn. It was at least a building, even if it was low to the ground.

Then we went to love-making, and soon she laid two nice white eggs and set to hatch a family. We were very happy until one night a cat got her, and that was the end of that romance.

Then I left the Park and flew back to the city and went down to the



St. Patrick's

Illustrations by The Author

Public Library. There were plenty of peanuts at the library. But the roosting was poor. We were always being driven off by the janitor.

Then one bright morning I met the little copper-colored hen. She was a sweet hen. The sun reflected on the rainbow colors of her throat and she had pretty yellow feet and she wore jewelry: a bright aluminum leg band. And when I strutted and cooed to her she didn't resist me too much. I would fill my throat and make my feathers glisten. Then I would coo my love and drag my tail at her. Then she would fly away, and I would follow and repeat my entreaties.

When she would only fly a short way, I knew that she favored my suit, so I became bold and proposed that we have a go at housekeeping. She said, "Yes." And it made me very happy. But she asked if I was religious, as she was convent-hatched and would only mate with one who could conscientiously live on the Cathedral. I told her that I was once owned by an Italian, so that made me eligible.

So up to the Cathedral we went for our honeymoon. Then one day she whispered to me the glad news, and we set about building our nest. She insisted on having a low nest because she was terrified at heights, but I remembered what happened to my mate at the sheep barn, and I said it would be a high nest or none at all.

We finally compromised on a ledge halfway up. I saw to it that it was in a place that the cats couldn't reach. Soon the eggs came and we settled down to serious home life. I had a lot of time to myself during the eighteen days our eggs were incubating.

It is the hen's duty to keep the eggs warm from four in the afternoon until ten the next day. Then the male member of the pair takes charge while the hen goes out to feed and take exercise. I didn't mind spelling her on the nest between ten and four, although I did miss seeing parades which happened during the hours I was on the nest.

Then, as soon as our squabs began to grow pinfeathers, we were busy preparing for another family. Pigeons are very prolific; that's on account of being so romantic. That's why I'm glad I am a pigeon; nothing to do but fly, and be fed peanuts, and make love and nest and hatch family after family. It's a grand life.

This spring, I tried an experiment on some humans, and it worked out rather well. There was a pretty young lady who came to feed me every morning on the south side of the Cathedral. She wasn't very well dressed, and sometimes I wondered if she could afford the peanuts that she brought, but she was pretty. The morning sun would shine on her hair and reflect lovely hues like it does on my copper-colored mate's neck feathers.

At almost the same time every morning I would be fed by a young man on the north side of the Cathedral. He was a fine young chap. It occurred to me that it would be a good idea to attempt to mate these two.

So, every morning, I would fly from one to the other to be fed. When I flew to the girl, I lighted a bit away from her and made her come up to me before I would take the food from her hand. And I did the same with the young man, and before long I had them face to face. This took doing for several days before either of them summoned enough courage to speak to the other.

One morning I pretended to be frightened and wouldn't come to feed. That started their conversation. After that, everything was fine. They smiled and spoke when they met. Then I overheard him ask her to have luncheon with him.

After that, they met every morning and he often took her to luncheon. Then something happened. I thought that they either had a quarrel or else a cat had got the young man, because the girl came alone to feed me, and I saw that there were tears in her eyes sometimes.

But before long the man was back again, and I heard him tell her that he had been up to Newport and the engagement was broken. This made the girl happy, and away they went laughing and talking. After that, neither one of them came to feed me.

When my mate and I were setting on our third pair of eggs, one morning I noticed that the church people were putting up the striped canopy from the door to the curb, and I knew there was going to be a wedding.

So that day I didn't go back to take my turn on the eggs. I stayed around to see the ceremony. And when the bride and groom came out, I almost fell over backwards off the lamp-post when I saw it was my young man and my young lady.

He wore a high shining black hat, and she was all splendid in white with a bunch of beautiful flowers, and as she got into the motor car she looked up at me and smiled, so I didn't mind being scolded for being late when I went to the nest to relieve my mate.

Doesn't that prove there is romance everywhere?

I think I'll fly up and see how the salesgirl is getting on with the floorwalker on the fifth floor of Saks'.

¶ On *the* Following Two Pages–
LIFE *as seen by a* DOLLAR

Money talks

You've heard the expression "bright as a dollar." That's just the way I was when I left the San Francisco mint in 1892. My circumference was deeply milled, and Liberty's face stood out sharply like a cameo, and "In God We Trust" was clear as Bible print, not the smooth vague blur that's left on me today.

One of the first things I remember is falling with a ring on the Palace bar and hearing a voice say, "Couple gin fizzes." Then the barkeep dropped me into a till and took out three quarters in change.

Later that night I departed in the pocket of a fat man whom everyone called Bill; and in the morning, because I looked so new and shiny, he gave me to a little girl for her birthday.

I liked the little girl, with her red hair ribbon and her bright blue eyes, and I felt rather hurt when she spent me so promptly for candy.

But what I started to tell you was about the man who had lost a finger.

A few days after the "Free Silver" election in '96—in which, by the way, I was used to purchase a vote for McKinley!—somebody handed me to a woman who had spent half a day scrubbing floors.

She was a frail woman, with sad worried eyes, not more than thirty years old, I should judge, and certainly not used to scrubbing floors. She clutched me in her hand and started rapidly down the street. Then this fellow stopped her.

"What you got there?"

"Nothing."

"The hell you ain't! Give it here."

She started to cry.

"Give it here, I tell you."

"But it's all I've got. I'm hungry, Joe, and the baby——"

"Aw, cut it out."

"We haven't eaten since yesterday."

"Give it here, I tell you"—and as he wrenched me away he gave her a shove and left her sprawled on the sidewalk.

That was the first time I noticed his hand: a big filthy hand, with the first finger nothing but an ugly stub jutting out from the knuckle. I have never been in a hand that felt more repulsive. His face was repulsive to look at, too: narrow eyes which glittered meanly, loose cruel lips and a wolfish nose.

I managed to slip through a hole in his pocket before he had gone half a mile. For almost a month, then, I lay in the tall grass until a young darky stubbed his toe against me.

Well, you never heard such a jubilation. He bit me to see if I was real; then he kissed me and called me "Daddy's sho' nuff lady luck"; then he gave a whoop and tossed me high in the air.

I wasn't as bright as I used to be, but I remember to this day how I flashed in the sun, feeling young again and skittish.

Pretty soon I was in a crap game. I tried my best to multiply for my young friend, and for a while I had quite a stack of ordinary paper dollars, to say nothing of quarters and other chicken feed, for company. But in the end he lost me.

It was the following summer that I fell upon dark days. A miser got hold of me, and for something like five years I never saw the sun. But he often took us out by lamplight, myself and his other prisoners, and counted us, and then laid us away in an oaken chest underground. He finally died and somebody dug us up and, as the Secretary of the Treasury would say, we went back into circulation.

Well, sir, I did a deal of traveling in the years which followed.

Went to Europe twice and met a lot of foreign coins in an exchange place: several, I recall, had an old girl on them not near so good-looking as my own Miss Liberty, and there were a bunch of Victor Emmanuels and Alfonsos and other foreign gents. I felt relieved when a man picked me up and hollered, "Hurray for God's country! Look't the silver cartwheel!"

The next time I went over was during the war. A doughboy had me in his shirt pocket, and that's when I stopped a shell splinter and got the dent you can see just over what's left of my year-date. I guess I saved that doughboy's life, which is more than one of these spineless paper dollars could ever have done for him.

Did I tell you I spent one winter circulating around in Florida? Incidentally, I met a very snooty dime that had been given away by John D. Rockefeller. "That's all right, bright boy," I told it, "but don't forget I'm *still* worth ten of you any old day in the week, including Sunday."

There was no call for that double-jit being so stuck on himself. Hadn't I been carried around for a lucky piece by the most beautiful blonde at Palm Beach?

Which reminds me of the Sabbath—in Hutchinson, Kansas, as I remember—when I caused a sensation among a flock of dimes and nickels and two telephone slugs by plunking magnificently into the contribution plate at church. The previous evening I had been in a speak-easy, where I went for two shots of very poor rye, if the smell of the barkeep's hand was any criterion.

Well, I've had my day, and now I guess I'm about through. They've stored me in a subtreasury vault, where it's pretty dark and stuffy. But I don't mind. I've grown old and worn and tarnished: my *"E Pluribus Unum"* is a total loss, and part of Liberty's face is gone,

and in this Story a SILVER DOLLAR *tells what* It *has* Learned About LIFE

by Paul Deresco Augsburg

and you have to look pretty close to make out the 1892 at the bottom.

I just drowse here and think of the times I've had, of the people I've been spent by, of the places I've seen. I like to remember flashing in the sunlight that morning the darky found me. I like to recall the little girl who got me on her birthday. I should have liked to meet her again, but only once in my entire career did I encounter a person I'd known before.

That was in Cicero, Illinois, three years ago this coming September, in a room above a saloon. It seems a war was going on for control of the beer racket. Somebody had double-crossed his own gang, and two of the mob were suspected.

The Big Boss and several of his bodyguard were gathered in that room, listening to each of the suspects accuse the other. The Big Boss was getting impatient.

"**All right,**" he said at last, "*one* of you done it, and one of you's going to be took for a ride. If you can't decide who gets the honor, why, here's Mr. Ginsberg who can."

With that he took me out of his pocket and held me up between thumb and finger. "Heads it's Joe; tails it's Whitey," he added.

"Let's see that coin," said the fellow called Joe, and he looked at me suspiciously, as if he thought I might be all heads.

Then, in a tense hard silence, the Big Boss flipped me into the air.

This heads-and-tails business was no novelty for an old dollar like me, but never before had life and death depended on the outcome. Usually I would just shut my eyes, so to speak, and let chance decide how I landed.

But this time was different. As I struck the table and spun on my edge, I very carefully chose the way I'd fall.

"Heads!" cried the Big Boss when I lay still.

You see, I had recognized Joe in the moment he looked me over. I knew him the instant he took me in that filthy hand with its ugly stub of finger jutting out from the knuckle.

¶ *There was no call for that snooty dime being so stuck on himself. Hadn't I been carried around for a lucky piece by the most beautiful blonde at Palm Beach?*

Illustrations by Leslie Benson

CAPTAIN BLOOD *saves a Woman* caught

by Rafael Sabatini

The Expiation of MADAME

On a day bed under the wide square stern-ports of the luxurious cabin of the Estremadura lounged Don Juan de la Fuente, Count of Mediana, twanging a beribboned guitar and singing an indelicate song in a languorous voice.

He was a young man of thirty, graceful and elegant, with soft dark eyes and full red lips that were half veiled by small mustaches and a little peaked black beard. Face, figure, dress and posture advertised the voluptuary, and the setting afforded him by the cabin of the great forty-gun galleon he commanded was proper to its tenant.

From bulkheads painted an olive-green detached gilded carvings of cupids and dolphins, fruit and flowers, whilst each stanchion was in the shape of a fishtailed caryatid. Against the forward bulkhead a handsome buffet was laden with gold and silver plate; between the doors of two cabins on the larboard side hung a painting of Aphrodite; the floor was spread with a rich Eastern carpet; a finer one covered the quadrangular table, above which was a lamp of silver.

There were books in a rack: the *"Ars Amatoria"* of Ovid, the *"Satyricon,"* a Boccaccio and a Poggio, to bear witness to the classico-licentious character of this student. The chairs, like the day bed on which Don Juan was sprawling, were of cordovan leather, painted and gilded, and although the stern-ports stood open to the mild airs that barely moved the galleon, the place was heavy with ambergris and other perfumes.

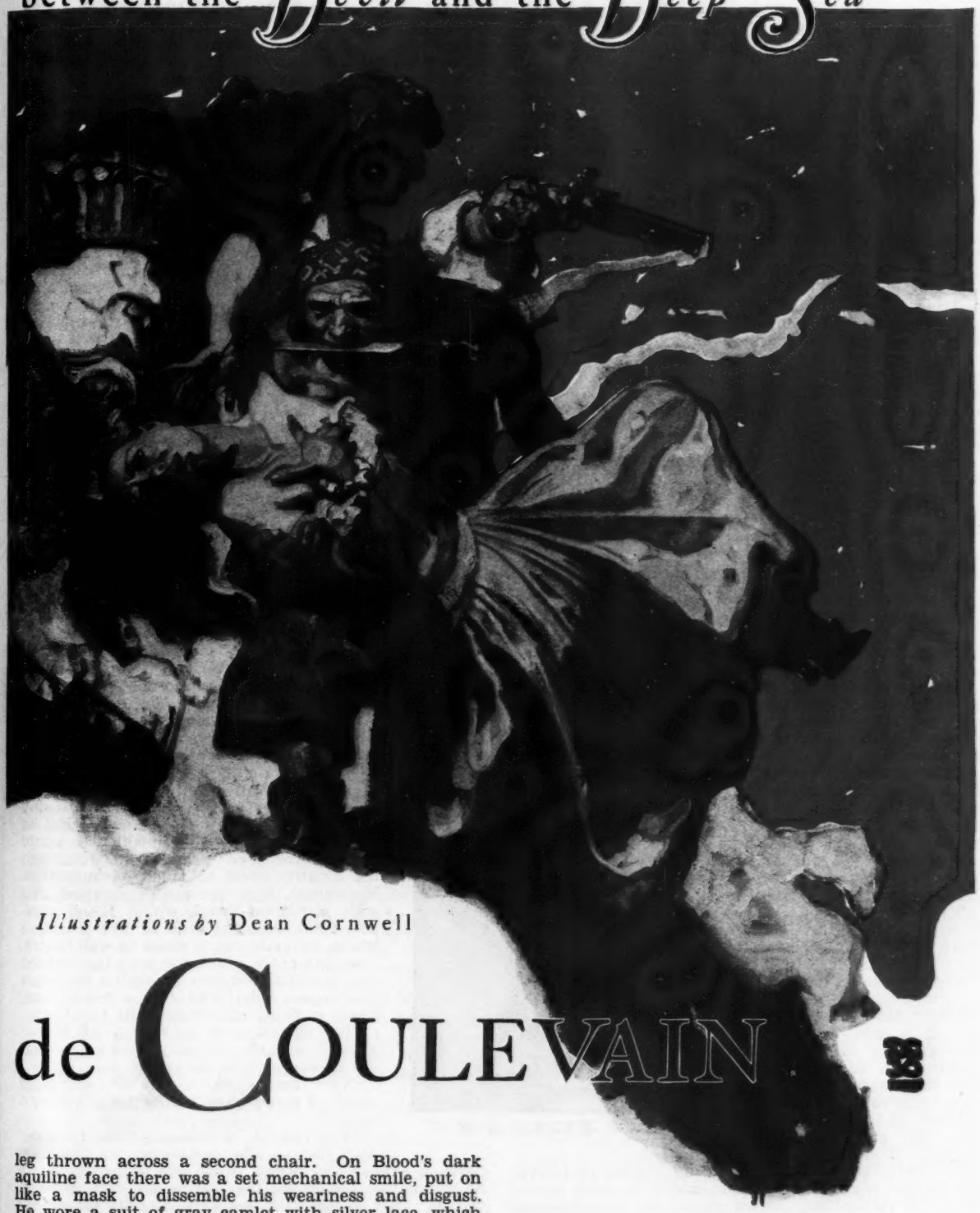
Don Juan's song extolled life's carnal joys.

Vida sin niña no es vida, es muerte,
Y del Padre Santo muy triste es la suerte.

That was its envoy and at the same time its mildest ribaldry. You conceive the rest.

Don Juan was singing his song to Captain Blood, who sat with an elbow leaning on the table and a

between the *Devil* and the *Deep Sea*



Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

de COULEVAIN

leg thrown across a second chair. On Blood's dark aquiline face there was a set mechanical smile, put on like a mask to dissemble his weariness and disgust. He wore a suit of gray camlet with silver lace, which had come from Don Juan's wardrobe—for they were much of the same height and shape, as they were akin in age—and a black periwig that was likewise of Don Juan's providing framed his countenance.

It was by a succession of odd chances that this detested enemy of Spain came to find himself an honored guest aboard a Spanish galleon, crawling north across the Caribbean, with the Windward Islands some twenty miles abeam.

A week before, on Margarita, in a secluded cove of which his own ship, the Arabella, was careened to clear her keel of accumulated foulness, word had been brought him by some Carib Indians of a Spanish pearling fleet in the Gulf of Cariaco which had already collected a rich harvest. The temptation to raid it proved irresistible to the buccaneer. In his left ear he wore a pear-shaped pearl of enormous price that was part of a magnificent haul from a similar fleet in the Rio de la Hacha.

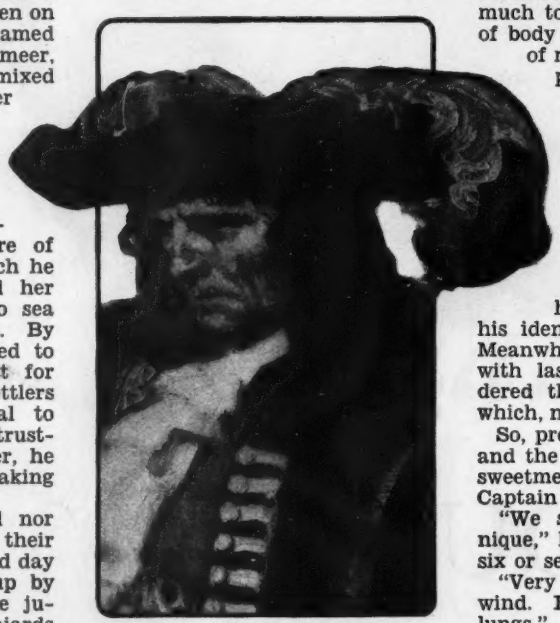
And so with three piraguas and forty men carefully picked from his crew of close upon two hundred,

Blood slipped one night across the narrow sea between Margarita and the main, and lay most of the following day under the coast, to creep towards evening into the Gulf of Cariaco.

There, however, the raiders were surprised by a Spanish *guardacostas* of twenty-four guns. The guardship gave chase in the brief dusk, opened fire and shattered the frail boats that bore them. Of the forty men, some must have been shot, some drowned, and others picked up to be made prisoners. Blood himself had spent the night clinging to a stout piece of wreckage. A stiffish southerly breeze had sprung up at sunset, and driven by this and borne by currents, at dawn he had miraculously been washed ashore, exhausted, benumbed and almost pickled by the long briny immersion, on one of the diminutive islands of the Hermanos group.

It was an island not more than a mile and a half in length and less than a mile across, sparsely grown with coconut palms and aloes, and normally uninhabited save by sea birds and turtles. On this occasion, however, it happened to be tenanted in addition by a couple of castaway Spaniards who had escaped in a sailing pinnace from the English settlement of Saint Vincent, where they had been imprisoned. Ignorant of navigation, they had entrusted themselves to the sea, and with water and provisions exhausted and at the point of death from thirst and hunger, they had fortuitously made their landfall a month before. Not daring after that experience to venture forth again, they had subsisted there on shellfish taken from the rocks, on coconuts, yams and berries.

Since Captain Blood could not be sure that Spaniards, even when in these desperate straits, would not slit his throat if they guessed his identity, he announced himself as shipwrecked from a Dutch brig which had been on its way to Curaçao, named himself Peter Vandermeer, and gave himself a mixed parentage of Dutch father and Spanish mother, thus accounting for the fluent Castilian which he spoke.



¶ *Captain Blood*

Finding the pinnace in good order, he provisioned her with a store of yams and of turtle, which he himself buccaned, filled her water casks and put to sea with the two castaways. By sun and stars he trusted to steer a course due east for Tobago, whose Dutch settlers were sufficiently neutral to give them shelter. His trusting companions, however, he informed that he was making for Trinidad.

But neither Trinidad nor Tobago was to prove their destination. On the third day out they were picked up by the Estremadura, to the jubilation of the two Spaniards and the dismay at first of Captain Blood. However, he put a bold face on the matter and trusted to fortune and to the ragged condition in which he went aboard to escape recognition. When questioned he maintained the fiction of his shipwreck, his Dutch nationality and his mixed parentage, and conceiving that since he claimed a Spanish mother, he might as well choose one amongst the noblest Spain could afford, he announced her a Trasmiera of the family of the Duke of Arcos.

His authoritative bearing, which not even his ragged condition could diminish, his intrepid aquiline countenance and, above all, his fluent, cultured Castilian, made credible the imposture. And anyway, since he desired no more than to be set ashore on some Dutch or French settlement, whence he could resume his voyage to Curaçao, there seemed no reason why he should magnify his identity.

The sybaritic Don Juan de la Fuente, impressed by his high connections, treated him generously, placed his extensive wardrobe at his guest's disposal, gave him a stateroom off the main cabin, and used him in every way as a person of distinction. It contributed to this that Don Juan found in Peter Vandermeer a man after his own heart. He insisted upon calling him Don Pedro, as if to stress the Spanish part in him, swearing that his Vandermeer blood had been entirely beneaped by that of the Trasmieras.

It was a subject on which the Spanish gentleman made some ribaldries. Indeed, ribaldry flowed from him naturally and copiously on all occasions and infected his officers, four of whom were young gentlemen of birth who dined and supped with him in the great cabin.

Proclivities which in a raw lad of eighteen Blood might have condoned, trusting to time to correct them, he found frankly disgusting in this man of thirty. Under the courtly elegant exterior he perceived the unclean spirit of the rakehell. But he was far indeed from betraying his contempt. His own safety, resting precariously as it did upon maintaining the good impression he had made at the outset, compelled him to adapt himself to the company, to represent himself as a man of their own licentious kidney.

Thus it came about that during those days when, almost becalmed on the tropical sea, they crawled slowly north under a mountain of canvas that was often limp, something akin to a friendship sprang up between Don Juan and this Don Pedro. Don Juan found much to admire in him: his obvious vigor of body and of spirit; the deep knowledge of men and of the world which he displayed; his ready wit and the faintly cynical philosophy which his talk revealed. As they spent long hours together daily, their intimacy grew at the rate peculiar to growths in that tropical region.

And so you find them closeted together on this, the sixth day of Blood's voyage as a guest of honor in a ship in which he would have been traveling in irons had his identity been so much as suspected. Meanwhile, her commander wearied him with lascivious songs, whilst Blood pondered the amusing side of the situation which, nevertheless, it would be well to end.

So, presently, when the song had ceased and the Spaniard was munching Peruvian sweetmeats from a silver box beside him, Captain Blood approached the question.

"We should now be abeam of Martinique," he said. "It cannot be more than six or seven leagues to land."

"Very true, thanks to this cursed lack of wind. I could blow harder from my own lungs."

"You cannot, of course, put in for me," said Blood. There was war at the time between France and Spain, which Blood understood to be one of the reasons for Don Juan's presence in these waters. "But in this calm sea I could easily get ashore in the pinnace that brought me. Suppose, Don Juan, I take my leave of you this evening?"

Don Juan looked aggrieved. "Here's a sudden haste! Was it not agreed that I carry you to Saint Martin?"

"True. But thinking of it, I remember that ships are rare there, and I may be delayed some time in finding a vessel for Curaçao. Whereas from Martinique——"

"Ah, no," he was peevishly interrupted. "You shall land, if you please, at Marie-Galante, where I myself have business, or at Guadeloupe if you prefer it. But I vow I do not let you go just yet."

Captain Blood had checked (*Continued on page 153*)

By Royal Brown

The Girl in the 5th floor back

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

Except for her disarranged but none-the-less decorative head, the girl who occupied the rented room under the eaves was not visible to the naked or any other sort of eye this April morning. The rest of her sixty-two inches, clad in gay and colorful pajamas, was decorously obscured under drab bedcoverings. And that was quite as well, considering that a strange young man was about to walk into her room—and her life also.

She lay there, staring straight up at the discolored ceiling, and considered her immediate past, her unpalatable present and her impenetrable future, with no enthusiasm.

"I suppose," she mused, "I was an idiot to run away. Now, of course, everybody *knows* I'm guilty." The perverse, provocative line of her mouth twisted defiantly, mockingly. "As if anybody ever doubted it!"

To the lady who had rented her the room—and anybody who called Mrs. Moriarty anything but a lady would get at least a verbal smack in the eye—the girl had given her name without hesitation.

"Miss Jones—Jane Jones," she had said, her eyes a shade challenging.

The girl's name was not Jane Jones, however. And the lady to whom she had paid four dollars in advance for the room under the eaves suspected as much. But then, Mrs. Moriarty, having run a lodging house in Boston's South End for twenty years, never trusted anybody.

"If you want my opinion," Mrs. Moriarty had assured her second-floor front the night before, "there is something funny about the fifth-floor back."

Of course, she did not mean the physical proportions of the room, somewhat diminished by the presence of a huge water tank, part of the house's antiquated plumbing system. Nor did she refer to the furnishings which were, in Mrs. Moriarty's opinion, all that anybody could expect for four dollars a week.

"Beggars," she would have said, "can't be choosers."

And anybody who couldn't afford more than four dollars a week for a room came in that class, so far as she was concerned.

The second-floor front—the occupant, again, not the room—was a large blonde. By bottle, that is, rather than by birth. By day she functioned as a saleslady; one of those goddesslike creatures who wither ordinary people.

"What do you think is the matter with her?" she had asked.

"I don't know," Mrs. Moriarty had confessed. "But I'll keep an eye on her." And, apparently, a nose as well. Because, "She didn't go out to dinner and she didn't cook in her room, either. I smelt around the hall to make sure."

The pseudo "Jane Jones" would have smiled wryly at that. She hadn't eaten the night before, because——

"Because I'm saving my pennies, all forty-two of them," she might have explained in the half-mocking, half-defiant tone that was the index of her attitude toward the world. She was only twenty-two but, like Mrs. Moriarty, she no longer trusted anybody.

Of course, she might have pawned her smart suitcase or her toilet set. But she didn't know how, and would have been afraid to if she had. They might, for instance, notice the initials and guess what the "J. J." stood for. To the girl in the fifth-floor back nothing was preposterous; anything could happen. It had become a weird and fantastic world.

"If," she had assured herself, when she had decided upon flight and had assumed a new name, "there is anybody in these United States who doesn't know the name 'Janice Judson' it's not the reporters' fault."

To be a Judson in the little New England town where she had been born was to be somebody. To have, in brief, that prestige that comes from power and pride of ancestry and to become a target for the envy of those who lack both.

They had christened her "Janice," that being her great-grandmother's name. But she, being of this generation, had inevitably been rechristened "Nicky."

She was that sort of girl and she looked like that sort of girl. Precisely the type to be condemned by all the Mrs. Moriartys in the world, on general principles. In fact, Mrs. Moriarty had so condemned her less than a month ago.

"If you want *my* opinion," Mrs. Moriarty had said to the second-floor front in March, "that younger sister, the one they called Nicky, murdered them both."

They had been discussing the murder mystery of the moment. Mrs. Moriarty had a nose for news. She craved a daily diet of such headlines as she had found in her paper that March morning. This had read:

BRIDE AND GROOM MYSTERIOUSLY
SLAIN ON EVE OF WEDDING

No detail had escaped her, and if the police had considered it a mystery, Mrs. Moriarty had not. She had had her suspicions from the first and they soon became strong enough to convict.

"I would send that Nicky to the chair in a minute," she had told the second-floor front.

And Mrs. Moriarty didn't mean maybe, either.

Nevertheless, in spite of all her experience with human depravity, it had yet to occur to her that even a young and brazen murderess would have the nerve to hire a room from *her*.

All that Mrs. Moriarty knew, this April morning, was that it was eight o'clock and, in Mrs. Moriarty's opinion, eight o'clock was high time for any decent, self-respecting person to be up and about.

This morning had already brought her one of those insufferable injuries fate visits upon even the most virtuous and vigilant of lodging-house ladies. The colored woman who came in by the day had announced the disaster.

"Plumbing done gone bust," she had grinned.

But then, it was not her plumbing.

Nor was it Mrs. Moriarty's lodgers' plumbing.

"They throw anything they want to get rid of down the pipes," Mrs. Moriarty bitterly assured the plumber when he appeared.

Nicky Judson flees her home.

It was not the plumber's plumbing, but he managed to look sympathetic. He was a young and lithe plumber; the sort of plumber that might have quickened something in her, had Mrs. Moriarty been younger. But she was not to be so quickened nowadays.

"Where are your tools?" she asked.

Mrs. Moriarty believed that plumbers never brought their tools.

"In the car," he replied. "Where's your plumbing?"

"You get your tools, and *then* I'll show you my plumbing."

The young plumber grinned. He had met Mrs. Moriarty, as a type, before. "I've got about half a ton of the finest first-aid-to-plumbing equipment you ever saw in the car outside," he retorted equably. "But I'm not going to lug it all in here until I find out what the trouble is."

"You do as I say," snapped Mrs. Moriarty, "or I'll call your boss."

"You are talking to him right now," he said. "Bill McMasters, in person. I hopped over because all the other men are out on jobs and your call sounded like an S O S. If it isn't——"

It was. Mrs. Moriarty accepted defeat. "You might as well look at it so long as you're here," she snapped.

The look at it was to carry him upward to the room under the eaves where, in addition to Nicky, the tank that fed the plumbing supply was lodged.

"There's a girl in there," explained Mrs. Moriarty. "She isn't up yet, but it's time she was."

Upon that her lips set uncompromisingly. Even her knock was perfunctory, the merest matter of form. There was, she knew, no key on the other side of the door. There never was, if Mrs. Moriarty could help it.

"What is it?" demanded Nicky, and if there was the snap of irritation rather than the tremolo of alarm in her inquiry, there was a reason.

Four days before, at two o'clock in the morning, she had slipped out of the house in which she had been born. At the station she had boarded a train for New York. This she had done many times before, although never at that hour. And all the public notice previously taken of her departure had been a squib in the Newfield Enterprise. Such as:

> Janice Judson, known to her many friends as "Nicky," left for New York Thursday, to shop and take in some of the new plays.

The sort of personal that no one outside of Newfield could conceivably be interested in.

This time, however, she had shifted to a train for Boston at Springfield. In Boston, she had taxied to a hotel and registered as "Jane Jones, of New York." That was against the law, but none the less wise. For that afternoon the papers carried the inescapable headline:

NICKY JUDSON
FLEES HER HOME

And such is the power of the press that nobody needed to be told who Nicky Judson was, or what home it was she had fled.

"Or why," Nicky had summarized defiantly.

No definite charge had ever been made against her. She had been questioned repeatedly by police officers, state detectives and reporters. A picture of her taken four years before—and fortunately, before she had begun to let her hair grow in again—had been widely published.

"And I'd like to murder whoever dug it up," Nicky had told her intimates.

¶ *"I have a mind to call the police," said Mrs. Moriarty. "But there's no warrant out for her," protested the second-floor front.*

This had been in the beginning before Willie Johnson, the town's man of all work, had jumped into the limelight with his story. Willie was another whom Nicky could have murdered when that appeared.

Afterwards, she realized that she had been suspected from the first. She came to that realization when a state detective said abruptly:

"There is a rumor around town, Miss Judson, that you were extremely jealous of your sister. That you had not spoken to her for some weeks."

The implication had momentarily stunned her. Then: "Are you suggesting that—that I gave them cyanide?" she had demanded.

"Of course not," he had assured her hastily. "I am just trying to get at every report and rumor."

"I have told you everything I know," Nicky had said. "I did *not* commit the murder." That had proven unwise, for it gave the newspapers another headline:

SISTER OF SLAIN BRIDE-TO-BE
DENIES GUILT

Nicky had set her teeth on that. If the authorities would only come out into the open! But the only legal step so far had been the report of the coroner's jury:

> We find, therefore, that Breckenridge Tyler and Mary Judson met death by cyanide of potassium at the hands of a person or persons unknown.

The jury of her peers—the Mrs. Moriartys of this world—rendered a different verdict. Even in Newfield. "If I stay in the house (*Continued on page 114*)

Viola tells All

A New Chapter *if one may* call *of a* Pure-Minded

By Anita Loos

At my mother's suggestion I went to Hollywood to preach my doctrine of Be Good, Do Good, Think Good, Act Good, and I soon became Hollywood's favorite philosopher (you may have heard of Elmer Bliss). It was while I was telling the world the real truth about Hollywood—for instance, that there were thousands of homes in Hollywood where murder had never even been contemplated—that Cal Barco murdered seven women.

I tried to gloss over this sordid affair and in so doing I incurred the enmity of Lansing Marshall, a newspaper writer. Marshall did not share my enthusiasm for the Better Things of Life, and a bitter battle started between us when I sought to protect the fair name of little Viola Lake, the movie queen. For it developed that Mrs. Geiger, one of the women murdered by Barco, had kept a diary in which she had recounted certain facts about the film star's thoughtless, girlish past.

This diary was in the hands of the district attorney and Marshall, in writing up the case, was certain to put the worst construction on everything. I was elected by a committee of citizens to get him out of town, but he refused to accede and we parted, enemies still.

But I had another idea. I would ask Miss Lake to take dinner with Mother and me and I would get her to tell me everything she had ever done that might be misconstrued and used against her. She accepted my invitation and I felt strangely exhilarated. Then and there I resolved that I would fight tooth and nail for the honor of Hollywood—and Her.

When I told Mother that I had invited Viola Lake to the house to dine she was thrilled—even more so than I myself. For years Mother had worried about my lack of interest in girls, and now that I had actually invited a girl out for the evening, Mother was so excited that she spent the whole day in preparation for Viola's visit, and even went and bought a hammock and strung it up on the porch.

But I had not told Mother that the reason back of my invitation — while pleasurable in a way—was primarily to have a heart-to-heart conversation with Viola about her past. For Mother, at that time, knew nothing about the inner workings of the Barco murder case, or the Geiger diary, or of the fact that Viola Lake stood on the brink of a volcano of mud, slander and scandal that might erupt at any moment and ruin her in the eyes of her fans.

The villainess of the piece

That evening I went to call for Viola at the gorgeous estate she had built for herself in the bosom of Beverly Hills. She was waiting for me in a gay red tulle frock, with satin slippers and tennis socks to match, a silvery headdress on the Russian order, and an ermine evening wrap with white fox fur collar, garnished with a bunch of orchids, as I believe the fashion experts would say. I bundled her into my little sport roadster and we were off.

As I drove Viola through the winding roadways of the Beverly district in the dusk, the soft spring air heavily laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, I had to admit to myself that there *was* a subtle something in my sensations that I had never noted while driving with Mother.

We reached home—not so elegant a home as the one we had just left—but MOTHER was waiting at the doorway, the reflected light from the gigantic concrete "57" on our hillside shining upon and glorifying her, so that she seemed like an angel as she stood there glittering in her spangled evening gown.

I introduced Viola to Mother and could not help but admire the little film star's "savoir-faire." She took Mother's outstretched hand in her own, with a gesture of dainty elegance, and said:

"I'm very pleased to meet you, I assure you."

Mother and I led her into the parlor, her wrap was removed and we sat for cocktails of ripe red California tomato juice.

Viola was charming. Her constant refinement delighted me. She and Mother were soon deep in conversation which ranged in subject matter from antique furniture to flowers, bird life (both wild and tame) and the climate of southern California.

Presently dinner was served and nothing could have been more elevating than the table talk. I was actually surprised to hear this child of the lighter form of film drama make such remarks as, "I think that Bolshevism is bad for the people," or "I think that the motion-picture palaces are the cathedrals of the future."

My worries about her reputation began to melt away. Surely here was a character that could stand the searchlight of investigation.

I felt that even if she should be put upon the witness stand at the trial and be vigorously, nay, even mercilessly cross-examined, Viola's conduct would show such innate refinement that she would come out victorious with colors flying, and so I began to "let myself go" a little further in my inclination to admire her.

By the time dinner was over, she and Mother had become fast friends, but no sooner did we arise from table than Mother fairly forced us out onto the porch so that we could be alone together. Once there, she picked up Viola, put her into the new hammock, pushed me in beside her, tucked us both in with cushions and said:

"Now, I'm going to run over to Mrs. Beebe's for a game of bridge, so you two dear children just enjoy yourselves!" And giving Viola one hearty parting pat she left, slamming the door with a bang.

to Elmer

in the Adventures, them Adventures, Youth *in* Hollywood

Viola reached over and took my hand. I confess to a shade of uneasiness at her gesture.

Illustrations by Walter Van Arsdale

There we sat, high up on our hillside, in alternative darkness and light, as the "57" flashed on and off. Looking down from our eyrie on the porch, we gazed at the myriad far-off lights that make of Hollywood such a shimmering shower by night.

For some little while we sat there in silence, overcome by the beauty of the night. Finally Viola reached over and took my hand. I confess to a shade of uneasiness at her gesture, for it smacked of the impulsive.

And, besides, there were disagreeable matters to be brought up and discussed, so I dropped her hand and got up from the hammock.

Then I began to broach the unpleasant business of the evening. I reminded Viola that the Barco murder case was on the point of being brought to trial, that she stood in the greatest danger of being involved in it through the Geiger diary, and that nothing in Heaven or Earth could stop Lansing Marshall from writing up the case from its most unfortunate angle, and using every bit of adverse evidence as anti-Hollywood material for his poisoned pen.

I glanced at Viola to note her reaction; she was biting her lip and I could see plainly that unpleasant thoughts had been evoked. In other words, she appeared worried, so I went back to the hammock. I sat, and this time *I* took *her* hand, but only in a spirit of protection which well defined an impersonal attitude.

"Viola," said I, "I mean to fight for the honor of Hollywood in this Barco murder case, and for *your* honor and reputation, too. If anything should come up against you in the trial, it is my intention to vindicate you. But before I enter into the fight, I've got to be prepared. I've got to know *what's in that Geiger diary!*"

Viola looked dazed for a moment, and then in a weak voice she replied:

"But Elmer, I don't know what Mrs. Geiger put in her diary; I never even saw it."

"Ah! I suspected as much," said I, "so we've got to figure out what she *might* have put into it. And to do that, I must reconstruct her character. I've got to know everything there is to know about this Geiger woman and her relationship to you. I want you to put your memory to work and tell me everything that took place from the first moment you met her, until her tragic murder."

Viola began to look uncomfortable in the extreme. A lassitude had also set in upon her. She gazed off into space and made me no reply.

"Come on, now, little girl," I pleaded. "Tell me the whole story!"

Uncomfortably she shifted about; her eyes looked dull and dimmed; she swallowed once or twice, and finally she said, "Well, Elmer, it's quite a long story, so I think I'd like to have a glass of water."

"Only water?" I asked, thinking that perhaps under the trying circumstances the poor child might have need of a cup of coffee as a stimulant.

"That's all," she said and smiled up at me with such a wan little smile. So off I went to fetch the glass of water.

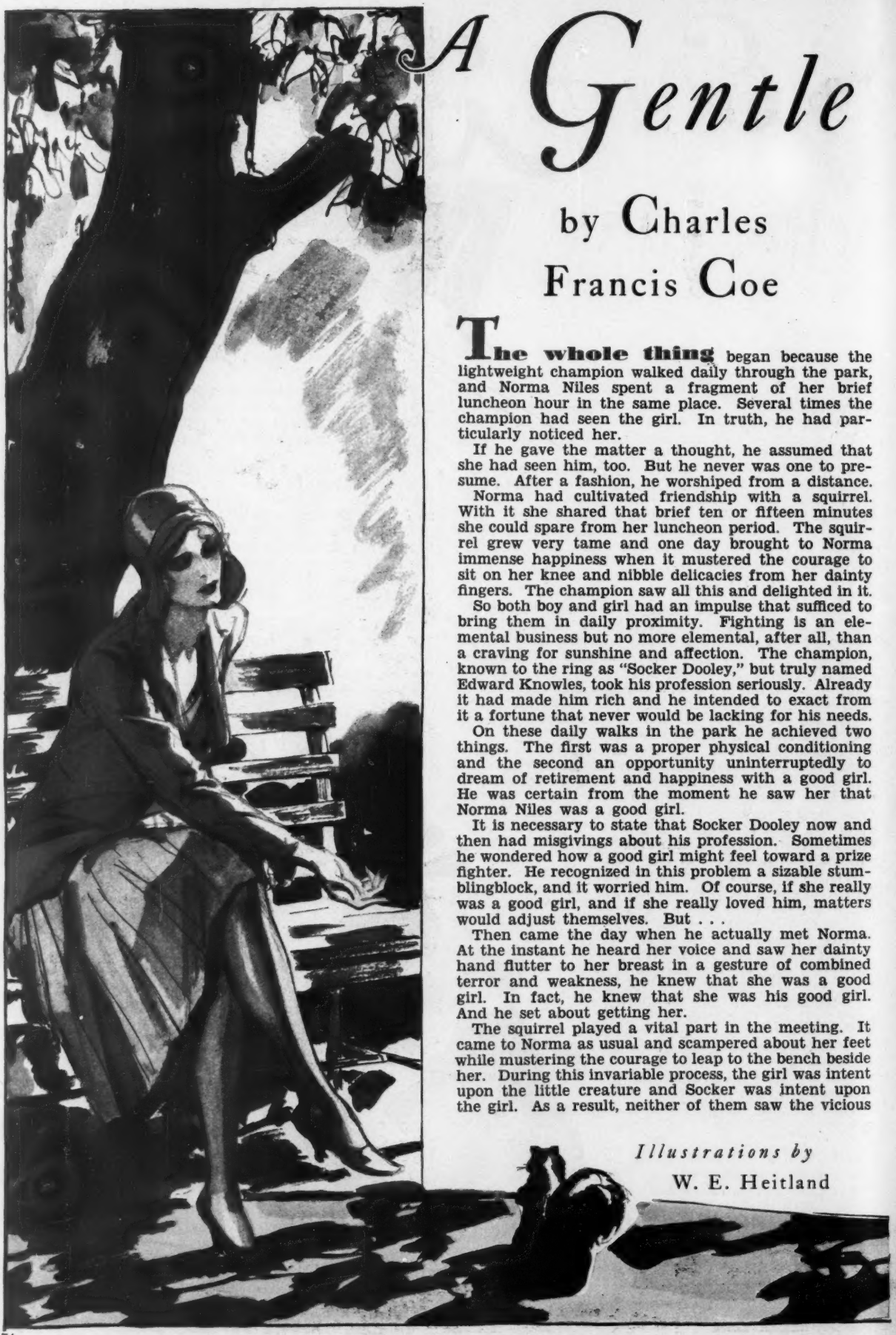
When I returned I noted that Viola had "freshened up" miraculously. She had been "titivating" in my absence, for there was a smudge of snow-white powder on the tip of her nose.

I smiled to myself at the vanity of woman, and handed her the pure refreshment of her choice.

She thanked me prettily, by this time her eyes aglow and dancing. She took a sip of water, put down the glass and began to fairly sparkle with vitality. She made place for me beside her, arranged the

(*Cont. on page 128*)

I rushed into the Beebe parlor and cried out, "Mother, I need you!"



A Gentle

by Charles Francis Coe

The whole thing began because the lightweight champion walked daily through the park, and Norma Niles spent a fragment of her brief luncheon hour in the same place. Several times the champion had seen the girl. In truth, he had particularly noticed her.

If he gave the matter a thought, he assumed that she had seen him, too. But he never was one to presume. After a fashion, he worshiped from a distance.

Norma had cultivated friendship with a squirrel. With it she shared that brief ten or fifteen minutes she could spare from her luncheon period. The squirrel grew very tame and one day brought to Norma immense happiness when it mustered the courage to sit on her knee and nibble delicacies from her dainty fingers. The champion saw all this and delighted in it.

So both boy and girl had an impulse that sufficed to bring them in daily proximity. Fighting is an elemental business but no more elemental, after all, than a craving for sunshine and affection. The champion, known to the ring as "Socker Dooley," but truly named Edward Knowles, took his profession seriously. Already it had made him rich and he intended to exact from it a fortune that never would be lacking for his needs.

On these daily walks in the park he achieved two things. The first was a proper physical conditioning and the second an opportunity uninterruptedly to dream of retirement and happiness with a good girl. He was certain from the moment he saw her that Norma Niles was a good girl.

It is necessary to state that Socker Dooley now and then had misgivings about his profession. Sometimes he wondered how a good girl might feel toward a prize fighter. He recognized in this problem a sizable stumblingblock, and it worried him. Of course, if she really was a good girl, and if she really loved him, matters would adjust themselves. But . . .

Then came the day when he actually met Norma. At the instant he heard her voice and saw her dainty hand flutter to her breast in a gesture of combined terror and weakness, he knew that she was a good girl. In fact, he knew that she was his good girl. And he set about getting her.

The squirrel played a vital part in the meeting. It came to Norma as usual and scampered about her feet while mustering the courage to leap to the bench beside her. During this invariable process, the girl was intent upon the little creature and Socker was intent upon the girl. As a result, neither of them saw the vicious

Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland

Sock on the Jaw

charge of a police dog until the killer was almost at the bench.

Norma screamed and the pet fled for its life. The dog, its jaws sagging hungrily and its tongue dripping, charged on after the squirrel. It was an uneven race certain to end in destruction for Norma's little friend. This opened the way into the transient drama for the lightweight champion. He darted after the dog and Fate arranged his angle of approach so that interception was possible.

He lunged, toppled over and dragged the beast after him. The animal struggled and growled. Socker managed to twist to his feet and grab its ears. From somewhere appeared the dog's owner.

"He isn't really vicious," he panted. "He was just chasing the squirrel . . . I hope you're not hurt."

"Nope," Socker grinned. "Not a bit. You see, the little lady over there has made a pet of the squirrel. You can't blame the dog; it's his nature."

The animal's owner turned to Norma and offered apologies. Socker stood bashfully at his side. He was so blinded by actual contact with the girl that he missed in her eyes the light of hero worship that abided there.

"You—you were—wonderful!" she said to him.

Then her dainty hand fluttered to her breast and she reached for the bench. That was when Socker knew her for his dream girl. He stepped forward and put his arm gently about her. It was the most courageous thing he ever had done, in the ring or out of it.

"You better sit down," Socker said.

"I better had," Norma admitted weakly. "I suppose it's silly, but—but——"

"I know. He's an awful nice little fellow, that squirrel. I been watching you every day for two weeks."

"I noticed you."

"You did?"

"Just noticed you—passing. You're big, you know."

"Not very. I weigh only one-thirty-five now."

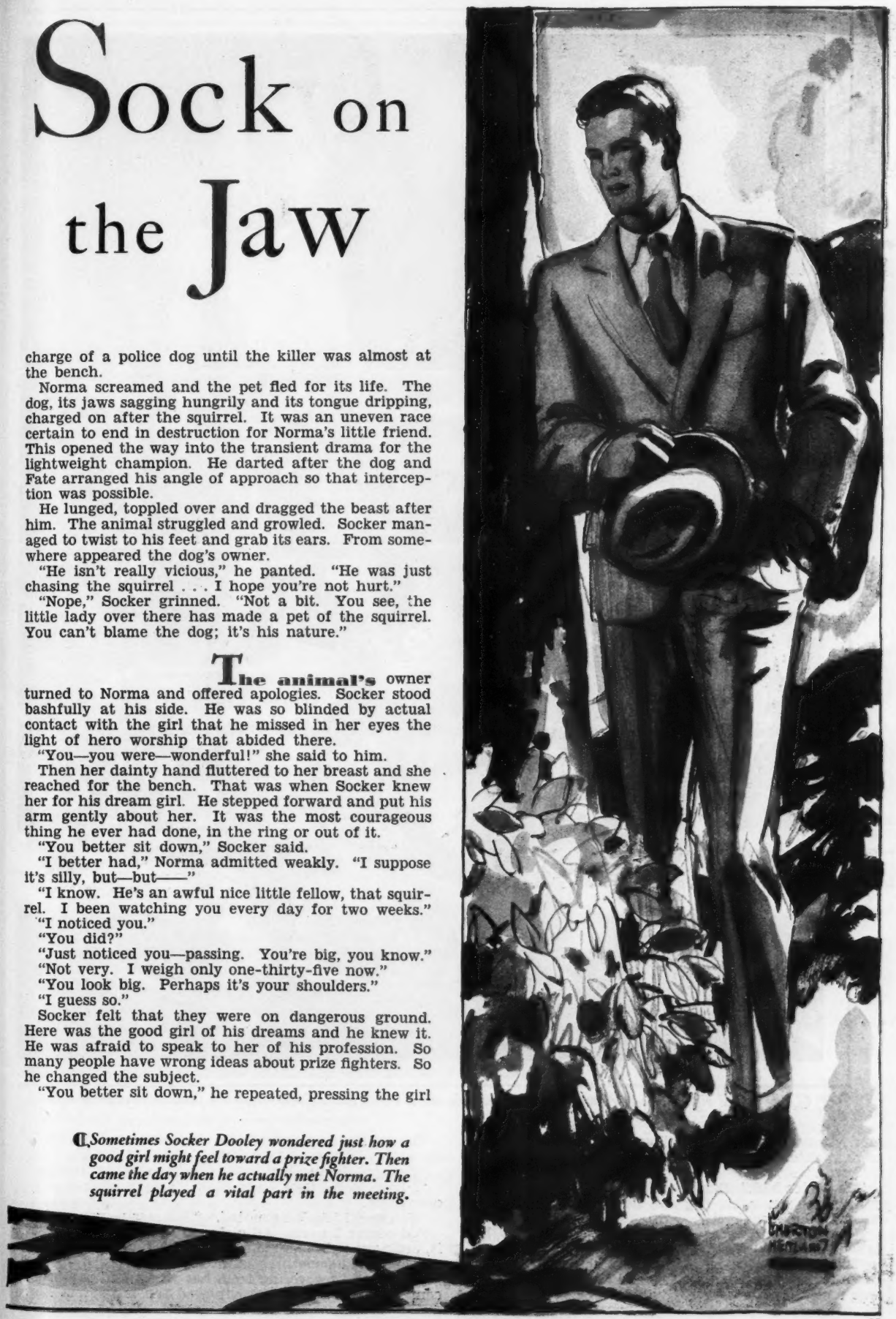
"You look big. Perhaps it's your shoulders."

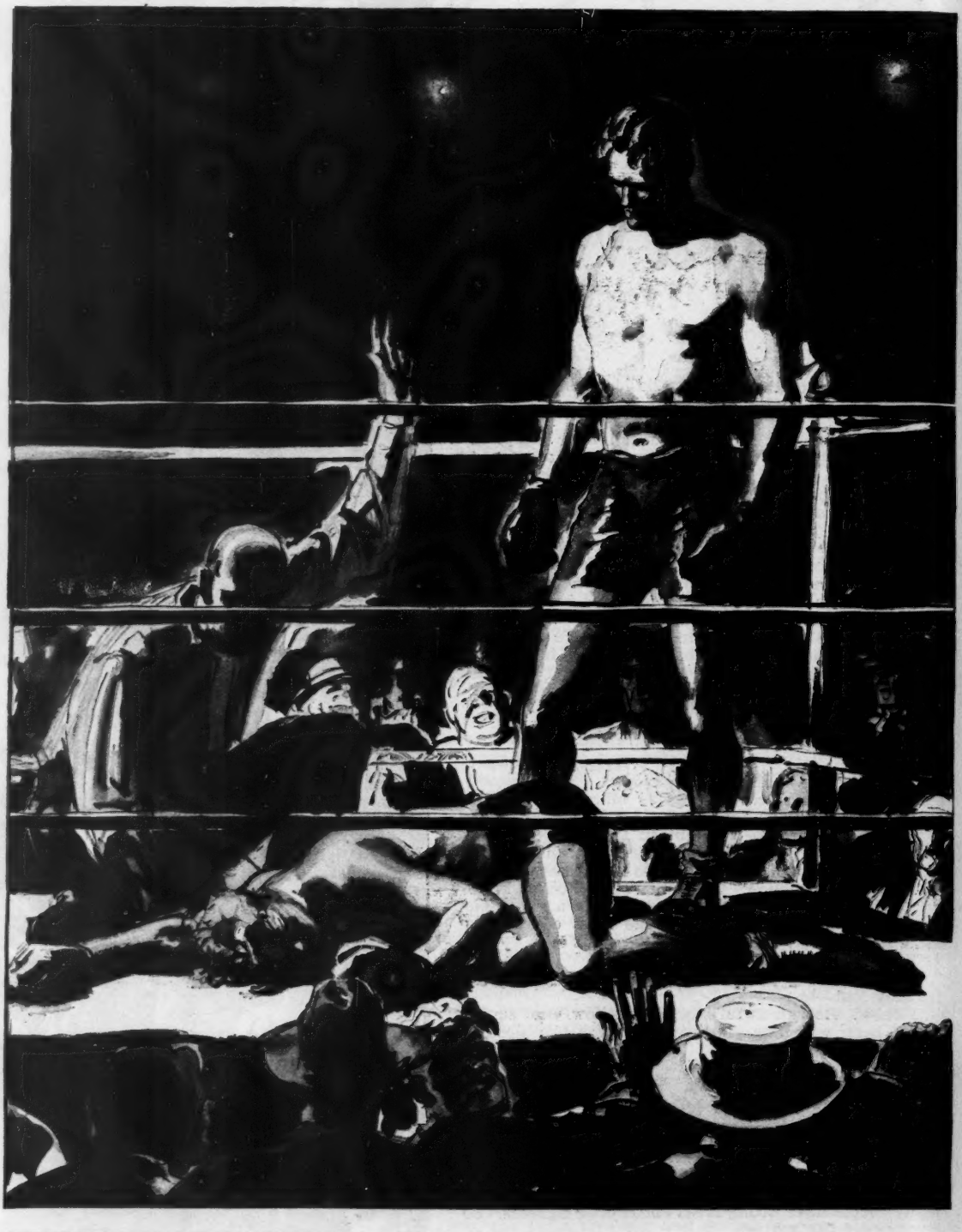
"I guess so."

Socker felt that they were on dangerous ground. Here was the good girl of his dreams and he knew it. He was afraid to speak to her of his profession. So many people have wrong ideas about prize fighters. So he changed the subject.

"You better sit down," he repeated, pressing the girl

¶ Sometimes Socker Dooley wondered just how a good girl might feel toward a prize fighter. Then came the day when he actually met Norma. The squirrel played a vital part in the meeting.





The famed right of Socker Dooley landed flush on the Durkon chin. Socker heard a faint scream from behind;

gently toward the bench. "You look pale. I guess you were frightened, eh?"

"I was."

"That's too bad." But he added hastily, "I don't blame you. That was a big dog and he sure meant business with the little squirrel!"

Norma shuddered at the recollection of what had taken place.

"But it's all over now," Socker reassured her. "Sit down for a minute and rest. You'll be all right." There was understanding sympathy in his voice.

The girl glanced upward at a clock that graced a nearby tower. "I haven't much time," she said slowly.

"You got time to rest a minute," the fighter insisted.

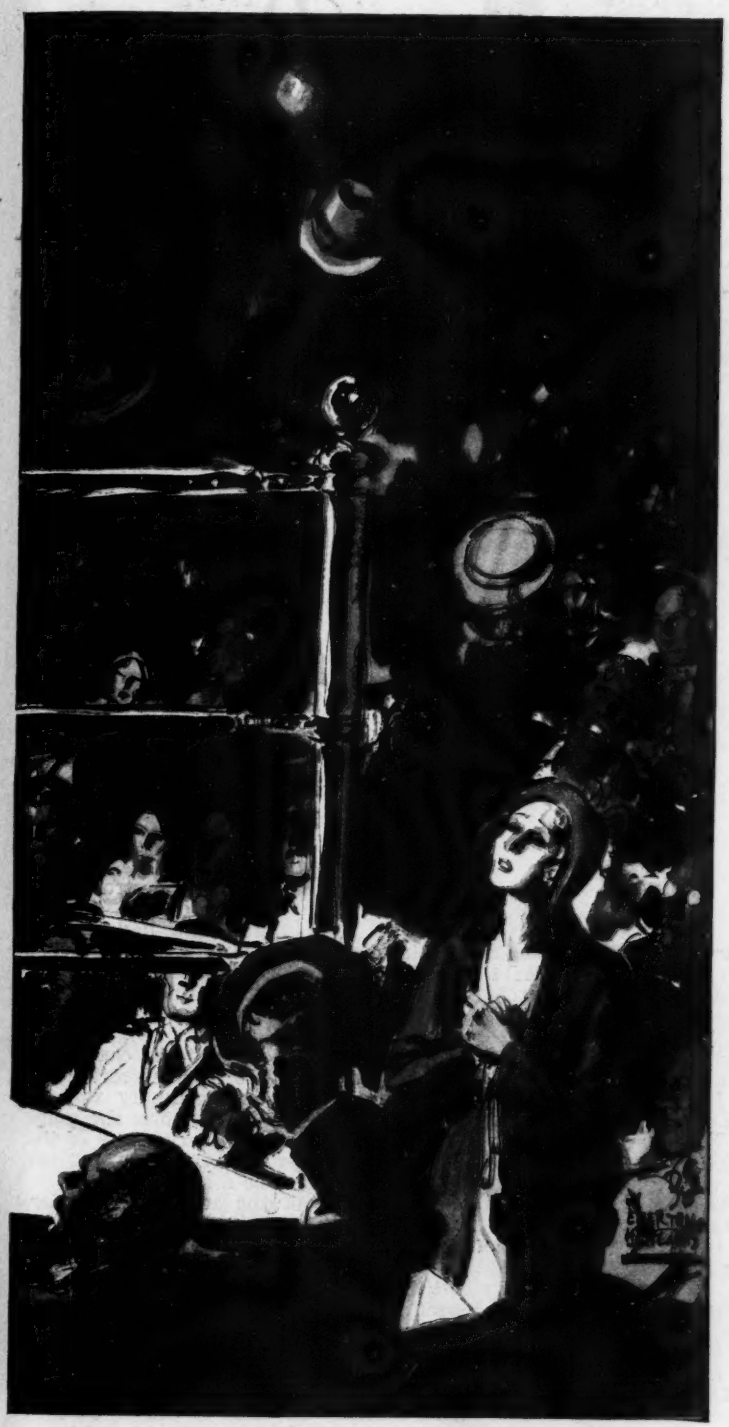
"I have to get back," she said. "I work in that store over there."

"You work?" Socker grunted. "You mean—you work?"

"Of course I work. All girls work, don't they? That is, ordinary girls like me."

Socker said something unintelligible.

Norma was recovering from her fright and regaining control. As a result, she surveyed the lad before her.



he had not the courage to look in that direction.

A Love Story of a Champ who was *always* a Gentleman

His nose was a little flat but his eyes were so clear they made up for that defect. His shoulders were amazingly broad. She saw that his clothes were tailored.

There was something about his jaw that impressed her, too. His voice was soft and she sensed that he was at a disadvantage in talking with her. For that she liked him. He was bashful. Gentle.

"You were so brave with that hideous dog," she thanked him again.

"Not very brave," Socker deprecated. "After all, he was only a dog."

"What is your name?" Norma asked suddenly.

Socker caught himself just in time. He had been on the point of giving the customary ring cognomen.

"Edward Knowles," he answered.

"Mine is Norma Niles."

"How do you do?" Socker grinned inanely. He held forth his hand. "I'm here every day," he said.

"I must get back," Norma said breathlessly. "I really must."

"I'll walk over with you," Socker volunteered. "Don't be scared about your little squirrel. He's in the top of the highest tree in the park."

Crossing the street he took her arm. At the door of the store where she must leave him, he found the courage to speak again.

"I'm in the park every day," he said. "I'll be there tomorrow."

Norma smiled and thanked him again for what he had done. She did not say that she would be in the park next day. That afternoon Socker drew his one consolation from the fact that neither had she said she would not be in the park.

That started it.

They met continuously, and before either sensed that there was anything unusual in the meetings, both knew that love had come to them. There was so little time together that questions they thought of overnight disappeared in the transient happiness they found together. They knew virtually nothing about each other, yet they loved. Each was winged romance to the other.

But Socker had a secret. He was a prize fighter. And it was firmly embedded in his mind that nice girls were quite apt not to like prize fighters. Each night he promised himself to make a clean breast of this secret on the next day. But when they met next day in the park, everything changed.

Norma was so lovely, the moments with her so precious that Socker dared not risk their continuity. So the days passed and Time welded bonds as indissoluble as they were unsuspected.

How long this might have gone on cannot be guessed. It is reasonable to presume that Socker never would have revealed his professional identity unless it were at the altar. But Fate stepped in.

Socker had a manager. The manager signed for a contest with a lad conceded to be of the contender class, and the newspapers took up the ballyhoo. In the very nature of things, Socker's picture appeared often. This worried him; pricked his conscience into a restlessness that exceeded that of a thief. Surely Norma must see these pictures and accuse him. When she did, matters would be much worse than if he had told her voluntarily.

But the first day after his pictures ran, she greeted him as usual and made no (*Continued on page 198*)

We believe that ROBERT the most The

THE JUDGE

Sir Robert Pridux, who tried Olivia's case, was known as the most unsympathetic judge on the English Bench.

The Story So Far:

When Olivia Mansfeld brought an action for slander against her former friend, Lady Bettine Fayne, London awaited the drama of a sensational trial. And not without reason, for even on the surface the "bracelet affair" was extraordinary.

The known facts were that Lady Bettine had publicly accused Olivia of stealing her bracelet of diamonds and emeralds, a gift from the noted tennis player, Brett Arden, and that Olivia maintained he had given her a similar bracelet. It appeared, too, that Olivia had kept her love affair with Brett from the knowledge of her greatest woman friend even after she knew that this friend had fallen in love with him, which was enough to turn public sentiment definitely against her, and as the man in the case had died suddenly when the scandal was no more than a rumor, there was no one to testify in her behalf.

The actual disappearance of the bracelet was a mystery. Lady Betty's version was that Olivia, visiting her when she was ill in bed, had discovered it on the dressing table and taken it with her in a frenzy of jealousy. What was really known was that Lady Betty's maid, Anne Marie—who supposedly had never seen it—had turned from the table where Olivia had stood to inform her that it was missing. Further, although Anne Marie insisted that Miss Mansfeld was incapable of theft, she made her mistress aware that she had been capable of deception in the matter of Brett Arden.

Lady Betty, who had trusted Olivia above all women, felt terribly betrayed, yet she said nothing to anyone until the evening of Lottie Solesby's party, when she encountered the most extraordinary fact of all. This was when she saw what she believed to be her diamonds and emeralds on Olivia's arm, and heard Olivia whisper defiantly:

"You see! He gave me a bracelet too!"

Later, when Olivia's chivalrous admirer, Captain Roger Chumley, gave the benefit of the doubt to the woman he had asked to marry him, the distraught Lady Betty could only reply:

"Then where is my bracelet?"

Nor could anyone answer, for the bracelet remained mysteriously missing, though Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld seemed uncertain how their daughter's own bracelet had come into her possession. No such uncertainty existed in the trained mind of Olivia's friend, Miss Josephine Lite, but as Olivia had destroyed her only proof—a frantic letter she had written to Brett and reclaimed after his death—Old Jo saw that she would have to prove in court either that Lady Betty stole her own bracelet, or that Anne Marie managed to steal it while her mistress was in the room looking on.

Was Anne Marie so daringly evil as to be capable of such an extraordinary theft? It seemed incredible, but Anne Marie was certainly an extraordinary woman. Olivia was uncomfortably aware of it when the enigmatic Breton maid visited her studio on the eve of the trial, apparently with no other motive than to tell her that she did not believe her to be a thief.

Then came the morning of the action for slander, and with it Olivia's crisis. The thing most difficult to bear was, of course, the publicity, for in order to defend her reputation for honesty she must tell the whole story of a secret intrigue in which she had always been untrue to herself. And she dreaded meeting Betty, whom she had outraged still more by her effort to prove—with a jade cigaret box which Brett had received from Betty and given to her—that he might have given her a counterpart of the missing bracelet.

"We were such friends," she said to Old Jo as they started for the courts. "And all the time our friendship was hurrying on to this!"

Olivia had told no one of her interview with Anne Marie at the studio. But she was uneasy about it.

She could not get rid of a conviction that Anne Marie had visited her for a purpose that had not been disclosed in their conversation. Now that she was with Old Jo going to the law courts, she was persecuted by this strange uneasiness about Anne Marie, and she felt she must tell Old Jo of it.

"The other evening I was alone in the studio——" she began.

*h*ICHENS presents *in these* Chapters *Dramatic* Trial Scene *in* years

Bracelet

Old Jo turned her head and looked keenly at her. "Yes?" she said. "Anything extraordinary happen?"

"Anne Marie called."

Old Jo's face seemed to set abruptly into a mask, grim and almost forbidding. "You didn't let her in?"

"Yes, I did."

"That was very—very injudicious of you, Olivia. Why did you do it?"

"She had conveyed the impression that she had something to tell me; something it was vital for me to know."

"What had she to tell you?"

"Only that she was positive I hadn't taken the bracelet and she wished me to know that—I suppose that she had always stood up for me with her mistress."

"Very good of her. Extremely generous-minded. Anything else?"

"I asked her if she had any theory about the bracelet's disappearance."

"Rather a home thrust that, perhaps! Had she?"

Olivia gave the gist of Anne Marie's conversation after the question had been put to her.

"And that was all?"

"Yes."

"So she is kind enough to range herself on the side of your innocence. Ah! But she didn't take the trouble to go all the way to Clarence Lane to tell you that."

"No. She must have had another reason."

"I am sorry you let her in. You should have refused to have anything to do with her, as I told you to long

THE JEERING CROWD

gathered at the entrance to the court where Olivia was to face her crisis, seemed to typify the cynical disbelief she had encountered in her own world.

Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger

THE PLAINTIFF AND HER LAWYERS

H. B. Lane and Sir Benjamin Bascombe, who had no instinctive certainty of their client's innocence.

ago, if she came to you. That woman doesn't do anything without having a purpose behind it."

"But what could her purpose have been in coming to me?"

"Perhaps we shall find that out when she goes into the witness box."

At that moment the driver applied his brakes. They were in front of the court.

"Oh!" Olivia said, as if startled.

Old Jo squeezed her hand. "Now, then, you're in for it. Remember this, my dear. The result of this case depends, in my opinion, chiefly on how you and that servant give your evidence. Lady Bettine—they'll believe her. I think she's bound to carry the jury with her as regards the disappearance of the bracelet. Nobody will think she hid it or made away with it."

Faces were looking eagerly through the cab window. In an almost whispering voice Old Jo added:

"All the suspicion, as I see it, must be concentrated on you and the maid. I'm certain she's infernally clever. You aren't. But you're as straight as a die. Now your straightness is going to be pitted against her cleverness.

"It's really more of a fight between you and this Anne Marie than between you and Lady Bettine. So keep your head and don't let her carry off any more honors than you can help. Come on!"

They got out into the fog and the curious crowd. Olivia was recognized. Some women surged around them. There was a scuffling and pressing, a murmur of commenting voices. As Old Jo and Olivia made their way towards the court in which Mansfeld versus Fayne was to be heard they were accompanied by a small mob of curious people.

"This is it! Come on!" said Old Jo presently.

They confronted a policeman who was guarding a door.

"Can't pass, madam."

"But my case is going to be heard here this morning," said Olivia.

"Mansfeld versus Fayne," added Old Jo. "This is Miss Mansfeld. Let us through."

"I *told* you it was her!" said a shrill voice behind them, as the staring policeman gave way and they escaped from the scurrying women.

"We must find Henry Lane," said Old Jo's imperturbable voice in Olivia's ear. "I think you ought to tell him and Sir Benjamin at once what you have told me."

"About Anne Marie?"

"Yes. Oh, there is Sir Benjamin!"

The keen-eyed solicitor came up to them smiling. As he said good morning he shot an appraising glance at Olivia.

"**Not nervous,** are you? No need to be nervous. Now, when you go into the box——" He was about to give some excellent advice when Old Jo stopped him with:

"Pull up for a minute, Sir Ben! Miss Mansfeld has something to tell you."

"Eh? What's that?" His usually suave voice had become sharp, and his eyes probed Olivia. "Something new about the case? But surely at this time of day——"

"Tell him what you've just told me, Olivia," said Old Jo. She moved away and left them together.

Within a short time she heard Sir Benjamin's voice behind her saying:

"Lane must know of this at once. Where is Mr. Lane?"

Olivia's leading counsel came up at this moment. He wore wig and robes and was ready to go into court. He was a young-looking man of forty-two; his long, clean-shaven face was pale and impassive. But his dark eyes looked earnest and tired. There was something abstracted and detached in his look and bearing.

"Good morning, Miss Mansfeld. Good morning, Sir Benjamin. About time we went into court, I think." With a long-fingered white hand he drew out a gold watch.

"Yes, yes, I know. But there's something I want to tell you. Miss Mansfeld has had a visit from Lady Bettine's maid, Anne Marie."

"Indeed!" came with sudden sternness from Mr. Lane's lips. "You don't say there's been an avowal, a confession, anything of that sort?"

"No, no. This is what happened."

The two men and Olivia grouped themselves in a corner. Old Jo waited at a distance.

In a few minutes Lane came away, and was passing near her when she called out:

"Good morning, Mr. Lane!"

"What—oh, Miss Lite? I knew you'd come to give our client a helping hand."

"Very odd if I didn't. But what do you think of that visit of Anne Marie?"

"An exceedingly clever move on her part. Of course it will be brought out in court and they'll beat up any amount of sympathy for her. A visit on the eve of the hearing of the case to express her firm belief in the plaintiff's innocence. A generous woman driven by a noble impulse, and risking, perhaps, her own future by the action. They'll get it all out. No good to us, no good at all. Most unwise of my client to let her in or have anything to do with her. But there's one thing"—he lowered his voice to an undertone—"it's made me feel practically certain we've got the right on our side. My client—unless I'm on a wrong tack—evidently let that woman in hoping for a confession."

"Can't you bring that out in the case?"

"Not so easy. I haven't time to tell you why now. That woman's too clever to make a false move. On the whole, I think she did well for herself." Again he drew out his watch. "Take Miss Mansfeld into court at once, Miss Lite. She must have time to settle down and get accustomed to the music she's got to face." He walked quickly away.

Sir Benjamin was still talking earnestly to Olivia, but in a moment he broke off and glanced round.

"Well, that's all, I think. We ought to get a satisfactory verdict. A pity, though, we can't search her boxes. But of course she may have passed the thing on to some confederate long ago. We must go into court now."

Olivia came to Old Jo. "They seem hopeful," she said, in a low voice. "Are you?"

"I wouldn't bet on the result," said Old Jo. "You ought to win hands down. If the twelve good fools and true in the jury box have an ounce of psychological flair among them you surely will. But that maid's so infernally clever that I wouldn't bet on the result. People think you're up against it. But she's up against it, too. If you win and get heavy damages, where's her reputation gone to? The devil, I should say, even if no accusation is brought against her."

"It's odd, but I still can't feel any absolute conviction that she stole the bracelet."

"Then who did?"

Olivia had no answer to this. "What do you really believe?" she asked Old Jo.

"I believe that this Anne Marie saw a marvelous opportunity of bringing off a theft that would be certain to be attributed to you, and she brought it off under the eyes of her mistress, but with such miraculous deftness that she couldn't be suspected. Besides, of course, she counted on Lady Bettine's conviction that no one would have the audacity to attempt a theft in such circumstances, least of all a woman who'd been with her for uncounted years. And a woman of that caliber will put up a splendid fight if she's forced to. I see this case as Olivia versus Anne Marie. Now for it!"

An usher opened a door for them and they were suddenly in the midst of a mass of talking and staring people wedged closely together. At the back of the court the gallery was jammed with the public. Women

THE DEFENDANT

Lady Bettine Fayne, who was still convinced of Olivia's betrayal of their friendship, with her husband and her maid.

predominated in the crowd, although the seats allotted to barristers were full.

"I shouldn't look at them," whispered Old Jo. "It may put you off. Follow me. I know where to go."

Olivia obeyed Old Jo's suggestion. Holding her head high, she followed Old Jo to the front of the court. But there, as they were moving to sit down, she was forced—it seemed that force was applied to her—to look towards the left, and she saw Lady Bettine sitting near her.

Lady Bettine was looking at her with hard, steady, accusing eyes. There was a cynical smile on her lips. And with a new sense of amazement—how could it be new? But it was! —Olivia realized that her former friend was still convinced of the betrayal of friendship that had never taken place. Poor Bettine!

For a moment Olivia pitied her. Then she saw Colonel Fayne's cold blue eyes staring at her, Anne Marie's high, flushed cheek bones and flat breast. And then she was sitting down by Old Jo, and Sir Benjamin was threading his way into court to sit beside her.

So Colonel Fayne had stuck to his wife through it all. Over and over again it had been rumored that he had left her, was going to divorce her on account of Brett Arden. But here he was at the critical moment.

There was Roger Chumley coming in, looking grave and severe, with his smooth black hair and bright blue eyes. Why couldn't she love him? She thought him such a splendid fellow. His belief in her warmed her whenever she thought of it.

Now her mother and father were coming in: her mother with a fixed sweet smile for acquaintances; her father stern and nervous.

The jury filed into their box. There was Mr. Lane coming to sit just behind her. His junior, Ralph Leland, plump, eager and fair-haired under his wig, sat immediately behind him. Then the court rose as the judge, Sir Robert Pridux, took his seat on the Bench.

Afterwards Olivia knew that she had been dismayed by his appearance.

In his robes he looked tall, excessively lean, middle-aged, verging on old, sardonic and sour. He had scarcely any eyebrows, and his eyes looked like menacing slits in his lined face. From the corners of his long nose, two deep lines, almost ruts, stretched down to his chin.

She could not conceive of his ever looking kind or soft, of his ever smiling, unless it were satirically.

Had he no heart, as her father had implied? What matter if he hadn't a heart? He was there to see that strict justice was done. But he looked cruel, she thought, and as if he were disposed to think badly of mankind. She felt acutely that he would have no sympathy for her in her ordeal.

The case was called and H. B. Lane was to open it.

Olivia had never before been present at an action of law. But in this drama she was the central figure. It seemed unnatural; even incredible. She was in a fight for her reputation. Attacker though she technically was, really she was merely defending herself from being labeled thief.

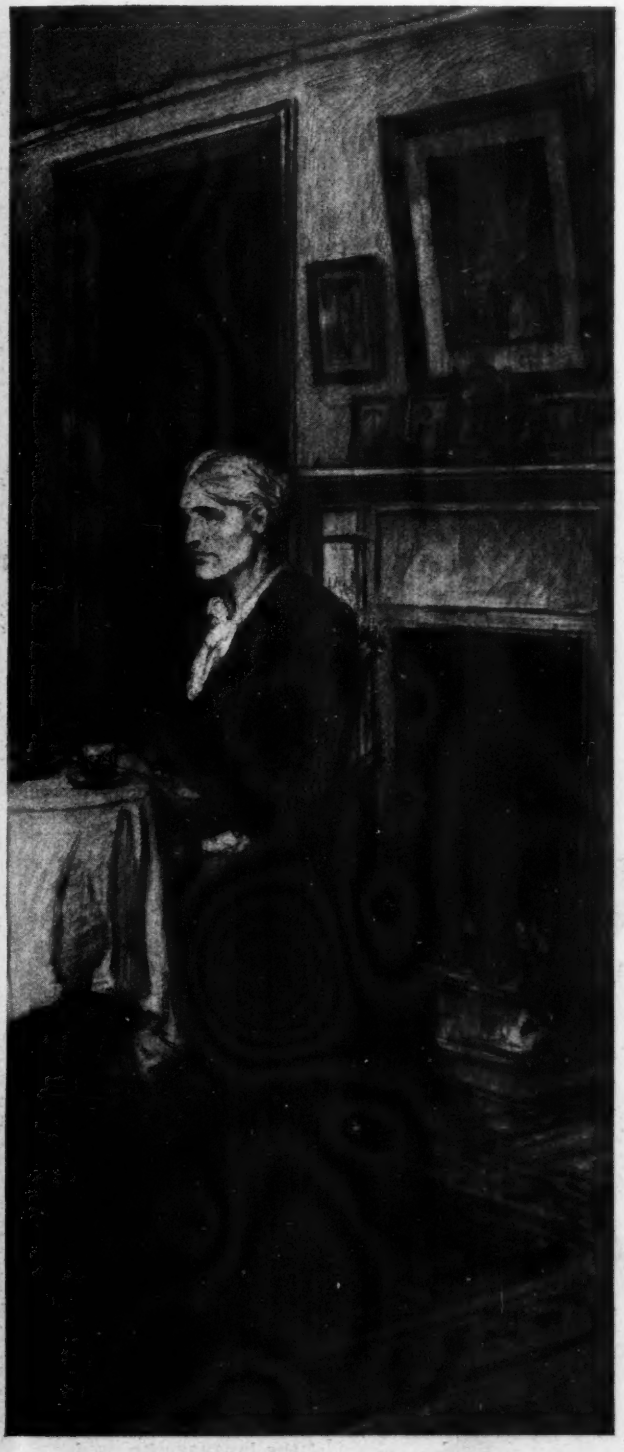
She heard her name mentioned. She heard, too, the name of Brett Arden. H. B. Lane was outlining her case; telling the story that she knew so painfully well. Mr. Brett Arden was represented as her close friend, interested in her work, admiring her talent and character. Her friendship with Lady Bettine was touched upon; she was described as devoted to Lady Bettine and incapable of treachery towards her.

In this speech she appeared as a grossly injured, innocent woman fighting for her reputation against abominable calumny; obliged by circumstances to take up weapons against the friend who had become an enemy. In Mr. Lane's telling of it the story was simple and clear. He did not make any fierce attack upon Lady Bettine's *bona fides*. His implication was that

OLIVIA and OLD JO—"Do you think I'm going frank," said Old Jo. "I believe Anne Marie

she genuinely believed that Miss Mansfeld had stolen her bracelet.

But he hinted at his surprise, which he felt would be shared by all those acquainted with his client, that



to lose my action?" Olivia asked. "I must be made a good impression on the court."

one who had intimate knowledge of his client's character could even for a moment believe her capable of theft. He would call his client to prove that the bracelet she had worn at Mrs. Solesby's evening party had been given to her by Mr. Brett Arden as a memento of their friendship.

Mr. Arden, unfortunately, was dead, or he would have been there to give evidence on behalf of Miss Mansfeld. And he proceeded to describe, without emotion yet in moving words, how she had journeyed across the sea to tell him of the accusation brought against her, and how, on arrival, she had learned of his death. He alluded to the letter which Olivia had written to Brett Arden and had received from the hands of the valet, Wacher, and told how his client had intended to use it as a proof of her innocence, but on reconsideration had destroyed it.

At this point in his speech there was what is sometimes called in the newspapers "a sensation in court." There was a strange sound of murmurs. Mr. Lane paused for a moment, then said:

"Although my client was fully aware of the value to her of that letter, considerations of friendship led her to destroy it. There is such a thing as refinement of feeling, even in these days of blatant unreserve and publicity. In her letter my client had written of Mr. Arden's private affairs, and she felt that she could not, without the permission which he was no longer alive to give, hand them over for public scrutiny. She relies on her reputation, on her word, and on the absence of any evidence whatever that she stole Lady Bettine Fayne's bracelet, for the clearing of her character from the terrible imputation that has been made against her."

He then took up the incident of Olivia's wearing of the bracelet at Mrs. Solesby's party, and actually drawing Lady Bettine's attention to the fact with the remark, "You see! He gave me a bracelet too!" Could the gentlemen of the jury imagine, he asked, that a woman who was a thief would force her theft upon the notice of the very woman from whom she had stolen?

The fact of the matter, of course, was that there were two bracelets of similar make, a pair, and that Mr. Arden had given one to his friend, Lady Bettine Fayne, the other to his friend, Miss Mansfeld. Miss Mansfeld had stayed for a moment before Lady Bettine's dressing table, on the occasion of the visit to the bedroom in Berkeley Square, because she was astonished, and not perhaps too pleased, to see a replica of her bracelet lying there round the golden owl.

Her surprise, her slight displeasure, were eminently natural. So was her subsequent conduct at Mrs. Solesby's party. One had one's susceptibilities. At Mrs. Solesby's, after the meeting with Lady Bettine, Miss Mansfeld had spent some time with Mr. Arden, and he of course had also seen that she was wearing his gift to her.

If he had never given a bracelet to Miss Mansfeld but only to Lady Bettine, would Miss Mansfeld have dared to show him Lady Bettine's bracelet? The mere idea of such a thing could come into any sane mind only to be immediately rejected. And so on—and so on.

The speech was not long. To Olivia it seemed short. She knew that directly it was over she would have to go into the witness box. How would she face that ordeal? Now that it was so near she didn't know. Her mind began to feel confused, as if it were escaping from her control. An ugly sensation of stupidity, of being a very stupid woman, came to her. Suppose she made herself ridiculous? She felt a wave of sickly heat creep up the back of her neck.

Then she heard her name being called and Old Jo's gruff voice whispering, "They're only a lot of cabbages! Don't be afraid of 'em!" And then she was getting up to go into the box.

When she was facing the crowd, the target of their concentrated staring, she was at first aware of only one pair of eyes, the judge's. Those long narrow slits were observing her frigidly, but closely; were perhaps already summing her up, (*Continued on page 174*)

Mother's Boy Jack

Jack found it hard to keep his mind on his dancing when Adrienne La Tour's booking took her to another town. He begged her to write him in care of his home, but later he found that wasn't such a good idea, for his mother read the letter and had all the French translated—and deleted—before she sent it on to him. And on top of that, she was determined to come to Lynn to meet the young Frenchwoman. In his last letter Jack was having a bad time trying to persuade her to stay at home.

Charlestown, Mass.
May 10th, 1910.

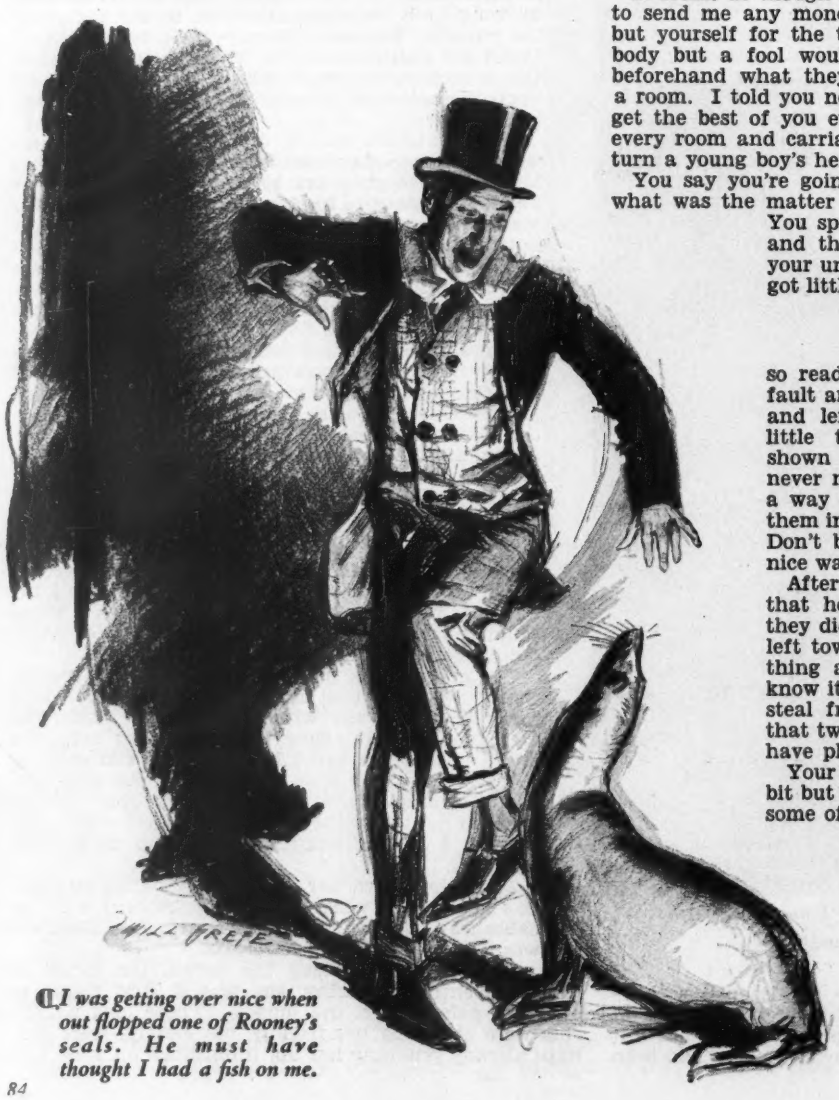
Dear Johnny:

It seems very strange to me that you should change your mind so suddenly about me visiting you in Lynn. But it's all clear to me now; you don't want your mother to meet that fine friend of yours. But just the same I'll be there. Since when are you worrying about how your brothers will eat? If you were really interested, you'd send a couple of dollars home once in a while.

And I feel sure, although you don't say anything about it, that woman must have asked you for that money in her letter. You're such an easy mark for these foreign women. Why don't you find yourself a nice American girl? Though as broke as you are, I don't see why you should be thinking of such things at all.

It seems as though you always have some excuse not to send me any money. You've got nobody to blame but yourself for the trouble you've been having. Nobody but a fool would go to a hotel and not know beforehand what they were going to charge him for a room. I told you not to go to hotels anyway; they'll get the best of you every time with their bathtubs in every room and carriages at the station, everything to turn a young boy's head.

You say you're going to be in Westerly for a week; what was the matter with going to a rooming house? You speak of those stone quarries there and the men making such big money; your uncle Tim used to do that work and got little enough for it.



I was getting over nice when out flopped one of Rooney's seals. He must have thought I had a fish on me.

You don't want to be so ready to hit people; it was all your fault and you should have paid the man and left like a gentleman. There's a little trick your father should have shown you before you left home. He never marked a man in his life; he had a way of tripping them up and hitting them in the back of the neck as they fell. Don't be trying it, but there's always a nice way of doing things.

After all the damage you did around that hotel I think you are very lucky they didn't have you arrested before you left town. You ask me not to say anything about those towels, but son, you know it hurts me to think my boy would steal from anybody. Always remember that two wrongs don't make a right. We have plenty of face towels anyway.

Your father's nose was down quite a bit but I put a rye-bread poultice on and some of the seeds got inside and started it up again. Of course, I know he's not a well man but it was awful to hear the language he used.

I never heard of a man wearing a bathing cap and if you've got to do those things I wish you wouldn't write me about it. You know how sarcastic your father can be, especially when he doesn't feel good.

Letters of a Hoofer *to his* Ma—*and Vice Versa*

By Jack Donahue

It was only a couple of years ago when you boys used to go off the dock and you didn't even have suits. We don't see how one bathing suit could cost you $1.50 unless as your father says it has a lot of lace on it.

I will say it was mean of them not to let you in at that Bailey's Beach after you buying the suit and everything but I'm sure there must have been plenty of beaches around there that were just as good, if it was a swim you wanted. I don't know what will happen to you if you ever have to go back to that town again. Making fun of the people from the stage and cutting the water pipes at the hotel.

If you could only stay out of trouble for a few days and get started on your bills you'd make me very happy. I'm glad you got those shoes dyed black. I don't think much of that critic; he's entirely too flowery and I hope you don't take him seriously.

I don't know why you've turned on your little brother Joe so suddenly. He thinks the world of you. Surely you don't hold it against him that he remembered your act at the Austin and Stone Museum. I told him that you don't sing any more in your act and he'll come now and see you when you play in Boston.

Love,

Mother

Illustrations by Will Grefé

¶ *It takes a Frenchwoman to understand a man really.*

Westerly, R. I.
May 12th, 1910.

Dear Mud:

Listen, Mud, never get that idea in your head that I don't want you to come over to Lynn. I do want you to, but you couldn't pick out a worse time. I don't think Adrienne will be able to see me even, the way she's feeling right now, and any excitement now would be bad for the both of them and it might even kill the —— dog. Besides, it's close to Boston and I can jump in a couple of times during the week. But please, Mud, don't think I'm trying to stall you off.

Talk about hard luck coming in bunches. Here I am a big personal hit here, everything going fine, and I'm going light on the money, not buying a thing I don't need, and out of a clear sky I get a sock that puts me right back in the red again.

I came off after the first show yesterday, feeling great, when some big tough-looking bird pops up in the wings and asks me if I'm Jack Donahue. Who is it but the sheriff from Newport! That darn hotel sent him over to get me.

At first I was going to go back with him and fight it out in court as I know no jury would convict a guy that had been taken like I had in that town. But then I figured I couldn't afford to miss any shows so I told him I'd settle. With that he hands me a bill for $23. "For what?" I asks him. And he starts off telling me all the damage I done.

He claimed the water ruined the ceiling downstairs but what hurt the most was he charged me a dollar a piece for those bath towels and fifty cents for the little ones. So the manager gave me the dough on my salary and I paid him. It makes me sick every time I think about it. I'll have about three bucks left this Saturday after I pay my commission.

To make it worse I'd paid a deposit of $2.00 on a trunk and was going to pick it up Saturday and I couldn't get the deposit back so I had to take a bill folder. The only thing that keeps my spirits up is that little French girl, Natalie Normandie; she's been very nice to me and taught me a lot of new French words. I've got it now where I talk it up in the nose, like a real Frenchman. What a surprise to Adrienne, eh?

There's a great act on the bill this week. Satan's Dream; sounds like a sketch but it isn't. Captain Flaud is a fire eater; that's where he gets that billing. He's a marvel; he eats glass, too, and sticks pins in his skin. A prince of a guy and he's been around the world five times.

A lot of people think he's a fake, but he got drunk the other night and climbed up and ate an arc light. His wife does it too, but she can only eat small stuff, like eyeglasses and eye droppers. He's a gentile and she's a german Jew, but they're the happiest couple you ever saw. He claims that glass eaters are born and not made and he wanted me to eat a thermometer to see if I had the stuff in me but I wouldn't go through with it.

I did sneak back in his dressing room and try and swallow a little fire but I don't know how he does it; I burnt the tip of my tongue pretty bad and I lisp a little now when I talk. A couple of guys in the first row kept yelling Whoops at me all through my act.

You ask why I don't find a nice American girl; it's funny, Mud, but I can't see them at all. In the first place there's nothing to them, no depth; and then again French are "Chic." I don't know how you'd explain that in English, but that's what we call it in French. And it takes a Frenchwoman to understand a man really. All these girls here are spoiled; they work you for what they can get. It ain't like that in Europe.

That's too bad about Dad's nose; he certainly must look funny. I know when I worked with the big nose, I always got plenty of sight laughs. If I wanted to be nasty I could pull a great gag about "always knowing he was fond of Rye but didn't (*Continued on page 110*)

LIFEBOAT

By Jeffery Farnol

who wrote "The Broad Highway"

Illustration by Rico Tomaso

The boat lay becalmed, drifting on the slow, deadly monotonous swell; from cloudless sky the sun beat down, a pitiless sun whose ferocious rays made wretchedness a gasping misery and added to the pangs of thirst.

And in this swaying, sun-blistered boat, two men crouched, watching each other in silence, above a still and shrouded form . . . Both were young, both haggard with suffering and privation, but there all likeness ended, for the one, slim and dark, was clad in weather-stained yet fashionable tweeds; the other, a big fellow, blue-eyed, golden-haired, was rigged as a sailor; and he it was who spoke at last in voice harsh and querulous:

"When do we drink?"

The slim man glanced at the watch on his wrist and answered hoarsely: "In—exactly fifty-five minutes."

"Be damned to that!" growled the big man. "I'm parched! I'm in—agony."

"So am I!" croaked the slim man. "And what of Miss Wellerby?"

"She's asleep and out of her misery for a bit. But I'm awake, curse it, awake and dyin' for a drop o' that water as you're hoggin'! Ah, you may scowl, Mr. John Farrant, Esquire, but I'm goin' t'drink."

"Hogging, d'you say?" muttered Farrant, glancing on the muffled shape at his feet. "Is it hogging to keep a fool from guzzling the water that may save the three of us? Pull yourself together; try to be a man."

"Look here, you——"

"Silence!" snarled Farrant, gesturing towards the sleeper.

The big man clenched knotted fists and muttered a passionate curse. "Now listen t'me," said he, in voice scarce above a whisper, but with menace in every line of his body, "there's water a-plenty in that keg."

"Yes, but think, man; confound you—think! We may drift like this for days—maybe longer! And we have a woman with us, God help her! Anyway, it's up to us to ration ourselves, especially in water. When we drink, we drink together. Come, if you're an English sailorman, act like one."

"Right-o, mister ruddy gentleman! Here's an English sailor as is goin' to drink now, ah—and hearty too!"

"You will drink half a pannikin of water at twelve o'clock—with us, and not before!"

"Wot's a-goin' to stop me?"

"This!" answered Farrant, and whipped a hunting knife from his belt. "Strange," said he, nodding at it, "that in all that confusion on board I should strap on this knife—quite unconsciously! I brought it to skin game, but if necessary I shall certainly use it on—I think you said your name was Joe Trasker?"

"Ay, that's me!" growled the big man bitterly. "Just Joe Trasker, a deck hand! But you're a toff, eh—like her! And it's both on ye ag'in' me. But I got as much right to live as you or her—and you're both ag'in' me! Oh, I know your game—a sip o' water all round when I'm awake, but soon as I'm asleep——"

"Liar!" said Farrant, and sheathed his knife contemptuously.

"Liar, am I? Well, how'm I to know as you don't get at the water when my eye's off ye—or feed it to her?"

"Look at me, man! Look at her! Do we seem any better than you? I'm suffering as much as you are, perhaps more. And as for—her——"

"Ah, her! You're sweet on her, that's wot! I see—I know, if she don't—and you'd do anything for—her!"

"And so would you, Joe, if it comes to the pinch."

"Not me!" growled Trasker.

"Well, I believe you would, Joe, just because you are a sailorman. I rather liked you, Joe, until this cursed suspicion got you—looked on you as a friend. And do I look the sort of cur that would cheat a friend; do I? Anyhow, we drink half a pannikin of water three times a day—and that's that!"

So fell silence again, save for the slap and tinkle of the wavelets and the monotonous creaking of the boat's timbers, Trasker crouching, yellow head between clenched fists, while Farrant's eager gaze quested the vast desolation of sea. At last, stifling a groan, he bent and touched the sleeper.

"Miss Wellerby," said he, croaking hoarsely, "luncheon, ho! Two biscuits and a sip or so of water."

The sleeper moved, sighed and sat up. A face sweet with youth, despite haggard eyes and droop of shapely mouth, a lovely face, aged yet ennobled by suffering endured with a resolute patience.

"I was dreaming," said she wistfully, glancing around that immensity of ocean. "I dreamed we were safe—at home in—our dear England."

"Let's hope it's a happy omen," said Farrant, carefully measuring out the precious water. "Let's drink to home—to England, God bless it!"

She took the cup in shaking fingers but, meeting Farrant's gaze, drank slowly with little sips and sighs of ecstasy. The mug empty, he refilled and passed it to Trasker who, swallowing the water in three sucking gulps, tossed back the mug and, muttering evilly, turned his back . . .

Came darkness, palpitant with wonder of stars, and all about a brooding silence.

And Farrant, huddled in the stern, roused ever and anon to peer towards Joe Trasker in the shadowy bow, straining his ears for stealthy movement, his fingers gripping the haft of his knife . . . It was after one of these upstartings that a hand touched him, a small slim hand that found and clasped his own.

"Mr. Farrant," she breathed, "I'm afraid of that man—more than thirst or hunger—dreadfully, horribly afraid!"

"No, no," he whispered back, giving that clinging hand a reassuring pat. "Joe's all right, really, and—I'm here!"

"Yes. I have thanked God for you—often. May I call you John?"

"Oh, please do."

"Then, will you call me Eve?"

"Yes, Eve."

"He, that man, wants to drink all the water, doesn't he?"

"Why, no; not all. The poor devil's thirsty and a bit queerish—a touch of the sun, but he's all right, really."

"But I heard you threaten him with your knife."

"But I thought—weren't you asleep, Eve?"

"Oh, no; I was too thirsty." Here he patted her hand

¶ *"I'm parched," growled Trasker. "I'm in agony!" "I'm suffering as much as you are," said Farrant. "And as for her——" "Ah, her! You're sweet on her, that's wot! You'd do anything for—her!"*

again and all but raised it to his lips. "John, if I asked you for water now—just one sip—would you give it me?"

"Don't!" he gasped. "Don't ask me!"

"If I begged, implored—would you?"

"No!" he whispered, between clenched teeth. "I couldn't; it—it wouldn't be just; it wouldn't be fair—to Joe. So, Eve, my poor, dear girl, don't ask——" He stopped, for with sudden movement she had drawn his hand to her hot lips and now pillowed her tear-wet cheek on it.

"God was good—very kind—to send me adrift with such a man as you."

So this night passed, but . . . Ensued long hours, days of stifling heat with a raging thirst mocked by the cool lapping of water; dreadful nights of an ever-growing anguish and hopelessness. Farrant's strength began to fail; Trasker's great body seemed to shrink and shrivel; Eve's wistful eyes seemed larger in the haggard oval of her face, but her smile was ready and her spirit valiant as ever.

Trasker raved and threatened her, or lay huddled in silent misery, his fever-bright eyes so watchful and furtive that there came times when Farrant dared not sleep until he saw those (*Continued on page 98*)

Shattered

By Louis Bromfield

The Story So Far:

Old Hector's dinner party was over and the hours following were packed with drama for his guests. When the sun rose next morning life had grown more complicated for each one.

Fanny Towner had lost David Melbourn, whom she loved, to Ruby Wintringham, who had promised to marry him. And Jim Towner, Fanny's husband, who had long been the lover of Rosa Dugan the night-club singer, had awakened in her apartment to find that while he lay in a drunken stupor in her parlor Rosa had been murdered by someone who left behind a dirty cap as the only mark of his presence. Afraid of being accused of the murder, Jim hurried home. In desperation he confessed his predicament to Fanny and found her unexpectedly sympathetic.

Meanwhile Hector's sister Nancy was returning to New York for the first time in a quarter of a century. Nancy was now Lady Elsmore, but many years ago, when she was Nancy Carstairs, she had eloped with Patrick Dantry, the husband of her sister Mary, who had died in childbirth. Savina Jerrold, Old Hector's best friend, had helped along the romance and Nancy and Patrick had made their plans in her drawing-room. Soon after the elopement Patrick had fallen into a glacier and never returned, and now Nancy was going to see Savina and have tea in the drawing-room that was so filled with painful memories. Old Hector had taken Patrick's and Mary's son

Fanny forced to appeal to Melbourn for aid, thought hysterically, "I can't do it! I won't! It is too much to ask of any woman."

Glass

Illustrations by
McClelland Barclay

Philip to live with him. He was a young man now and on this morning of his aunt's arrival he was making arrangements for his wedding with Janie Fagan the actress. Janie wanted to be rich and fashionable as well as famous, so she had promptly accepted Philip's proposal of marriage the night before. But she was afraid someone would reveal her past to him and he'd be lost to her, so she said:

"We'll be married tomorrow. Let this be our wedding night" . . .

After Philip left that morning Janie read the reviews of her new play. And then Victoria, her maid, came in with a later paper. On the front page was a picture of a woman beneath a huge headline:

NIGHT-CLUB SINGER
STRANGLED
IN EXCLUSIVE
MURRAY HILL LOVE NEST

"Ah got some awful news, Miss Janie," said Victoria. "Rosa Dugan's dead. Somebody choked her to death in her apartment. Ah know the gal that worked for her. It was mah own cousin Minerva."

When Victoria had talked herself out and, still palpitating with envy of Minerva Fisher, had betaken herself with her bundles into the kitchenette, Janie leaned back in the chair with the papers on her knees, thinking that only three nights ago she had sat with Philip at Rosa's Place listening to Rosa Dugan sing. She saw Rosa again, sitting carelessly in the circle of light, singing languidly, "Diamond bracelets Woolworth doesn't sell, Baby."

Poor thing, she had the diamond bracelets Woolworth didn't sell. The police found them still glittering on her arm. It was odd and shocking to think that she was dead and wouldn't sing any more. The whole story seemed too complete and too ironical.

And when Janie thought about her singing, she wondered if Rosa Dugan had some intimation of her end. Perhaps that was why she could take the most banal songs and transform them into a kind of bitter reality. Perhaps she understood them. Her performance was ragged and unprofessional and casual, and redeemed only by the intense feeling that lay beneath it. It occurred to Janie that perhaps the clue to everything lay in "the little black man" who had disappeared, leaving behind his dirty cap. Maybe Rosa Dugan felt about him the way she was feeling now about Philip. It made her feel faint and ill to think that anybody so handsome and so full of vitality as Rosa Dugan could be dead.

She was aware of a vague fear and depression. Philip seemed to her strong and safe, and whatever happened, whether she was poor, whether her career failed, even if people mocked her, she still had Philip. He was like a rock in that shifting, treacherous world in which Rosa Dugan had lived and died.

The clock struck twelve and it occurred to her that she had wasted a whole morning mooning before the fire, when she had a thousand things to arrange. She had to decide what to wear for her wedding, and she had to call up Mary Willets before Mary went out. She had to be well dressed not only because it was her wedding day but because cameramen would want to photograph her.

The thought of the cameramen brought her back to the death of Rosa Dugan and she saw that probably they would be busy all day with the story of Rosa's murder, and then she realized that Rosa Dugan, dead, had cheated her out of the prominence that her marriage to Philip should have brought her. Instead of being first-page news their marriage would be relegated to the back pages.

Today there would be room only for Rosa Dugan and "Mr. Wilson" and "the little black man." Philip and she would be forgotten. Nobody would read about them.

For a moment she experienced a blind exasperation that always attacked her when fate blocked her path with some obstacle which she could not overcome by sheer willfulness, and then she did not care at all. Today she wasn't marrying Philip for publicity or wealth, or to triumph over other actresses. She was marrying Philip because he was Philip and when she

David

at sight of Fanny's sprawling, emotional handwriting, knew that he might be dragged into Jim Towner's sordid affair, because he was the last person who had seen Jim and Rosa together.

thought again of his charm and gentleness she was happy, wishing that the papers wouldn't even know of it.

She began to act again and to see herself in the rôle of a bad woman who had been redeemed by the love of a noble man. She chose a pale gray dress and put on a pale make-up, thinking that it made her look frail and spiritual. As she regarded herself, turning her head this way and that, she was aware of a slight thickness beneath the chin, where the line of her famous throat had always before been clean and straight.

After the first shock she told herself that what she saw existed merely in her imagination, but after examining herself more closely she saw that the plumpness was no illusion. It existed. In time it would mar her beauty. In time she could no longer thrust out her chin to exhibit the beautiful line of the throat that fascinated so many matinée patrons. People wouldn't say any longer that she looked like Duse.

Panic-stricken, she thought, "Philip will discover that I'm older than he thinks I am and I can't keep it back, in spite of everything I do," and then, "But they say men in love don't notice such things."

But the panic would not die out. The menace of a double chin slowly became enormous and overwhelming. She saw her chin growing plumper and plumper. She was thirty-five now and in another ten years she would be plump and grotesque and wouldn't any longer play romantic rôles, for who could be convinced romantically by a woman who was fat?

She would have to begin all over again and learn character parts which would have really to be acted, or she would have to play mother rôles. People would say that she was on the shelf and finished. She would look like—like her own mother.

This thought filled her with a baffled, sullen anger—that fate had chosen to make her the daughter of Mrs. Wilbur Eberhardt. Until this moment she had forgotten her mother altogether, as if she had not existed, and now she began to see her in relation to Philip. She asked herself what Philip would think of her when he met her—this fat, stupid woman with a small-town heart and mind, gossiping, and rocking all day on the front porch, knowing nothing of what went on in the world, interested only in the pettiest small-town scandals.

Certainly Philip would have to meet her one day and, seeing her, he might begin to see his own wife in a new light which might in the end disillusion him completely. She couldn't keep the marriage secret, because her mother would be certain to hear of it from the newspapers.

She had never had any love for the mother who had always spoiled her, and now she began to feel a positive hatred for this woman whom fate had wished upon her. She hated her for being alive and creating a problem. She saw that she couldn't pretend that her mother was dead because that only created more deception which Philip would one day be certain to discover, and the discovery might rouse his suspicions about other things.

For the first time she was aware that this marriage would complicate her whole existence, and for a moment she looked back regretfully upon a life which had been wholly free and independent, in which it was necessary to deceive no one, and she began to doubt whether it was worth giving up all the rest for this strange tenderness she felt for Philip. Chilled and depressed, she saw that she couldn't go on loving him with the same pleasurable abandon for the rest of her life and that even his devotion would in time grow routine and monotonous.

It would wear itself out and he would begin to think more of his sport and his business than of her, and she would no longer be redeemed and agreeable but would turn back again into the scheming Janie Fagan of last night. And the thought made her feel tired and disappointed that she could not always go on feeling as she had felt on wakening.

Why couldn't people always be as fine and noble as they were sometimes in crises? Certainly, feeling fine and noble was pleasanter than being hard and mean.

But you couldn't practice nobility as a calling, devoting all your time to it, because then the novelty wore off and it became a profession, and people who were professionally noble and fine were the most tiresome people in the world. And being professionally noble would occupy all your time and energy so that there would be nothing left for success or making money or doing any of the things in life which were so viciously satisfactory.

Brushing her black curls, she sighed and thought,

Savina thought that if there were a murder every day as exciting as the tragedy of Rosa Dugan, Alida would not mind her marrying Hector.

Alida

pretty and withered, who found a vicarious excitement in the proximity of a sensational murder.

For a moment she doubted whether she should marry him at all, for in a burst of honesty she saw that she was not marrying him forever, believing that they would be happy and successful, but wildly and because she was ambitious, hoping merely that the whole thing would last as long as possible. She did not see them married and together in old age.

She had not consciously looked beyond the first year or two, and all the while in her heart she had known that she had never thought of marrying him to make him happy for the rest of his life. In her heart she had been thinking that when worst came to worst she could get rid of him and get from him a fat sum of money.

"Perhaps," she thought, "I ought not to marry him at all. Perhaps I ought to say to him, 'It's no good. I'm selfish and I'm not what you think I am. I won't marry you.'"

It would be better if he could be her lover until they grew tired of each other. But she saw that with Philip such a thing was impossible and that if she proposed it she would be revealing the real Janie Fagan. She knew that he believed they would be married forever and would grow old together and have children and a pleasant life, and all the time she knew that none of these things could ever happen and that the Janie Fagan of an hour ago was already dead.

She felt tired and ill and wished for the first time in all her life that she could have had more heart and less cold intelligence. Even her mother was happier than she was. When she thought of Philip, with his gentleness and respect, she wanted to cry, and she felt a wild impulse to tell him everything and ask him to take her away and save her, but this mood passed and she saw coldly that nothing could save her.

In spite of everything she could do she would marry him and make him unhappy and in the end come away untouched, because she was too old now to change. The past had fastened on her. Janie Fagan was Janie Fagan and nothing could change her now.

Presently she was aware of her reflection in the mirror and saw that she looked tired and worn, and terror took possession of her. She saw that she must forget everything else and care for herself. She dared not worry or be unhappy and she must go more regularly to a beauty specialist. In the back of her mind she began to see again the yellowed photographs of her mother as a young girl and she saw that she, too, might be fat and gross, unless she fought with all her strength.

She put her hair in order, and then telephoned Mary Willets to ask her to stand as witness to her marriage with Philip Dantry.

Savina wakened late, aware that she was not rested because her sleep had been disturbed by dreams and nightmares, of which only one remained a reality. She remembered having heard someone scream—a curious, terrifying scream. She remembered having seen a light on the third floor of the house on the opposite side of St. Bart's churchyard.

It all returned to her with a remarkable clarity, although she made no effort to rearrange or coordinate the events. People screamed. Sometimes women screamed over nothing and sometimes they screamed out of rage during a quarrel with a man, or they screamed merely to attract attention.

New York was full of screams. All sorts of things went on behind the walls of houses and apartments all about you. If you were disturbed by screams life could become very distracted.

And her mind was filled with thoughts of Hector. When her breakfast arrived and while she ate it in her own room she continued to think of Hector and of Nancy, and as she thought of them she kept slipping back into the past. At the thought of Nancy's coming back to this very house to tea, she experienced something of the excitement of a

"Well, even if I grow old and fat, I'll always have Philip. I'll be rich and have a position and I can quit the stage." But she knew, too, that she could never quit the stage and retire to the boredom of being merely somebody's wife. She couldn't give up that life, even in exchange for all the things which Philip offered her, and she saw that in the end, if it came to a choice, she would give up Philip and everything he stood for.

(*Continued on page 158*)

At the Dutch

By O. O.

Cartoons by

There is no organization more aflame with enthusiasm or more representative of success in New York than the Dutch Treat Club. Its roster is a "Who's Who" of those who have scaled the heights as writers, artists, playwrights, editors, publishers, cartoonists, composers and lecturers.

Among its members are those who have carved classics in marble, blazoned canvases with undying tints, molded words into immortal tomes, composed throbbing tunes, designed stepping towers and given the theater such plays as "The Green Pastures."

At a recent show, put on by the Dutch Treaters annually, I was privileged to sit as a guest at a table with a notable galaxy of distinguished gentlemen. Gracing the festive board were John Erskine, Rupert Hughes, Irvin Cobb, Ray Long, Will H. Hays, Roy W. Howard, Montague Glass and Charles G. Norris. Save for the eminent Doctor Erskine, not a celebrity at this table at which I sat was born in New York. All, indeed, came out of the tall grass. As a visiting brush ape I was tremendously impressed.

So I wandered about among the sea of faces—faces so strongly typifying a fusion of the arts. I saw Sinclair Lewis, Will Irwin, Grantland Rice, Frazier Hunt, Clarence Budington Kelland, Will Lengel, Rex Beach, Charles Hanson Towne, Ring Lardner, Herbert Bayard Swope, H. T. Webster, Joseph Cummings Chase, Percy L. Crosby, Marc Connelly, Courtney Ryley Cooper, James Montgomery Flagg, Rube Goldberg and dozens of others as formidable.

Indeed, among all the members and guests I saw, outside of John Erskine, only one other native New Yorker and he was Gene Tunney, the boxer. Many of these illustrious and talented fellows came from such wide places in the road as Tomahawk, Wisconsin; Sauk Center, Minnesota; Lebanon, Indiana: Pewee, Kentucky; Peculiar, Missouri, and Atwood, Michigan. It was a great comfort to a Gallipolis, Ohio, puddle-jumper to find so many lads from the forks of the creek with their hair larded and ears pinned back mingling with such easy nonchalance among the cognoscenti.

For years, like an atrabilious old meany, I have been featuring in my syndicated newspaper column every Friday a line such as: "Joe Doakes, a Buzzard Gap, Iowa, boy who made good in the city."

The epistolary hoots, postmarked New York, that I receive would make thicker-skinned writers than I shut up. Some are positively venomous.

I am, they say, an archtraitor to the city that has done much for me.

They do not understand that I love New York devotedly. There is no other city in which I would care to live. It is the only place in which I have been able to make a fairly decent living—and with a minimum of effort. To me, it is the top of the world. Hooray!

But I am a flop-eared egoist who does not believe New York belongs to a restricted municipality. It belongs to the nation—and to you and to me. If it were not for the red-fronted five-and-ten-cent stores in your burg and mine there would be no Woolworth Tower piercing Manhattan skies.

The automobile factory in your town has given Auto Row on Broadway its expansive silver-paneled salons. If Marietta, Georgia, had not produced a William Gibbs McAdoo there is a possibility there would not have been tunnels under the Hudson River.

I have not the unmitigated effrontery to say that native-born New Yorkers have not contributed generously to the wonders of their city, but after all their contributions are a drop in the bucket in comparison with those from the boys and girls out yonder.

It was O. Henry, I believe, who observed that New York was a city of outlanders. And it is true. Everywhere you see their handiwork—large, looming and ineradicable.

The Shuberts—Lee, J. J. and Sam S.—were small shop clerks in Syracuse until fortuitous circumstances catapulted them into the boiling caldron of Broadway, which resulted in their building up one of the largest theatrical properties in the world.

John McEntee Bowman came out of Toronto, Canada, dividing his time between hotel clerking and instructing in a riding academy. In ten years he sponsored the city's largest group of hotels.

Albert H. Wiggin, from Medfield, Massachusetts, and Charles E. Mitchell, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, are

How Many of Those Men Can You Identify?

Treat Club

McIntyre

Don Wootton

responsible for organizing two banking institutions that have grown to be the largest in the world.

The Warner brothers, who are in control of the largest chain of movie theaters on Broadway, were not long ago struggling for a living in Youngstown, Ohio.

One of the most famous surgeons in the metropolis is Doctor John F. Erdmann, once of Chillicothe, Ohio.

John Golden, whose record is striking for producing not only the most successful but the cleanest plays on the Rialto, spent his early life in Wauseon, Ohio. The finest house on old Millionaire's Row—the Senator Clark mansion—was not built by a New Yorker; nor was the most magnificent one on the Drive—the Charles M. Schwab castle.

Statisticians have found that the directorates of the leading New York corporations are ninety percent ridge-hoppers from the brier patches. The managing editors of all the important daily newspapers are also transplanted villagers.

My first application for a newspaper job in the big town was made to the managing editor of the Telegram in the days of Bennett.

His first question was whether or not I was born in New York.

His explanation for the query was: "The New York-born reporter is completely satisfied with a job that pays an ordinary wage. The out-of-town reporter wants to show the people back home that he can be a success."

I have thought of that often. I believe it sums up the reason for so many hill-billies' making good in the city.

They are not so anxious to impress New York as they are to impress their home towns.

Not so long ago I interviewed an industrial giant from a Nebraska whistle-stop. His name and fame have been spread-eagled on the first pages of all the big city dailies and in the success magazines.

During the course of our talk I asked if he kept scrapbooks. He shook his head, but rather sheepishly pulled a yellowing clipping from under the glass top of his desk. "I always keep this," he said. It was from his local weekly and it read:

> J. J. Blank arrived home today from New York in his private car after being absent eleven years. He was accompanied by two secretaries and a valet. He was met by the Silver Star band and a delegation of leading citizens, and an address of welcome was made by the mayor.

This was obviously the supreme moment in a life crowded with honors. It is my guess there are few from the high timber who do not frequently day-dream of going back home in a private car—with secretaries and a valet.

Nietzsche philosophically observed that to be entirely successful the individual must pass through three stages—he must be a lion, a camel and a child. He must roar in the wilderness, must bear burdens and finally become as humble as a little child.

I have yet to find a villager who has attained prominence in New York who has not achieved a becoming humility. All are extremely conscious of the debt they owe the metropolis.

New York offers stimulation for dynamic activity that will not be found in any other large city. In Paris one wants to wine, dine and play. In London one wants to prowl leisurely through gray streets and sit before glowing open fires. But in New York one wants to work.

Too, there is no other city so friendly toward the newcomer or so tolerant. Jealousy is almost an unknown quantity. When I began writing a New York column, there was not a columnist of that day who did not go out of his way to cheer me on. I never found this spirit elsewhere in days of migratory journalism.

We who have shared in New York's bounty speak of it a little nastily at times. We object to its incessant shin-kicking and elbow-jabbing hurrah. We want to get away! But it is all just talk. We wouldn't leave it on a bet, and if we did we would come scampering back in jig-time.

For in the final analysis we country jakes know that Father Knickerbocker has been mighty good to us. But we all know, too, that we have been mighty good to him.

From lower left to lower right: Montague Glass, John Erskine, Sinclair Lewis, Grantland Rice, Will Irwin, Rupert Hughes, Charles G. Norris, Ray Long, Ring Lardner, Roy Howard, James Montgomery Flagg, Irvin Cobb, Will Hays, Charles Hanson Towne, Rex Beach, O. O. McIntyre

Early & Nanny on board the *S. S. Honeymoon*

Nothing like an Ocean

Mrs. Alan Moore, of Park Avenue, formerly Nancy Meller, of Flatbush, eloped and sailing for Europe on her honeymoon, had an idea that crossing the ocean was an adventure filled with the smell of tar, sailormen's yarns and ship ahoys. Instead, she finds herself going from a Ladies' Hairdressing Parlor to a Gift Shoppe (where one buys pictures of places one expects to see), and then, to join her beloved on the boat deck, she goes up in a gilded elevator, lands in a crystal gallery, gets lost in a mirrored lounge (where people are playing bridge), wanders from a paneled library into a curtained drawing-room (where people are playing bridge), retreats to a music room, roams through a play room, lingers at a moving-picture show, and is finally hopelessly lost among palms, cacti and canary birds on a veranda (where people are playing bridge)!

A Story *in* Pictures by DAVID ROBINSON

Voyage *for* your Health

"Where have you been, my Nanny?"

"On the ship, my darling. On the ship . . . After dinner in the Carrara Dining Saloon, do we dance in the Corinthian Concert Hall, listen to a concert in the Grand Gold Ballroom, or pile into the Overstuffed Ritzian Smoking Room for a game of bridge?"

"Nothing like an ocean voyage for your health," says he, giving her the orchids he bought from the ship's florist.

"Nothing like an ocean voyage at all. Nothing like it! Oh, boy!" says she, giving him a kiss for happiness.

Our next picture, "The Latin Quarter," is looking at Paris as Nancy sees it.

The Fable of Life

by George Ade

¶THE BELL HOP

Once upon a Time a self-made Crœsus who had started in the Mud and finished in the Clouds, financially speaking, sat on the edge of a satin-bedecked Chair in a Gingerbread Suite and directed a Mean Look at the Other Half of the Sketch. He was hooked. He was more than hooked. The unfortunate Fish was landed and hung up by the Gills. Did he look the Part? Don't inquire.

This is a long and sad Fable about a newly rich Rube who had a Wife with shooting Society Pains which went up one Side and down the Other and those who Cry easily had better turn over and get some Clean Fun prepared by O. O. McIntyre.

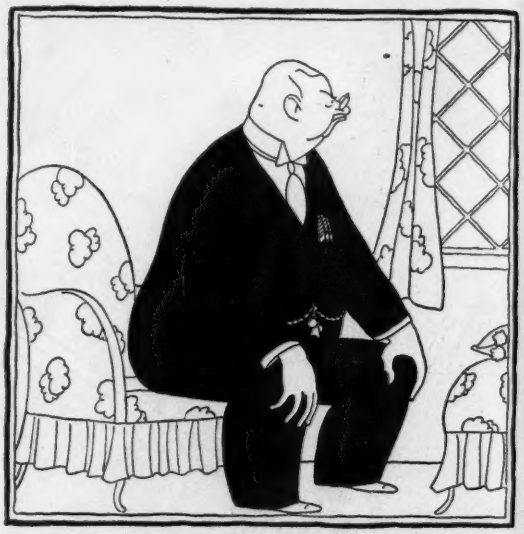
The human Mackerel who was getting all the Degrees in one brief Summer was of a Type which may be apprehended and enjoyed at any Swell Dump that charges Three Bits for a Pint of sparkling Well Water, Ten Cents per Cube for Ice and One Buck for Orange Juice. A cold-storage Warehouse with Hotel Stationery in all the Rooms and every Bell Hop trying to look like the Prince of Wales.

Lycurgus Beasley had been away from the Corn Belt for Twenty Years, but he still had Soil on his Knuckles. All of the Tailors and Haberdashers in the World had worked on him but they couldn't make him look like anything except the Vice-President of the Cooperative Elevator Company of Gopher Crick, Ioway. He had no Appetite for Eclat.

Serena had hog-tied him before landing him at the Exclusive Resort. He was just as *en rapport* with his Environment as a Prairie Wolf in a Beauty Parlor.

Serena had succeeded in forgetting that she ever leaned over a Cookstove and slapped a Griddle in the Face with Gobs of Batter. The Tall and Uncut never turned out a more proficient Forgetter.

She was draped in Duds that made a Rainbow look drab and dreary and her Boston Pronunciation would have fooled anybody except the Cabots and the Lodges. She had paid the highest Market Price for a Ton of It, but somebody had gypped her on the Weight. Janet Gaynor had nothing to fear from Mrs. Beasley.



¶THE HUMAN MACKEREL

Inasmuch as Money doesn't care to whom it belongs and Illiteracy is the Mother of Accumulation, Lycurgus, commonly known as Lyke, had put away just as much Jack as France hopes to wring out of Germany. He had very few Side Lines of Enthusiasm to divert him from the noble Pastime of beaning the Common People with a purchased Franchise and then copping everything except the Unmentionables, as they used to be referred to, blushingly, before the candid Illustrations began to deal with Bedroom Life in our Best Homes.

The only Literature for which he had an abiding Yen was found in Publications telling the actual Experiences of Hussies who had been careless at the Wrong Time.

His favorite Musical Composition was "Casey Jones" and the Pinnacle of Art had been attained in "September Morn," which intrigued him because it was so different from anything he saw at Home.

He was so low-browed that the ossified Crock was a complete Vacuum above the Eyebrows, except for a couple of Lobes of that Gray Matter which directs Hijacking Operations.

¶THE ELITE

All of his Spare Time between the Ages of Thirty and Forty-five had been devoted to Learning to Eat with a Fork, while Serena had spent the same Period in compelling him to keep the Napkin below the Waistline. He visited Paris in 1926 and they are still talking about it Over There.

Every time he salted away another Hundred Grand, the good Wife had her Face reenameled, so that when they finally took the High Hurdle and landed among the Elite at the ritziest Summer Hang-out in the Western Hemisphere, they were admirable Examples of what may be achieved by a couple of Yokels who are not afraid to go to the Mat with the Complex Problems of Modern Life.

among the *Lollipops*

Illustrations by Gluyas Williams

¶ A WIFE WITH SHOOTING SOCIETY PAINS

So, in Chapter One, we find Lyke and Serena in their Expensive Quarters and the Piece of Tripe who has been done over into a Lace Doily is putting up one awful Holler. Holler is right.

"Where I'd like to be right now is out in the North Woods with Doc Kennedy," said Lyke. "Flannel Shirt, Overalls an' a Pair of Sneakers. I'd be sortin' over my Spoons to pick out One that'd fool the small-mouth Bass. I'd be full of Ham an' Eggs an' smokin' a Pipe. I'm tellin' you. An' a Pump Gun leaned up agenst a Tree so I could take a Pop at any Tea Drinker or Cooky Hound that come anywhere near the Camp. If any one o' them dancin' Giggylos is found murdered in a Lonely Spot, they can go ahead an' arrest me."

"Huh!" said Serena. In her whole Vocabulary of 111 Words probably the most expressive Hunk of English she carried in Stock was "Huh."

"We had to give References an' bring a Letter of Introduction before we could bust into this Rat Pit," continued Lyke. "Ain't that a Scream? The only Reason we horned in is becuz Delancey Filbert is in the Red an' I let him have enough Kale to pay his Dues in about Twenty Clubs that I can't break into with a Jimmy. He said that if we could only crash the Gate at this Joint we would get a private Peek at the Hoe Tong. That's French for He-Canaries an' Ladies with too many Chins."

"Huh!"

"Just a Passel of Gimmicks, that's all they are. Just a lot o' bleached-out Grandchildren of Grandpas that got lucky Breaks in Real Estate. Every one of 'em wearin' a hunted Look—scared that someone outside the Polo Set will try to warm up to him or her. Ten Cents a Dozen is what they ought'o fetch. I'll never wear Ridin' Britches unless somebody gives me Chloroform."

"Huh!"

"We are payin' four Prices to set——"

"Sit!"

"Anyway, to have some Vittles brought to us over in a dark Corner by a Lady that looks like an Actress. An' you rubberin' to pick out Mrs. Womsley hyphen Pettengill that owns all the Dogs an' wuz presented to King George. I seen her——"

"You saw her!"

"Have it your own Way. I give that Dame the Once-Over a while ago an' I'm sorry for the Dogs. If she wuz mine, I'd present her to Anybody that needed a frosty Female that probably wuz in the Theayter the Night they killed Lincoln. I wouldn't be surprised if she had a Hand in it. She's buried two Husbands an' give the Air to two more an' I'm tellin' the cock-eyed Public that all four Boys are to be congratulated, an' don't tell me I got that Word Wrong."

"Huh!"

"What a dandy little Investment you made when you took Bridge Lessons all Winter! You ought to been practicin' on Solitaire. That's all you'll work at up here. If we stay here a Month mebbe I'll be on speakin' Terms with the Barber an' you'll be just like a Sister to all them Gals that steal your Dough in them Shops along the Main Chute. Only Seventy-five Smackers for a Lid that comes down over your Ears an' chafes the back o' your Neck.

"Dress for Dinner an' then nothin' happens but a lot o' male an' female Pansies givin' us the Cold Eye. They can look right through us an' see somethin' behind us, but they never see us. We're just as welcome as Smallpox. The only Guy that seems to keep any Tab on us is that pale-faced Relative of Jesse James that leaves the Bad News in the Pigeonhole. That Baby never overlooks a Bet. I'll probably get Athlete's Foot from kickin' on the Bills."

"Huh!"

"You kidded me into thinkin' that this Morgue was somethin' like Heaven. All it needs is a Smell o' Brimstone an' some Hot Griddles to be the Other Place.

"**What's more,** if I wuz in the Other Place, I'd meet a lot o' my Buddies an' we could organize a little Session o' Deuces Wild. It's supposed to be the Last Word, whatever that is, but they ain't got a Gobboon in the Place."

"What is a 'gobboon'?"

"I s'pose these Percys would call 'em Cuspydores, if they ever heard of 'em. Eight Dollars a Minute for Room an' Board an' if you order a big Cup o' Coffee with your Meal, the Head Waiter comes by an' sizes you up an' begins to tremble like a Leaf.

"You ain't found any Corned Beef an' Cabbage on the Score Card, have you? I'll say you ain't! Why? Becuz that Alsatian Nobleman they call the Mater de Hotel don't know how to spell it in any Foreign Language.

"An' the next time you order an Artichoke for me, you're liable to get Word from my Lawyer. Folks are bein' granted Divorces in Reno ev'ry Day for Cruel Treatment that ain't half as terrible as Artichokes. An' lay off o' that decayed Cheese that ought'o been served in 1926. I worked in a Glue Factory for Two Years an' that kind o' Perfumery is my Notion o' nothin' to smell. When I want Pie they bring me Rokefort an' some o' them huntin'-case Crackers that you couldn't split open with a Cold Chisel."

"Huh!"

"If we can get Reservations at the Rosemary Tavern, sez you, we'll sure be on the Up and Up. Well, here we are, hittin' the High Spots an' supposed to be goin' big, and I'd be happier right now settin'——"

"Sitting."

¶ JESSE JAMES' RELATIVE

MAITRE D'HOTEL

"I'd be more comfortable in an Electric Chair than I am in this Dido with the Silk Flowers all over it. I never wuz brought up to enjoy *sittin'* on Dress Goods.

"If what I'm up agenst now is the Top Crust all I got to say is that I'd rather be back in the Harness Shop, playin' Checkers with Mort Kilgore."

"Huh!"

"It said in that bunk Folder that the eighteen-hole Course is one o' the sportiest to be found anywheres. But it didn't say that all these touch-me-not Gussies hangin' around the First Tee make up their Matches a Week ahead an' treat a Stranger as if they wuz afraid he might have the Itch. Even that big Pro with the Cavalry Mustache seems to feel he's compromisin' his Social Status if he gives me a Lesson—an' I want about five Points on 'Status,' which is a Word you little suspected I had in my System."

"Huh!"

Now, Lycurgus Beasley was a big sturdy Gink with many of the Physical Characteristics of a Horse, and he was a Glutton for Punishment, but even the most durable Husky cannot stand up under a long Succession of "Huhs." Lyke was breathing heavily and the short-arm Jabs were beginning to wear him down.

Serena knew how to corral his Angora. She hadn't pulled down the Short End of a Purse in Twenty long Years. Lyke was getting ready to assume the Horizontal and take the Count. She always waited until he battled himself Groggy, and then she would slip over a Haymaker and end the Bout.

So, when she had him practically Out and looking like a Sucker, she told him where he was going to get off and made him like it. He was given a Permit to air the Dog, provided he crossed Crossings cautiously. After that he was to be Face-Massaged and Manicured, so as to resemble a Grizzly Bear as slightly as possible.

He was to punch the Clock at exactly Seven and get into his complete Oscar Shaw Regalia because there was a big Evening looming ahead. Serena had invited Madame Kakiak of the Oriental Antique Bazaar and her Side-kick, Fritzi Hibbengibben, to be her Dinner Guests and had arranged for Caviar and other forms of Whoopee, including Double Martinis, gushing from the gold-lined Shaker.

She put Lyke on the Spot and made him, as Bill Kountz said long ago, sit up and roll over and play dead. Always, after he erupted, he gave a correct Imitation of a White Rabbit. She had the Indian Sign on him. He could Bark like a Police Dog but when it came time to Bite he always licked her Hand.

They had Flowers and Place Cards on the Table and Lycurgus enjoyed himself to the extent of mopping up one whole Artichoke and a large Wedge of vintage Camembert that had to be held down with a Fork to keep it from jumping off the Plate.

MORAL: For at least Two Hours out of every Twenty-four the self-made Mastodon is just as Masterful as a canned Shrimp.

Lifeboat *by Jeffery Farnol* (*Continued from page 87*)

fierce-watching eyes shut and was assured that Joe truly slumbered. It was such a night again and Farrant sat, heavy head against a thwart, when a feeble arm drew his aching head to a more comfortable resting place.

"John," she whispered, "the water's nearly gone."

"Yes. God help us!"

"Well, I—don't think I shall need—any more, and—oh, John, I'm glad! But you must live to——"

"Not without you."

"Listen, John, dear! Today when you fell asleep—the man tried—to get at the water again; hurt me a little, dear. I think he's gone mad. So, John, after I'm gone, if he—tries to steal all the water—my dear, you must—kill him with your knife."

"Eve—oh, Eve, if you go, I shall need my knife for better purpose."

"No! Oh, John, no—not that!"

"I'll not endure this agony alone, Eve. There; hush! Try to sleep. Perhaps in the morning—a ship, dear."

"Then you sleep, too; here, close by me, John."

"No I—I must—watch——"

But in this night of horror, of weakness, physical and mental, Farrant slept indeed, and started up feeling for his knife—then caught his breath and lay shaking and appalled, for the weapon was gone.

Day was breaking; all about him was a ghostly light. He looked towards the bow, and his jaw dropped. Save for Eve and himself the boat was empty; Trasker's sprawling bulk had vanished!

Slowly, weakly, Farrant got to his knees, for there beside Eve's slim foot lay his knife, its keen blade horribly dimmed, and beyond this, great gouts of blood. Now, looking upon her sleeping face, hollow-cheeked and ghastly in the dawn-light, and remembering her words, Farrant covered his eyes and rocked back and forth, his weakened frame shuddering convulsively. At last, conquering this spasm, he dropped the knife overboard, and with a corner of the sail swabbed away those dreadful, murderous stains; this done, he sank back.

Day broke; up rose the cruel sun; the girl stirred feebly and whispered his name. Then his arms were about her, the pannikin of water at her lips and, thus drinking, she glanced up at him in speechless gratitude.

Sitting up, she glanced fearfully towards the bow and thereafter sat utterly still and meek while Farrant set out their poor breakfast. They ate and drank, neither looking at the other and both keeping their heads averted from that empty place in the bow.

"I think," said Farrant at last, speaking with an effort, "we've more chance to pull through—now."

"Oh!" she whispered; and then: "Yes!"

"Anyhow, you won't suffer so much—while the water lasts."

The long day wore on and they were strangely silent; and with every hour Farrant's weakness grew upon him, for his soul was a shaken, trembling thing. And she watched him in an ever-deepening trouble.

"Eve!" said he faintly, breaking a long, haunted silence. "I've dreamed—a ship, a steamer—coming to us. Look—look! Over there."

"No, John," she answered. "It was only a dream; close your eyes and dream again."

From fevered sleeping he was roused by hands that shook him, a voice that, sobbing, called upon his name.

"John—oh, John, it's true! There is a ship at last—coming to us. God has answered our prayers."

"Prayers?" he whispered, coming feebly to his elbow. "Yes; but what—what is that—that white thing tucked under the thwart yonder—a paper?"

She crept forward, took the thing, looked at it and, uttering a broken, joyous cry, came scrambling back and was beside him on her knees, clasping him in the yearning passion of her arms.

"Oh, John, you didn't——! Look; read it!"

Then, staring on this crumpled scrap of paper, Farrant saw these words roughly scrawled:

> Two is better than one so here's one going out to give two a chance. So good night and good luck to you
>
> from Joe
>
> P. S. Am using knife in case of sharks.

"Eve!" Farrant's arms clasped her with sudden new strength. "Oh, my Eve, I thought—ah, thank God!"

"And oh," she whispered, "God bless Joe!"

"Yes!" cried Farrant. "Yes; for by heaven he was a better man than I."

Verily there be times when man, soaring above his finite humanity, becomes very nearly divine.

The Beauty-mask Murder (*Continued from page 51*)

from Brandt's dyeing and cleaning place on F Street and Mr. Brandt told me something I thought might have some bearing on the Ainslee case. Mary O'Day, Mrs. Prescott's maid, sent over a light gray coat to be dry-cleaned on Thursday morning. On Friday some woman called up to ask whether there was an envelope in the pocket, and when Mr. Brandt said it had gone to the factory she seemed awfully upset.

"She called up again on Saturday and he told her the factory would send the envelope back with the coat. This morning a girl called. It was not Mary O'Day, but as she had the ticket he gave her the coat. However, he had looked at the envelope. On the back was Maxine Ainslee's name and address.

"Mr. Brandt said he didn't want to waste a lot of time with the police and perhaps lose a customer. But I thought you might want to know anything that related to the Ainslee case."

"I DO," said Andrew. "You say Mary O'Day sent the coat to him on Thursday morning to be cleaned?"

"Yes; there were stains on one sleeve."

"What kind of stains?" asked Gwynn.

"Ink, Mr. Brandt said."

"And another girl called for it?"

Miss Saunders nodded. "She said her name was Svensen and that she worked for Mrs. Prescott."

After she had gone Andy turned to us. "I don't know any girl named Svensen. I wonder what in thunder *that's* all about!"

"If I were you," said Gwynn, "I'd find out."

Andrew, still puzzled, put in a call for Muriel. "Do you know a girl named Svensen?" he asked. Evidently she replied in the affirmative, because he said, "Oh, you don't say! Yes, I'd like to have a talk with her."

As he hung up, there was a worried pucker between his brows. "She's Muriel's seamstress; she's over there now. Muriel's going to bring her right down."

A half-hour later Muriel came in with a blond girl in a light gray coat.

We all looked at her as Andrew said, "I'd like to know about the envelope you got from the cleaner this morning."

"Tell His Honor what you told me," Muriel urged gently. "When I told Karen you wanted to see her," she explained to Andrew, "she told me a very interesting story. I'm sorry she didn't come forward earlier, because I think what she has to say may be important."

The girl fidgeted with her handkerchief; then, fixing her eyes on Muriel's face, began: "I was helping Miss Ainslee make a dress on Tuesday."

"Last Tuesday?" interrupted Andrew.

Karen Svensen nodded. "Last Tuesday, when the telephone rang and I heard Miss Ainslee say, 'Hello, Peg,' and after a minute she closed the bedroom door. But her voice got so loud I couldn't help hearing that she was quarreling."

She looked at Andrew defensively, but he merely asked her what she heard.

"Only words," she replied. "It was something about coming across, and once or twice she mentioned 'tickets' and 'your husband' and 'your boy friend'; and at last she said, very loud, 'Not a chance!' and banged up the receiver. When she came into the living room she took an envelope out of her pocketbook and went back into the bedroom. I went into the bathroom for some cleaning fluid and I saw her standing with the envelope in her hand as if she was making up her mind where to put it. At last she put it under the paper in the handkerchief drawer.

"When she saw me she was angry, but then she said, 'If Mrs. Fraser should ever ask you about this envelope, you don't know anything about it, do you hear?—and if she should drop in while I'm out don't leave her in here alone!' Then the telephone rang again and she closed the door."

"Did you hear who called this second time?" asked Andrew.

"No, sir, but I guess it was a man because she said very loud several times, 'No, sir!' She seemed to be having another fight."

"You didn't hear what it was about?"

"No," replied Miss Svensen. "Only I heard her scream, 'You'll pay, all right, my good man—and *through the nose!*' and she banged up the receiver."

"Was that all?"

"That was all I heard; but she was trying to get somebody on the phone all day, and they must have kept telling her he was out because I heard her yell once, 'I'm no fool. You tell him if he doesn't call me I'll make it hot for him!' The telephone rang soon after and the door was open.

"First she was very angry. She said, 'Listen here, Barry, you'd better play ball with me if you know what's good for you.' But finally I heard her making an engagement for dinner."

I had formed the habit of watching Gwynn when anything was going on. She seemed interested in Karen's hands—and I looked at them too. But they were just ordinary pudgy little hands with blunt fingers.

As Miss Svensen finished, she turned to Muriel, and the latter opened her purse and drew forth an envelope, which she handed to Andrew. We crowded around while Andrew tore it open. It contained half a dozen pawn tickets from Silvergilt's.

"How did you get these?" he asked.

"Karen, tell His Honor what happened on Wednesday."

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl nervously. "I did not finish my sewing and Miss Ainslee was anxious to have the dress, so she asked me if I could come Wednesday and finish it. I was engaged at Mrs. Prescott's for Wednesday, so on my way home I stopped in at Mrs. Prescott's and she said I could come to her after I finished with Miss Ainslee—so I went there early Wednesday morning."

Gwynn sat up sharply in her chair.

"Miss Ainslee went out at lunch time to meet Mrs. Fraser and while she was gone Mrs. Fraser came to the house. I told her Miss Ainslee had gone to the hotel and she said she was sorry, she had misunderstood, and with that she went into the bathroom. She was in there so long, I realized she was probably in the bedroom and I got nervous. Miss Ainslee once hit me with a yardstick when she was mad.

"So finally I knocked on the bathroom door and said I had to get some buttons out of the bedroom. When I went into the bedroom I was anxious to see if the envelope was safe in the drawer, so I said to Mrs. Fraser, 'Miss Ainslee will be waiting for you.'

"'I'm so sorry,' said Mrs. Fraser, 'but I feel *really ill!* I wonder if there's any water on ice.'

"I knew she wanted me to leave the room, but I acted dumb and began opening the drawers to look for buttons. When she went out for water I reached under the paper and the envelope was still there. I was relieved, I can tell you. But I didn't think it would be safe to leave it there, so I slipped it in my inside coat pocket."

She opened the coat and showed us a pocket in the lining.

"Mrs. Fraser went back into the bedroom and locked the door, but I didn't care because I knew she couldn't find the envelope. After she went out I went on with my work, but everything went wrong and I was so nervous I cut my finger and it wouldn't stop bleeding.

"When Miss Ainslee came in she was in a bad humor and then Mrs. Prescott phoned, but Miss Ainslee said I couldn't go until I finished, as she had a dinner engagement and *had* to wear the dress. While I was sewing she was standing over me and she had me so nervous I couldn't think!

"The telephone rang again and I heard her say, 'It's too bad about your mother, but I'll let you go in time to see her.' And then there was some more arguing and finally she said, 'Oh, all right, come over now if you want to, but don't expect me to let you off.'

"When she came out she snapped at me to hurry along—she would finish the dress herself. She hardly gave me time to close the machine. She handed me my hat and pushed me out of the door just as a young man drove up. It was the same one who had phoned, because the first thing he said was, 'I really can't make it tonight,' and she said, 'Sure you can make it; I'll let you go by ten.'

"I was shaking like a leaf when I went over to Mrs. Prescott's and I threw my coat on a chair and I guess my sleeve knocked over the ink on the desk, because when I went to put it on, the sleeve had a big ink stain on it! I began to cry, and Mrs. Prescott told me she would send the coat to her own cleaner and she lent me a coat to wear. She gave me money to go to the theater and forget what a bad day I had.

"When I got home I remembered for the first time about the envelope and the next morning I called up the cleaner. They had sent the coat to the factory.

"When I heard Miss Ainslee was"—she paused uncomfortably and swallowed—"dead, I wanted to tell Mrs. Prescott about the tickets, but I had to go out to a customer in Rosedale and she kept me over the week-end. But when Mrs. Prescott told me you wanted to see me, I told her the whole story."

"I thought it was worth looking into," said Muriel.

"It is," agreed Andrew, putting the tickets in his pocket. "I'll look into these, although I don't see their significance just now."

"If there's anything else you want to know, I'll bring Karen over any time."

ANDREW walked to the elevator with Muriel, and Gwynn followed Miss Svensen to the door.

"What an odd ring!" said Gwynn. "May I ask where you got it?"

"Mrs. Prescott gave it to me," said Karen, holding out her hand.

"No, I mean the other one." On the third finger of her left hand, Karen wore a silver serpent ring with red stones for eyes. But aside from her eloquent flush, she made no attempt to answer.

"I wonder," Gwynn said, "whether you would care to do some sewing for me."

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Karen.

"Good! Do you think you can find

any velvet—this color—for an evening gown?" Gwynn handed her a chiffon handkerchief, and Karen said she would try to match it.

"You take a look around the shops," suggested Gwynn, "and let me know what you find. I'll be here after lunch."

When Andrew rejoined us, Gwynn said: "Very interesting girl. She evidently didn't care much for Maxine."

"You can't blame her, if Maxine hit her with a yardstick," Andrew remarked. "She's a direct, simple young person and probably she disapproved of Maxine."

"She's simple, all right," admitted Gwynn, "but direct? Why didn't she tell Muriel about those tickets until you phoned? I'm glad she came. Her recital threw light on some previous testimony, didn't it?"

"I wish you wouldn't be so cryptic," said Andrew.

"All right," agreed Gwynn; "I'll make diagrams. Those pawn tickets—would you say they were Peggy Ann's?"

"I'll know in a minute," Andrew answered. "I'm having them looked up."

John March laid a slip of paper on Andrew's desk.

"Aha! I knew it! Those tickets cover some jewels belonging to M. A. Fraser!" he cried.

"You knew it all the time, didn't you?" exclaimed Gwynn. "Well, doesn't it occur to you that those pawn tickets in Maxine Ainslee's possession, with Peggy Ann Fraser doing her darnedest to find them, might be a motive for getting Maxine Ainslee out of the way?"

"You think Peggy Ann Fraser——"

"Well, look at the evidence. Why does a woman pawn her jewels when her husband has plenty of money? Obviously, to cover something he mustn't know about. These pawn tickets are in the possession of her best friend. Why, we don't know. But the day before Maxine Ainslee is murdered, she has a telephone conversation with Peggy Ann in which these two best friends quarrel violently—and tickets, husband and boy friend are mentioned. Peggy Ann was doubtless asking for the return of the tickets—and her best friend informed her that there wasn't a chance.

"The next night Maxine was murdered. Peggy Ann was in front of Maxine's just before the murder and went to the trouble to construct an elaborate alibi. And when you had her cornered she had a tale about the Yellow Lantern Tea Room and a sandwich, all by herself!

"Moreover, she is a fluent liar and would stoop to anything: there was her trick of getting Maxine to meet her at the hotel, and then calling at her house and trying to steal the tickets. Remember, too, how eager she was to pin something on Doctor Weston?

"And consider her character. Crocus says she is carrying on an affair with a salesman—probably the young man she had out shopping. She's pretty reckless, taking chances like that with a rich and jealous husband. You've got all the points of a good case—motive, opportunity, subsequent conduct—all except the weapon. But didn't Peggy Ann once spend a year at a hospital, nursing? Don't you think, Andy, it would be a good idea to have a talk with Peggy Ann before you commit yourself definitely in regard to Edna Weston?"

Andrew nodded. "I suppose I'll find her over at her mother's." He gave an order to March, who returned in a few minutes to say that Mrs. Fraser would be right over. And that Captain Shelby was outside and that Mrs. Crocus wished to speak to him on the telephone.

Andrew made an annoyed grimace.

"I'll talk to her," volunteered Gwynn, and stepped into the outside office just as Shelby was shown in.

"Any news, captain?" inquired Andrew.

"News?" Shelby was taken aback. "I came to find out about Doctor Weston."

Andrew coughed uncomfortably. "I have a reason for delaying a bit. I want to have another talk with Mrs. Fraser."

"Mrs. Fraser?" Shelby was puzzled.

Andrew told him about Karen's visit and the pawn tickets.

"Well, I don't make anything out of these except some private deal of this Mrs. Fraser that Ainslee happened to be in on. No"—Shelby shook his head—"I'm satisfied this Doctor Weston is our woman, and I think she ought to be under lock and key."

"Mmm." Andrew drummed on his desk. "Give me a little more time, captain. In the meanwhile, you've got your eye on her?"

Shelby hoped to tell!

Gwynn reentered the room. Andrew looked at her questioningly.

"Well, did she have anything to say, or was she suggesting another possible murderer?"

"Well," replied Gwynn, smiling, "she just wanted to volunteer a piece of information. It seems that on Wednesday night Mrs. Crocus saw Karen Svensen hurrying down Ninth Street, near Yew, keeping close to the houses. She hadn't thought much of it at the time, but since our visit she got to thinking and she felt it was her duty to tell you about it."

After luncheon Gwynn insisted on going back to Andrew's office. March was afraid to disturb him.

"He'll only be a few moments. There's a man in there reading a report."

With that, the door opened and Jackson, the man Andrew had sent to the Weston Ironworks, appeared, apparently well pleased with something.

Gwynn brushed past him into the office. Andrew was radiant.

"Too bad you weren't here ten minutes ago. You'd have heard something that would have made you change your mind about a few things."

"Is it too late for me to have my mind changed now?"

John March phoned in that Mrs. Fraser was outside.

"Have her wait," said Andrew, and turned to Gwynn. "You know Jackson?"

"He just came out of here."

"That's the one. Well, how do you like this? He saw Weston and asked him whether he knew a Cal Foley and Weston pretended he never heard the name, of course. A few minutes later he left the office, but seeing Jackson he changed his mind and went back.

"Jackson had an operative planted at the telephone company. And sure enough, Weston phoned his mother and his first words were, 'The police know about the package!' and all she said, was, 'Oh, Barry!' And then she told him not to worry, she would think of a way of handling the whole thing. Of course he wanted to know what she had in mind, but she was very mysterious—just like a woman! When she had it all thought out, she'd tell him. But in the meanwhile he was to keep mum if the police questioned him. Well," he concluded triumphantly, "what do you make of that?"

Gwynn stood looking out of the window. "I'm a low creature and nobility makes me weary. Colin dear, promise me you won't ever be noble—or expect me to be."

When we were alone, Gwynn kept the conversation out of personal channels. But once we were with Andrew, she was sure to take advantage of his presence.

"I'll take that up with you some time when we're alone," I replied, in what I tried to make a grim voice. "Andrew's got other things to do."

"Oh, of course!" gasped Gwynn. "Peggy Ann is waiting outside."

Peggy Ann came in with her usual flurry of girlish breathlessness. It seemed to me she overdid the matter of being at ease and artlessly prattling.

Andrew let her rattle on a moment, then laid an envelope on his desk. "Would you mind explaining these?"

Peggy Ann picked up the envelope and there was a strained moment before she raised her wide eyes appealingly to Andrew. "I suppose you're going to be cross with me for not telling you about these," she pouted. But Andrew was in no mood for archness.

"I should like to hear about them now," he replied sternly.

Peggy Ann pulled her chair closer to the desk, then dropped her purse and waited until I had picked it up for her. Obviously, she was stalling for time.

At last she leaned towards Andrew confidentially.

"Well, you *see*, Maxine and *I* played the races together. I got a *tip* from a young *man* I know and I thought it was a *sure thing!* I'm an *awful fool*," she admitted. "I didn't have any cash, so Maxine offered to put up the money for both of us and we—well, we *lost!*"

She looked around to see whether we appreciated her utter frankness. "I didn't have the money to pay Maxine *back*, and of *course* I didn't want *her* to be out the money, so I—well, I *pawned* my *jewels* and gave her the *tickets* as *security* for the balance!"

"What were you doing in Miss Ainslee's bedroom with the door locked on Wednesday, while she was waiting for you at the hotel?" demanded Andrew.

"My husband wanted me to go to the opening dinner of the *Piccadilly* Club; you know it's always a big affair and I'd *have* to wear my jewels or he'd wonder *why*. Well, I wanted *Maxine* to give me back the tickets—but she *wouldn't!*

"She was a regular *peach* about some things, but if it was a question of *money*, she could be a regular *Simon Degree!* There was only one thing I could do and that was pretend I was too *ill* to go to the dinner, and I—well, I had a *breakdown*. And *that's* how I happened to be going up to my sister's for a vacation."

Andrew was merciless. "And you went over to Miss Ainslee's on Wednesday when you knew she wasn't there, intending to steal the tickets?"

"Oh, Your *Honor!* They were really *mine!* I just wanted to get them *back.*"

"And when you couldn't find them, you decided to go back that night and try once more?"

"I *admit* I meant to sleep at Maxine's Wednesday in the *hope* of getting her to change her *mind*, because I *knew* there'd be some *other* affair coming up soon and I'd have to have my *rings* and things. But as I *told* you I went over to Mamma's *instead.*"

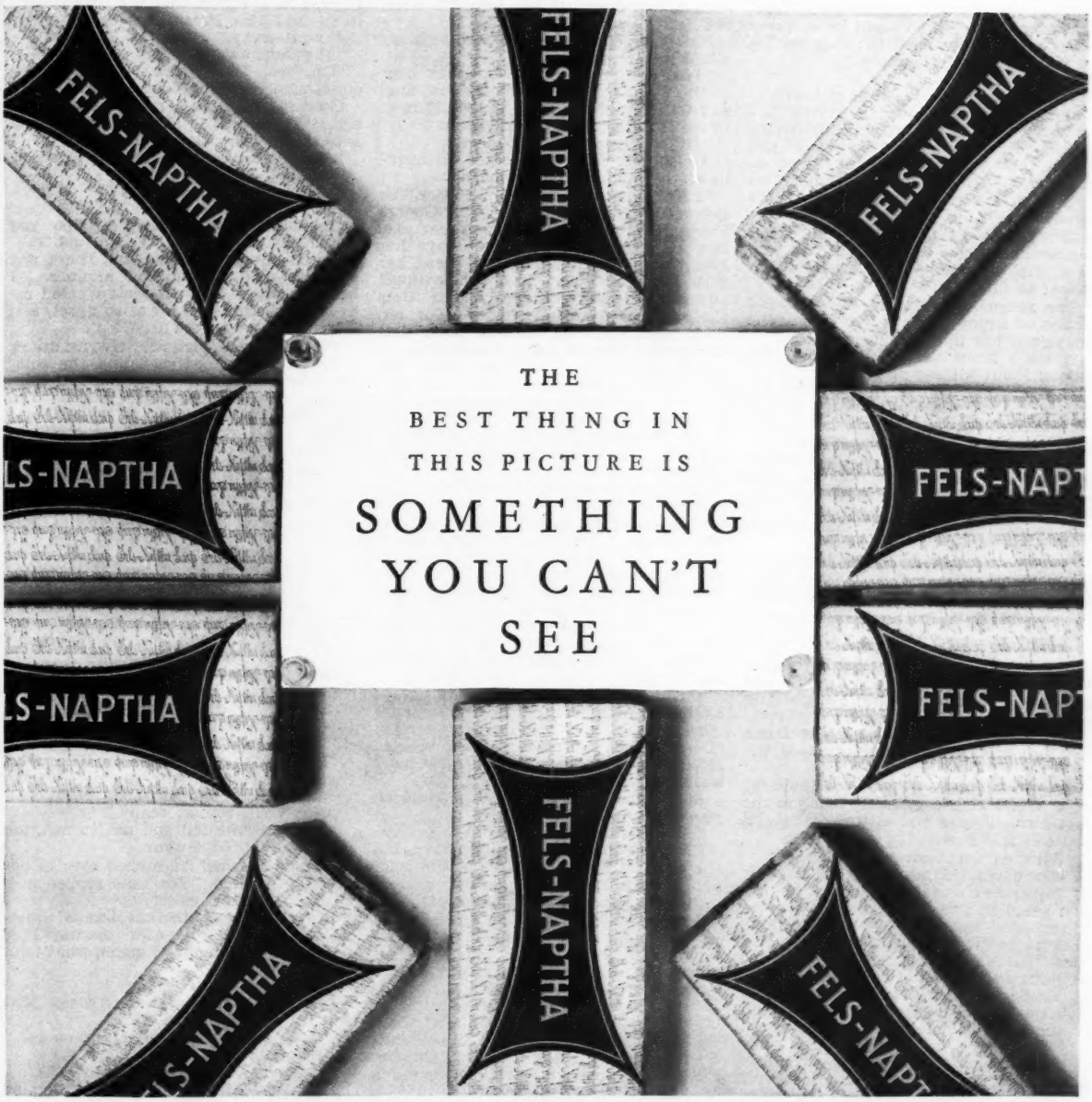
There was a little silence, and then Gwynn spoke.

"May I ask you, Mrs. Fraser, was there any reason why you went to the length of pawning your jewels to pay back part of your gambling debt to Miss Ainslee?"

"Of *course!* I owed her the *money!*"

"But wasn't that taking a great chance—of being found out by your husband?"

"I couldn't *help* it. I couldn't expect *Maxine* to stand my losses!"



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"That was awfully considerate of you. And Miss Ainslee, who could be so queer about money, advanced the sum necessary to cover both your bets?"

"Why, *yes!*"

"Wasn't that very trusting of her?"

"Well, we were the *best* of *friends!*"

"Was there, perhaps, something else involved, that made her willing to trust you—and that made you willing to go to considerable lengths to appease her?"

"I don't know what you *mean,*" fluttered Peggy Ann.

"As your most intimate friend, Miss Ainslee knew some things about you, perhaps, that you wouldn't have wanted Mr. Fraser to find out?"

The rouge stood out in unconvincing circles on Peggy Ann's pale cheeks. She moistened her lips with her tongue.

"I don't know what you *mean!*" she repeated, but without conviction.

"I mean that if Miss Ainslee knew, for instance, that you had another friend here in Hanaford——"

"I haven't any other friend, *really!*"

"Oh, I don't mean any special friend—just a casual acquaintance, perhaps—with whom you had been having luncheon, let us say—she might have threatened to tell your husband if you didn't make good your losses."

"That's *it!*" Peggy Ann exclaimed eagerly. "That's *just* what happened! It was only a *couple* of *lunch* dates, but Mr. Fraser wouldn't have *understood!*"

GWYNN sank back in her chair. Neither she nor Andrew had any more questions and Peggy Ann seemed delighted to escape.

"Well," said Andrew, "so far as I can see that was just a herring across the trail."

Gwynn laughed. "That's gratitude for you. Our little Peggy Ann gives you the first straight lead you've turned up and you call it a herring!"

"What do you mean—straight lead?"

"Here's what I mean. I believe part of Peggy Ann's story about the tickets. She gambled and lost and owed Maxine the money. But I don't believe Maxine's mere threat to tell about some flirtation would have driven the little lady to pawning her jewels! It would have been Maxine's word against Peggy Ann's and I'm sure Little Eva would have been resourceful enough to lie her way out.

"No, Maxine must have had some concrete proof that Peggy Ann couldn't wriggle out of. Of course, she didn't know *what* I *meant!* When I suggested the luncheon parties, she grabbed at them. I got the impression there was something else she was trying to cover up—and consequently nibbled gratefully at what you so poetically call a herring. There's somebody Peggy Ann is trying to keep out of this. And why this sudden nobility—so out of keeping with her character?

"What did Maxine have that was sufficiently damning to make Peggy Ann come across with the money she owed her? And what did she have that made her willing, in the first place, to put up money for Peggy Ann? Maxine certainly knew that Peggy Ann would have left her holding the bag if they lost. She must have had something that was as good as collateral for that loan. And I have a hunch that when we line up the club that Maxine held over Peggy Ann's head, we'll be a long step nearer to solving Maxine Ainslee's murder."

John March came to the door to announce that Harry Appel had returned with his report. Gwynn stopped March on his way out.

"When Miss Karen Svensen comes, send her in here. If His Honor is busy, get her to wait until he's free."

Harry Appel came in, his face boyishly alight with eagerness.

"The regular telephone operator over at the Standard was off for the morning, so I thought I'd run down to East Benton to see if I could find out anything."

"And did you?" asked Andrew.

Appel took from his pocket an envelope, on which he had some notes.

"I found out all about Mrs. Fraser," he grinned. "She's quite a girl. George Fraser, who's more than twice her age, has all kinds of money and buys her everything in the world, but keeps her very close for cash. So she has things charged and returns them for cash. Gets the grocer to advance her five or ten bucks and put it on the bill. Even gets the garage man to pad his bad news.

"The garage man told me about her boy friend in Hanaford. She calls him up from the booth in the garage, and he calls her up there sometimes and leaves messages. His number is Greening 4141. That's the Standard Stationery Company."

"And he's a salesman," observed Gwynn.

Appel shook his head. "I went over to the Standard Stationery Company right after lunch when the regular operator was on and I found out that the man who puts in the East Benton calls is the president—Basil Emery. And the number he calls is the garage."

After Appel had gone, Andrew could not resist crowing over Gwynn.

"Well, you got your wires crossed, didn't you?"

"About the salesman? I can always blame it on the static. It seems there's more to that lady than meets the eye! If we had all the details of her tangled affairs, I believe we'd know a *little* more about Maxine Ainslee's murder."

A few moments later Karen Svensen was announced.

"Send her in," said Gwynn.

Karen Svensen was awfully sorry, but she couldn't find any velvet of the color and quality Mrs. Leith desired.

"That's too bad," soothed Gwynn. "We'll have to make a dress of black. By the way, Miss Svensen, His Honor would like you to think hard whether there isn't some detail you omitted this morning—probably because it seemed so unimportant. But it might seem important to His Honor, who knows a lot about this case that you don't dream of." Gwynn accented the last part of her speech in a manner which conveyed a hint of menacing meaning.

Deep red mounted from the girl's neck to the brim of her blue hat as Gwynn went on.

"You had better be frank with His Honor. Anything you tell him will be entirely confidential and will not be repeated to anybody. But I wouldn't hold back anything, if I were you."

"Well," the girl said in a low tone, "if you really mean nobody will know——"

"Nobody," replied Gwynn firmly.

The girl turned to Andrew. "Well, it's only this, Your Honor. Before Miss Ainslee hid the pawn tickets, she took a tin candy box out of the closet and put it in a hat box, under a hat, and that was what she was doing when I saw her from the bathroom."

"Had you ever seen the candy box before? And have you any idea what was in it?"

Karen Svensen nodded. "Once before Miss Ainslee and Mrs. Fraser had a quarrel about that box and I saw it had letters in it."

"When was that?"

Karen thought. "About two weeks ago. Miss Ainslee got the box out and showed Mrs. Fraser that the letters were in it—and Mrs. Fraser was crying when she went away."

"She went away without the box?"

"Oh, yes; Miss Ainslee put it in the closet again and locked the door."

Gwynn had some further questions to ask. "Tell us, Miss Svensen, where you were last Wednesday night."

"At the theater," she replied in a low voice.

"Were you with anybody?"

"No; I was alone."

"I should think a pretty girl like you would have a beau to take her out."

Karen shook her head and there was something guarded in her manner. "I have no beau. Mrs. Prescott treated me to the show because I was so upset, and I went alone—to the Iris."

"Was it a good picture?" Gwynn asked.

Karen looked confused and the color mounted furiously towards her fair hair. "I don't really know. I fell asleep. You see," she went on hastily, as though some explanation were needed, "I've been upset lately. I had a lot on my mind—personal things," she added quickly.

"We have no desire to pry into your personal affairs," said Gwynn. "You went home alone from the theater?"

"Of course."

"How did you go?"

"I took the J Street bus; it takes me within a block."

"You didn't walk any part of the way? Down Ninth Street, for instance?"

"No," replied Miss Svensen nervously; "I took the bus straight home."

Andrew, who had been listening intently, now asked a question. "Miss Svensen, why didn't you tell me about the box of letters this morning?"

"I—I didn't think of it."

"But that hardly seems credible. Was there some reason why you didn't want me to know about those letters?"

"No, Your Honor, really."

"Did someone tell you not to mention them?" inquired Gwynn.

The girl turned frightened eyes in her direction. Then, "Yes," she replied in a scarcely audible voice.

Gwynn opened another line of questioning. "Did you ever discuss Miss Ainslee with anyone? I mean, what went on at her home?"

"Only with Mrs. Crocus."

"On what sort of terms were Miss Ainslee and Mrs. Crocus?"

"They quarreled sometimes."

"What about?"

"I don't know. Money, I think. I heard Miss Ainslee tell Crocus to mind her own business. She was forever trying to find out things."

"From Miss Ainslee?"

"From everybody."

"You mean she asked you questions?"

"Oh, always. Who was there and who telephoned and what I heard."

"And you told her?"

"Well, she always seemed to be telling *me*, but then I'd realize she was pumping me. She'd always manage to get things out of me, somehow."

"COULD you recall telling Crocus anything about Miss Ainslee that upset her?"

The girl shook her head.

"Anything that interested her particularly?"

Miss Svensen pondered a moment. "Well, the day before Miss Ainslee was killed Crocus was cleaning and I was sewing and she seemed interested in the man Miss Ainslee had been trying to get on the telephone."

"Did you know who he was?"

"Mr. Barry Weston."

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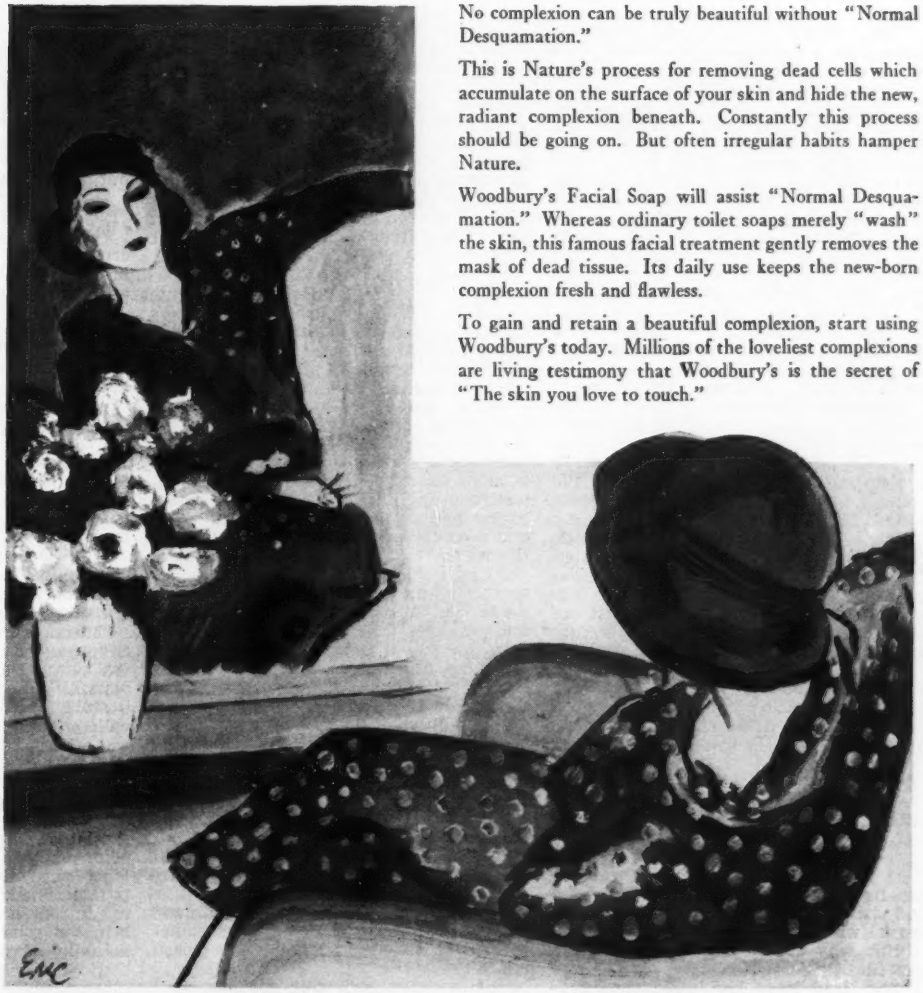

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"Did you ever see Mr. Weston at Miss Ainslee's?"

"Only once—on Wednesday. It took me so long to clear away the machine and things that he got there just as I was going. Miss Ainslee was angry."

"Did you mention anything about what you just told us—to anybody except Mrs. Prescott?"

"Oh, no!"

At Gwynn's next question I started, but the girl answered composedly, although she colored slightly.

"Do you always use Narcisse Noir perfume, Miss Svensen?"

"I got a bottle from Mrs. Prescott last Christmas. Somebody gave it to her and she never uses perfume. Is it too strong?"

"Not at all; I rather like it."

"Crocus said it was terrible, and every time she came into the room she opened the windows. Don't you think that's funny?"

"Very funny," replied Gwynn, and there was a far-away look in her eyes.

Gwynn went out with Karen to shop for black velvet. That left me reading in the anteroom while Andrew and March were closeted in his office. I did not do much reading. What was in back of Gwynn's question about the Narcisse Noir? And why had she taken this roundabout way of getting Karen to return? And what was in back of her question about the picture at the Iris?

And something else struck me, too. Why hadn't Marzi mentioned that Karen Svensen had been sewing there Wednesday? Why did he wish to conceal the fact that Maxine had not been alone? And lastly, what did Gwynn mean by those questions about Crocus?

No, I could not keep my mind on the Post and I almost jumped in my eagerness to greet Gwynn when she returned.

"Well," she said, unrolling the package under her arm, "do you think I'm taking an awful risk having Miss Svensen make this up for me?"

But I was not interested in dresses. I wanted to talk about other things. Gwynn, however, had a wonderful faculty of keeping the talk where she wanted it, and it was not until we were driving home that the Ainslee case worked its way into the conversation.

"I can't understand why that girl held out the part of her story about the box of letters," grumbled Andrew.

"You can't? After she admitted she had been asked not to tell?"

"But by whom?"

"By Muriel."

Andrew almost leaped from his seat. *"What?"*

"I ASKED her whether she had told the story to anyone else and she said no. So it must have been Muriel who asked her not to tell."

"But why should Muriel do a thing like that?"

"She must have had some good reason," replied Gwynn calmly.

"I don't understand yet why you sent her out for that velvet," I interposed.

"It was the first thing that popped into my head to get her back to the office alone to prove a hunch I had."

"What hunch?"

"That there was something Muriel had told her not to tell."

"But what on earth put that in your head?" demanded Andrew.

"Well, when Karen started to talk she kept her eyes not on you but on Muriel, so I kept mine there, too. And once or twice during the telling Muriel nodded her head. There seemed nothing in Karen's recital to call forth her approval. So I got a hunch that Muriel might be approving something that was left out. When it was all over, there was just a flash between their eyes like a signal, 'Okay?' 'Okay!'

"When they were leaving, Muriel said, 'If there's anything else you want to know, I'll bring Karen over any time.' instead of 'I'll *send* her over,' or 'Here's her address; send for her yourself.' So I felt she didn't want her to come here alone, because there was something she didn't want her to tell you. So I fell a prey to a mad yen for a purple velvet gown. It worked, too."

"I wish you'd tell us what you make out of it," I remarked.

"Several things. For one, there seems to be a certain discrepancy between Miss Svensen's account of her movements and Crocus' tale of having seen her on Ninth Street. When Miss Svensen comes to sew for me, there are one or two things I am going to ask her. She certainly proved enlightening today."

"In what way?" demanded Andrew.

"Don't tell me that you didn't realize that the box of letters was what Maxine Ainslee was holding over Peggy Ann's head and what made her pawn her jewels and also what made Maxine feel safe in advancing the money in the first place! And naturally, you recognized it as the same tin box that Marzi found on the table after Maxine had gone out with Barry Weston?"

"Supposing it was," said Andrew; "those letters were addressed to Maxine Ainslee. The only thing I can see that's of any importance is that Muriel asked the girl not to mention the letters. Why should she do that? Unless she knew they had nothing to do with the murder."

"Andy dear, if you won't shoot me, I'll tell you something. I've had a hunch for some time that Muriel knows more than she's told you. Don't forget how *positive* she's been that Doctor Weston wasn't guilty. And if she knew those letters had nothing to do with the murder, then she *must* know something about the murder that you don't know."

I had an idea. "How about that car that followed her from your house and made her so nervous about her doors and windows that night? Do you suppose she knows something and doesn't dare tell it because there's somebody she's afraid of?"

Andrew digested the new thought. "What do you say if we drop in at Muriel's and have a few words with her?"

Gwynn thought it a splendid idea and after dinner we stopped at Muriel's house. She was waiting for some friends who were going to take her for a drive, and she had her hat and coat on.

"Muriel," began Andrew soberly, "I want you to answer me honestly. Are you afraid of anything?"

"What makes you think that, Andrew?"

"Well, I have a feeling there's something you haven't told me. You asked me to get to the bottom of this—and you ought to come clean with me."

Muriel turned troubled eyes on him. "I admit I've held back certain things that didn't seem important or relevant. For instance, I asked Miss Svensen not to tell you about some letters Maxine had. It wouldn't do any good to drag them in. I happen to know that the person concerned had nothing to do with Maxine's death. You'll *have* to take my word for it, Andrew."

"I wish you'd be frank with me, Muriel. If any innocent person is involved, I'll do my darnedest to keep him out. You ought to have enough confidence in me——"

"Couldn't you have that same amount of confidence in me?" Andrew shook his head stubbornly and Muriel flung out her hands in a gesture of helplessness. "It would distress me to rake up the ashes of a sad old story. But if you really want to hear an old tragedy that can't have anything to do with anything ——I'll tell you. But I'd rather not."

"Andrew doesn't want to pry into anything that hasn't any bearing on his investigations," said Gwynn. "It's only his old sleuth blood that makes him act that way. Let's walk out on him. I'd like to use your telephone, if I may?"

"Certainly," replied Muriel gratefully. "There's one in the library, and an extension in my bedroom upstairs."

"Thank you; I'll use the one down here if you don't mind."

Muriel escorted Gwynn into the library and I saw that Gwynn was murmuring something to her confidentially. Muriel smiled and nodded.

MURIEL'S friends arrived and carried her off. She asked us to convey to Gwynn her farewells and apologies. I wondered with whom Gwynn could be having that interminable conversation! I was tempted to open the library door half a dozen times but finally she came out, carrying a book.

"It was so fascinating," she explained, "I couldn't put it down."

"Do you mean to say you had the crust to keep us waiting here while you browsed through the library?" I asked as I helped her into the car.

"Why, Colin darling, the number I was calling was busy and I just happened to open this book."

"Whom were you calling?" I simply had to know.

"Colin! That's a *very* bad sign!" She turned to Andrew, smoking moodily in his corner of the car. "Well," she said, "the more of this soup we eat, the thicker it gets, doesn't it?"

Andrew grunted. "What gets my goat is, everybody but me seems to have information up their sleeve."

"Up *his* sleeve," corrected Gwynn irritatingly. "I don't blame you. Everybody *does* seem to be keeping still or lying to save someone else."

"Marzi didn't tell you that Karen Svensen was there Wednesday," I put in.

"Colin! Did you think that all out in your little head? Andrew, isn't he wonderful? Marzi lies about Maxine having callers, then reluctantly admits Weston was there but continues to shroud in silence the fact that Karen Svensen was there too; Barry Weston won't tell anything—doubtless from a chivalrous desire to shield someone else.

"Doctor Weston emulates the noble clam and Miss Saunders retires into silence the minute her Galahad's name is mentioned. Even Peggy Ann is willing to remain under a cloud rather than bring in someone else—and now Muriel actually admits she is shielding somebody. I've always said there's too darn much nobility in the world. It's a bore."

"Bore?" exclaimed Andrew. "It's an epidemic! I'm sick of the whole darn business." He helped her out of the car. "If you two love birds will excuse me I'm going to read in bed and forget all about it."

"Excuse you?" said Gwynn. "We'll positively bless you!"

But after he had gone, she picked up her book and went upstairs too.

"I thought," I said, "that you were going to stay here and talk to me."

She smiled and shook her head. "I want to do some thinking along serious lines and you're a distraction."

"I don't believe you're going to think

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at all; you just want an excuse for wallowing in that fool book."

She smiled at me from the stairs. "I admit," she said, "that I'm going to read a while, but then I'm going to think."

"Is it too much to ask what you're going to think about?"

"About tousle-headed puritans and taffy-colored gypsies!" she teased and flew up the stairs.

Shelby stopped off at the house on his way downtown. We were ready to leave and he drove down with us.

Shelby was out of humor and spoke in a querulous voice. "I don't know what to make of it, Your Honor, but it looks like the Saunders girl and young Weston are plannin' to give us the slip."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, yesterday she went into the travel bureau at the Hanaford Arms and inquired about train routes to Yucatan. After that she went and had a chat with Doctor Weston, and Miss Winkle tells me she asked if you had to be vaccinated to get into Mexico."

Andrew was concerned over Shelby's news. "I don't know what to make of it. We've got nothing on either of them, but I don't like the idea that they're trying to sneak away at this time."

Gwynn slipped her hand into her brother's. "If Mr. Shelby is watching them so closely they can't possibly get away. I shouldn't worry about it if I were you."

Andrew nodded. "There's something in that. Time enough to nab them if they try to get out of town."

Shelby left us at the city hall, plainly disgruntled.

"Listen, you two kids," said Andrew as we followed him into his office. "I don't want to seem inhospitable, but——"

"We know. You have to work—and we'll give you the morning off if you'll lend us a badge from one of your men. Colin and I have an appointment to call on a gentleman."

"What gentleman?" demanded Andrew. "And what are you up to now?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Everything was so murky, I felt sorry for you, and I decided I'd try to get you some light. So I called up Mr. Basil Emery—Peggy Ann's boy friend—and made a date with him. He was pretty cagy, and I had to say I represented a new hotel and we were thinking of placing a big stationery order. But after we're in, we might need a badge to flash. Although I don't expect to have any trouble. He's a man."

"But what can you find out from him? He'll get in touch with Peggy Ann and find out what she wants him to say."

"That's what I thought, Andy dear," cooed Gwynn; "so last night at Muriel's I phoned Peggy Ann and told her in your name that she could run on home."

"Now look here, Gwynn——"

"I know it was awfully presumptuous, darling, but I didn't think you'd care to have me discuss it in front of Muriel. I think it's cruel to keep raking this thing over with her."

"But couldn't you have waited until we got home?"

Gwynn shook her head. "If I'd waited, Peggy Ann might have delayed her start until this morning and I gave her plenty of time to get away last night. She was awfully grateful—said I didn't *know* how much it would *mean* to her to get back to her *baby* and Mr. *Fraser*—and how *happy* he would be to have her *back!*

"She wanted to know when she could have the pawn tickets and I told her you'd take the matter up with her personally. She seemed relieved. She'd *so* much rather deal with a man! And so would I, Andy dear. That's why I think it won't hurt if I have the talk with Mr. Emery, instead of you."

Andrew looked at her grimly. "Anything else?" he demanded.

"Let's see," she mused. "It occurs to me there's one avenue of investigation that the police have overlooked. Everybody seems agreed that Maxine was queer about money! But nobody has taken the trouble to look into her money affairs. It might be a good idea to let a man look into that phase of her life."

"It won't hurt," Andrew admitted; "although I can't see what it will get us."

"As you say," replied Gwynn, "it won't hurt. May I speak to the man before you put him on?"

"Certainly," acquiesced Andrew and, ringing for March, he asked him to get Hyman over to the office quickly. "He's a public accountant," he explained, "and he knows how to use his bean."

Mr. Hyman was genuinely elated over a summons from the mayor. Andrew explained what he wanted and wrote an authorization.

As Hyman rose to go, Gwynn rose too. "I know you want to work, Andrew, so Colin and I will be running along. Will you meet us for lunch over at the Grill?"

As we stepped into the hall, however, Gwynn turned to me.

"I'm sorry, Colin, but I think I left my handkerchief in Andrew's office; will you see? I'll meet you downstairs."

When I came down she was in earnest conversation with Mr. Hyman.

As soon as I came up, she stopped. But I heard him say, "I'll get in touch with somebody in Baltimore right away."

We took a taxi over to the Standard Stationery Company, which was about a mile from the city hall on the top floor of a new building. We were shown immediately into Mr. Emery's office, which was carpeted with a beautiful dull red rug and lined with bookshelves—over which hung etchings.

Mr. Emery's secretary asked us to be seated. Mr. Emery would be with us in a moment.

"A Bokhara rug, a Whistler, a Haskell and two Brangwyns," said Gwynn rapidly. "A man of taste and culture. That will make it easier for us. Although why he should fall for Peggy Ann Fraser!"

Basil Emery came in—a tall, thin man with soft gray hair and a gentle voice.

Gwynn introduced me, and then began: "Mr. Emery, I hope you will forgive the deception I practiced to secure this interview. We wish to speak to you on a matter more serious than any order for stationery. It is in connection with the murder of Miss Ainslee—a case on which Mr. Keats and I are working under authorization of the mayor.

"Mrs. Fraser, as Miss Ainslee's closest friend, has been drawn into this unfortunate affair, and the police have unearthed certain matters which involve you also. It was safer, I thought, not to mention all this over the telephone. And Mr. Emery, you will realize, I hope, that the best thing you can do for yourself—and for Mrs. Fraser—is to tell us freely what you know. I assure you that you may rely on our discretion."

Emery fastened his eyes on Gwynn's face, but the first time she mentioned Mrs. Fraser's name, he looked away.

Now he said, "I should be glad to help if there were any way in which I could be of service. Will you pardon me a moment while I instruct my secretary to cancel my next appointment?"

He wrote something on a piece of paper and when the girl appeared handed it to her. As she went out, he turned once more to Gwynn.

"What is it you want me to tell you?"

"Were you with Mrs. Fraser at any time Wednesday evening?"

He shook his head. "Mrs. Fraser was not in Hanaford Wednesday. She did not arrive until Thursday morning."

"You're sure?"

"Positive; I met her at the station when she came in Thursday morning and had breakfast with her. She was planning to go to the mountains, but when we read of Maxine Ainslee's death we both agreed that it would be better if she remained in Hanaford."

"You read in the papers, later, that a lady with a bunch of balloons was seen in front of Miss Ainslee's house on the night of the murder? And that this same lady drove out of a garage in a black Hupmobile? Mrs. Fraser owns a black Hupmobile with red wire wheels, does she not?"

"She does—but luckily for Mrs. Fraser, her car has been laid up in a garage in South Benton since Tuesday evening. At a time like this, even so slight a coincidence might involve any girl in a painful grueling by the police."

There was no doubt of the man's sincerity or his assurance. Peggy Ann had spun him one of her romances, and he had swallowed it whole.

"How fortunate for her!" murmured Gwynn. "Then Mrs. Fraser was not in Hanaford at all on Wednesday?"

"Not at all," he replied with conviction.

His secretary entered and placed a note before him. He frowned slightly, then dismissed the matter. Even I wasn't fooled. He had put in a call for Peggy Ann Fraser and learned that she had returned to East Benton. Gwynn had reckoned shrewdly.

"You see, Mr. Emery," she resumed, "when I spoke of your being involved, I referred to your own connection with Maxine Ainslee."

The setting of the muscles in his neck belied the casual tone in which he answered. "I scarcely knew Miss Ainslee—and then only as Mrs. Fraser's friend."

"Still," persisted Gwynn, "you did have relations—of a sort—with Miss Ainslee?"

He sat up sharply. "I hope you're not implying that I had any questionable relations with that woman?"

"Not questionable in the moral sense of the word, but questionable in that they were involved and not of a sort that would bear scrutiny."

"Involved? Bear scrutiny?"

"It's too bad that you should have been forced to have any dealings with a woman of Miss Ainslee's caliber. But we often find ourselves caught in a web not of our own weaving—and certainly not to our liking."

I wondered what on earth she was driving at, but she spoke in a manner which convinced me that she knew something of which I was ignorant. Emery gave a tolerant smile.

"And how, may I ask, did you learn about all this?"

"If we had learned all about it we wouldn't have to ask any further questions. But we only learned enough to make us hope you would be good enough to tell us the details."

Emery smiled crookedly. "You can hardly expect me to do that," and he added somewhat hastily, "Even if there *were* such an involved transaction as you suggest. Unless, however, you tell me first what you know——"

"Naturally," agreed Gwynn; "I think that's fair enough." In spite of her easy assurance, I wondered how she was going to bluff it out. "It's no news to you, of course, that Miss Ainslee was

"Many Men are Failures because of *INTESTINAL FATIGUE*"

declares Italy's great Physician-Statesman

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"Frequently," Dr. Paolucci says, "a doctor comes upon really strong personalities who have been unsuccessful because of the effects of constipation—'intestinal fatigue.'

"How can this condition be corrected? Obviously not by purgatives and laxative pills," he explains.

"Fresh yeast," he declares, "strengthens 'tired' intestines, restoring their activity so that poisons no longer form. Appetite and digestion improve . . . the individual's whole appearance is freshened."

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Think of it—just a simple fresh food that brings really natural relief from constipation . . . that tones up your whole system . . . helps you regain mental alertness, energy, "pep"!

Try it! Each cake of *Fleischmann's* Yeast, you know, is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G, and D. At grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

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"I felt groggy from constipation," *writes* George F. Sullivan *of Mattapan, Mass.* "Fleischmann's Yeast cleared out my system and brought back appetite and sleep."

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like.

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A smile is the badge of the Saline Cocktail Club!

SERENE smiles and unruffled tempers mark the men whose days begin with a Saline Cocktail!

For, with the help of this sparkling combination, many a dull morning outlook quickly shows a big improvement!

Here's the way you mix it—whenever you wake up feeling sluggish, tired and half-sick:

Go to the bathroom . . . into a glass of cool water drop a spoonful or so of Sal Hepatica. (Measure with a bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink it down!

Promptly, efficiently and yet gently, this splendid saline works to clear up the system. Women like it, for it keeps the skin smooth and healthy. Men drink it because it keeps them fit all day long!

Constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism and many common digestive troubles are foes to health that make no headway against Sal Hepatica! More than any other kind of laxative it corrects acidity, it cleanses the blood, it sweeps away toxic wastes.

For the drinking of saline waters, there is precedent abroad as well as in this country. Throughout the world, physicians recognize and advocate the marked advantages of this method of keeping well. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines and is the efficient American equivalent of the famous European health springs!

From your doctor, learn more about the saline way to health. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . And join up with all men, everywhere, who refuse to feel dull and listless—whose smiles proclaim them members of this Saline Cocktail Club!

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trying to get money from Mrs. Fraser?"

He hesitated, his eyes clouding angrily. "I knew it, of course. Mrs. Fraser told me of her carelessness in putting herself in the power of such a woman; but she's so innocent, she trusts everybody."

"And Miss Ainslee tried to force Mrs. Fraser to raise money to reclaim her pawn tickets."

"After all Mrs. Fraser had done for her! Peggy Ann"—in his excitement the name slipped out—"gave her her jewels to pawn in order to help out her friend, and then this woman had the effrontery to keep the tickets and demand money for their return!" His bland manner had dropped and he was furious. "The woman was absolutely depraved! She deserved what she got!"

Gwynn nodded sympathetically. "Of course the letters put Mrs. Fraser completely at Maxine Ainslee's mercy?"

"What letters?" The words came out like a report from a gun.

With her uncanny woman's instinct Gwynn had seized the moment when rage had robbed him of his caution to mention the letters. And before he could recover his composure, she went on:

"The letters on monogrammed blue stationery which were stolen from Miss Ainslee's home."

"Mrs. Fraser had a right to those letters!"

The minute he had said it, he realized his error and as he bit his lip, I noticed that it was pale. And for the first time I remarked that the letters on his desk were written on a strange shade of paper—a sort of robin's-egg blue.

Will Basil Emery's revelations put Gwynn Leith on the track of Maxine Ainslee's murderer? Viola Brothers Shore tells you—Next Month

Mother's Boy Jack

(Continued from page 85)

think he'd inhale it," but I'm not like him.

Uncle Tim never worked in a regular stone quarry; you must mean the time he worked on the rock pile and they gave his wife only a dollar a day.

I'm sorry I got those shoes dyed. I got the stuff all over the cuffs of my flannel pants, and I had to throw them away. But we'll be in Lynn Monday and that's a great shoe town. I'll be able to pick up a pair for a couple of dollars.

Tell little Joe not to do me any favors; I don't care if he comes to see me when I play Boston or not.

Well, I've got to stop now. I'm going to duck out and get some bicarbonate of soda; I ate some guinea-hen livers with cheese for supper and it's been laying up in my chest ever since.

Your loving son,
Johnny

Charlestown, Mass.
May 14th, 1910.

Dear Son:

There's no use of your talking I'm coming to see you at Lynn although I can't say right now what day it will be. It's plain to me that you don't want me to meet that La Tour woman, although it was your idea in the first place.

I keep telling your father that it's all his fault that you're making such a fool of yourself; if I'd had my way you'd never have gone on the road alone. You're too young in the first place and you have no common sense at all. Little Walter would know better than to eat livers and cheese on a hot day.

Not only you can't hang on to a cent

A man past 40

Because of his position, the man "higher up" may have halitosis (unpleasant breath) and get away with it. But with the employee whose shoes are easy to fill it's a different story. Records show that halitosis is excuse enough for letting a man go—especially if his work puts him in contact with others whom he may offend.

There can be no denying that it is a definite barrier to business and social progress.

And the insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. It simply cannot be detected by its victims.

Remember also that not one person in ten escapes halitosis entirely. Every day in even normal mouths, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise or are already present.

Decaying or poorly cared for teeth may cause it. Or pyorrhea and catarrh. Or excesses of eating or drinking which cause temporary stomachic disorders.

The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond suspicion is to use Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle, every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others.

Listerine ends halitosis because it is an antiseptic and germicide* which attacks fermentation, decay, and infections which cause odors. It is also a swift deodorant, overcoming even strong scents such as those of onion and fish. Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it daily. Common decency demands it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts up to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**

Listerine *ends* halitosis

but now you're getting your stomach in a bad way and then you will have something to worry about. Your uncle Ned married a Frenchwoman and she sent him to his grave long before his time with her fancy dishes.

You don't have to worry about me making a scene with your friend. I just want to tell her a few things I think she ought to know.

You say these foreign women don't try to work men, but it's strange she's got more out of you the last few weeks than I have in the last two years. That Normandie girl is just as bad; I don't see why she's playing that cheap vaudeville if she's such a singer.

I felt it in my bones that those hotel people would get after you for what you did in Newport. I think they had a nerve charging a dollar for a bath towel. When did you buy those white flannel pants? You didn't tell me about it.

No wonder I can't get anything from you when you throw your money away like that. You've got to get hold of yourself, son; go to furnished rooms and stop buying meals for women.

WHAT did you want to get a bill folder for? A lot of use you'll have for it with that woman around. Your father's nose is down some but he's still around the house, so you can see what I've been going through.

Don't tell me anything about that Captain Flaud and his wife; anybody that would eat an arc light is crazy and don't let them talk you into eating any glass. Please keep out of trouble until I can give you some advice.

There should be two things to do on Monday morning: one is to go to the theater and rehearse your act and the other is to send me some money on your way to rehearsal, so that is really the first thing to do. Between Joe and your father I've got enough on my hands, and I should think you'd try and make things a little easier for me.

Love,
Mother

P.S. I'm coming to Lynn, never you mind when.

Lynn, Mass.
May 16th, 1910.

Stopping at American Plan Boarding House (with meals) $1.25
Fare from Westerly 2.10
Tips, etc. ..... .25

COMIQUE THEATER

One week—Salary—$40.00.

No. 1 Carlos Sanchez—(Who cares).
No. 2. Dudley-Lorraine Co. (Woman very clever).
No. 3. Thomas J. Beardsley & Co. in "Tainted Gold."
No. 4. Jack Donahue in "Feats with Feet."
No. 5. Rooney's Seals.

Dear Mud:

Well, here I am in the big shoe town and all set for a big week, when I get an awful setback. There's no use of your coming down now, Mud; Adrienne is gone. And believe me if I find out Dad is behind this there'll be trouble.

It's cost me a fortune already in phone calls but all I can find out is that she left town suddenly yesterday afternoon. And there's nothing I can do about it at all. I'm going on tonight of course; I'm too much of a trooper not to, but I'll have to take a good shot of rye before I go on or I won't be able to go through with it.

I couldn't find a furnished room but found something that is even better. I'm stopping at an American plan boarding house, and all it costs is $8.74 for the week with all my meals. I've just had the first meal and I have no appetite but it certainly was good. We started off with vegetable soup, then roast pork and apple sauce, mashed potatoes and stewed corn, and prune whip for dessert and your choice of coffee, tea or milk.

Some clown reaching for the mashed potatoes knocked over a cup of coffee in my lap. It's lucky I had a dark suit on; you can hardly notice it. A Mrs. O'Brien runs the place; she used to be a soubrette with the "Cuddlin' Cuties Company." Her stage name was Flossie Footlights. She certainly knows how to make an actor feel at home.

A funny thing, I got in town here with just eight cents in my pocket. But I won't need any money, I'll get my meals at Mrs. O'Briens and I can draw from the manager to get my shoes.

Please stop worrying about me, Mud; I've been having a few tough breaks but they're nothing that couldn't happen to anybody. This week alone will take me out of the hole and from then on you get yours as regular as clockwork.

I'm glad Dad's nose is going down. I'm sorry I couldn't have been there to get a look at it; I know how funny those things look. How tall is little Joe, and how much does he weigh? I've got an idea and if it works out alright, we may be able to get him work.

Well, I've got to stop now; I must write to my agent. I met a little Austrian waitress here, and I think I can do something for her with Mr. Church, the agent. Maybe he can find some dramatic work for her; she's got a swell body, too.

Your loving son,
Jiggs

Charlestown, Mass.
May 18th, 1910.

Dear Son:

For heaven's sake don't spend any more money trying to find Adrienne. She was out to the house last night for supper. Your father had nothing to do with it. I just happened to see in the paper that she was filling in for an act at the Palace in Boston, so I went over to see her and she seemed real pleased to see me when I told her who I was.

Son, I must tell you I was all wrong about the girl; she's not the one I used to see with the trained mice, she seems to be real sensible and I don't know what she must think of your father trying to be cute with that funny-looking nose of his.

The only thing that puzzles us now is what she should want to hang around with you for. I suppose though that all girls like to have somebody to pay for their meals; that's how I started going around with your father.

I suppose by the time you get this letter, she'll be back in Lynn to see you. She just worked for two days here. When I saw what a nice girl she was, I stopped worrying so much about you. Maybe it's for the best that you like a girl like Adrienne; now maybe you'll stop making love to every girl you meet.

That American plan sounds all right but there'll probably be some catch to it. See that you get up and get all your meals; you're paying for them anyway.

Joe is five foot ten and weighs one hundred and eight pounds; if there's any chance of getting him work for heaven's sake do your best.

Do you remember that little Dolan girl that lived next door to us on Rutherford Avenue? She ran off the other day and married a Y.M.C.A. field worker; her poor old mother was over crying to me and I had to sit up all night with her.

What is that "Feats with Feet" business? Are you doing a different act? I'd like to see those seals myself; they're just like human beings. I saw one juggle a ball on his nose one time.

Oh, yes, your father's nose is better some days and then it gets bad again. We're trying to get it fixed up in time for the Hibernians picnic next Sunday; it would be a terrible thing if he got hit on it.

I'll have to close now. Joe is trying to choke little Walter. I do hope you get that job for Joe. Take care of yourself, be a good boy and don't forget to send me some money.

Love,
Mother

P.S. Don't be too nice to those waitresses; that Mary Rocco hadn't been working in Gridleys a week when she came home with a new mink muff.

Lynn, Mass.
May 20th, 1910.

My dear Mud:

Got your letter and it certainly was a surprise to me to hear that Adrienne had been out to the house. And me spending my hard-earned dough trying to find her—here. Oh, boy, what a sap I was!

Well, one satisfaction I've got; she fooled you and the rest of the family too. I've been double-crossed many times, but never in my life did I have anything like this pulled on me.

When you stop to realize the things I've done for her, it makes you wonder if there is such a thing as gratitude. Of course I'm not the kind of a guy who stops to figure up what he spends on a girl, but it must run somewhere up around thirty or forty dollars.

Well, she came down to see me all right and everything was lovely till she found out this fellow Sanchez was on the bill. He's a Mexican and he opens the show; the boys have been telling me he's a bad baby with a knife.

Well, it seems he's an old friend of Adrienne's and right away he started making a big play for her. This afternoon was the first real chance I had to see her; we're taking a little walk when up runs the Greaseball with a knife in his hand as long as your arm.

It's a good thing I'd been tipped off to him and I put everything I had in the first one I let go. It got him in the mouth and it was a crusher. I could feel him sag; when he comes too, he starts yelling, "Who's going to pay for these teeth?" There was nothing the matter with his teeth, just loosened a little, but those Mexicans can't take it.

But here's the funny part of it. I hadn't been paying any attention to Adrienne in the excitement, when all of a sudden she hauls off, kicks me in the shins, for no reason at all. I naturally figured the kid had gone nuts in the excitement, so I said, "Wait a minute, honey; it's Jack; everything's all right."

I'LL NEVER forget what she said to me, "I'll show you if it's all right, you cheap hoofer; you've got a nerve hitting my sweetheart." And here's the part that will make your blood run cold; just then I get a stinging pain in my leg, and I look down and see her little mutt Zaza is taking a piece out of my calf.

Meanwhile we've got a big crowd around with all the yelling and barking and I have to do something to get them off me. Nobody was around when the guy pulled the knife and the dame is making me look very bad. Finally I gave her a little shove and brushed the dog aside with my foot and started back to

"Palmolive, blended of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm, we find, is an excellent skin cleanser. Its careful use results in fine textured, satiny skin."
THE MARINELLO COMPANY
America's Great Beauty School

"We recommend Palmolive"

say the great MARINELLO Beauty Schools

"it assists in our own treatments"

"THE bland olive and palm oils in Palmolive Soap are nature's great cosmetic oils," the heads of Marinello teach their students of beauty culture. And they say, further, that "its (Palmolive's) rich lather gently cleanses the pores, keeps the texture fine, the surface satiny."

Every year thousands of Marinello graduates join the ranks of professional beauty operators. There are, today, over 50,000 graduates . . . trained, skilled professionals who have the benefit of the Marinello background, with its twenty years of scientific research on beauty culture.

Marinello—standard quality

The name Marinello represents a high standard of scientific beauty culture. It is nationally recognized, not only by the smartest women in America, but by State Boards, State Examiners and Health Departments.

Think what it means, then, to have such a group of schools advise one particular soap! Such approval is authoritative! And such approval is given to Palmolive!

Palmolive is made of vegetable oils. It is not artificially colored. It needs no heavy perfume to mask undesirable odors. It is a true beauty soap, as thousands of experts will testify.

"The basis of skin loveliness," heads of Marinello say, "is the properly cleansed skin. In our instruction in the care of many types of complexions, we urge the proper use of soap in dermatological hygiene, laying great stress upon the soap itself that is used.

"In conjunction with our special creams —Marinello Astringent Cream, and Marinello Acne Cream, for instance—we find Palmolive Soap a valued auxiliary."

Use Palmolive this way

With both hands massage Palmolive lather into the skin. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. And after that, you're ready for powder and rouge. Use Palmolive for the bath, too. Take the advice of Marinello and 23,719 other great experts both here and abroad. They are trained to know.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

6073

Retail Price 10c

the rooming house, with the crowd right after me.

I got back to the house all right, but you can imagine how I feel about the whole thing. I'm sending you fifteen dollars; I was going to show her a good time, but I won't need it now. I hope this thing has been a lesson to you. Now maybe you won't be so quick about saying people are all right.

To make it worse, this boarding house turned out to be an awful fake. The first meal I got here was the only decent one.

Just as I said before, it's your own kind that stabs you in the back. From now on I'm not going to do any business with the Irish. That Dolan girl had the right idea; she's better off than if she'd married some donkey.

Take this Rooney that has the seals on the bill this week; I was doing my monologue and getting over nice when out flopped one of his seals. He must have thought I had a fish on me, because he came right over to me and I couldn't get him to move; he killed every point I tried to make and when I danced he was under my feet.

The scheme I had for Joe is no good; I thought they might take him in the navy but he's too light. If he was even close to the right weight, you could feed him banannas and water for a few days, but it's no use he's too far off.

I feel so disgusted right now I hate to even go out on the street. I'll sneak over to the theater tonight, and they'd better not start anything, especially that mutt, Zaza, when I've got my wooden shoes on. I'm going to watch that sketch again tonight. I'm right in the mood for it. It's about an old man who made his money selling bum oil stocks. He treated his own daughter so mean she had to run away from home.

Well, he goes to New York and he's at a cabaret. He gets stinko and asks the hostess to fix him up with a nice young girl, and who do they get him but his own daughter. I cried like a baby the first time I saw it, but tonight I can watch the whole thing.

I said up above that I was sending you $15.00. Well, you'll notice it's only $10. I think I'll run in tomorrow night and see you. But you've got to promise not to bawl me out. I've been through enough already.

Ellenkay (that's a slick way of meaning Love and Kisses) the Austrian waitress tipped me to that.

Johnny

P.S. Have you got that Mary Rocco's address? She's one kid that's a regular; she can have anything I've got.

The Girl in the 5th Floor Back *(Continued from page 71)*

it's because I'm guilty and afraid to meet anybody's eyes," Nicky had informed herself, with that flippancy that she wore like armor over every other emotion these days. "And if I don't stay in the house it's because I'm just brazening it out."

No member of her family had known that she was going, nor did they know where she was. She had started with fifty dollars and a fantastic idea that she might find work. How fantastic that was she now knew.

"Have you had previous experience?" she had been asked, again and again.

Nicky hadn't. And when she might have landed, the stumbling block had been, "Of course we require references."

So there was no reason why she should be up at eight o'clock. Life had become a nightmare; she had the wit to realize that unless the murder were fastened upon someone else she would live and die under a shadow. And she also had the wit to suspect that no search was being made in any other direction.

If, as was possible, a police officer stood outside the door she didn't give a darn. She had reached that point.

But it was Mrs. Moriarty who entered. The way she always entered, without waiting for an invitation.

"The plumber wants to look at the plumbing," she informed Nicky.

"The plumbing?" echoed Nicky.

"The tank—over in the corner," explained Mrs. Moriarty.

Nicky's eyes went back to the ceiling. "Well, let him," she said.

The etiquette of the situation did not, obviously, worry her as it did Mrs. Moriarty. In Mrs. Moriarty's opinion no decent, self-respecting girl would want a plumber to come into her room while she was in bed. Just why, Mrs. Moriarty could not have said, but she ached to argue it. But not, she abruptly remembered, while she was paying a plumber for standing around.

"Come in," she directed Bill.

Bill came in, a bit abashed. But he paid no attention to Nicky. He examined the tank. Then:

"The ball is out of order," he announced. "You need a new one but I can fix this one so it will carry on. I'll get a special wrench I carry."

He departed, leaving Mrs. Moriarty.

"I think you had better get up and get dressed," said Mrs. Moriarty austerely.

"Do you?" Nicky replied, as one who is not interested.

"No self-respecting, decent girl——"

"What makes you think I am, anyway?" suggested Nicky.

"I don't," snapped Mrs. Moriarty. "I knew the minute I set eyes on you there was something wrong with you. And I'll thank you, miss, to leave my house. I don't intend to——"

"You forget," said Nicky, "that I paid you four dollars for the week."

"That makes no difference."

"Oh, yes, it does," Nicky assured her. "Try to put me out."

"I will call a policeman," stated Mrs. Moriarty, quivering with rage, "and——"

Bill interrupted her. "There's a coal man downstairs with a couple of tons of coal," he informed Mrs. Moriarty. "At least he says it's a couple of tons but it looks short to me. You'd better——"

He did not finish. Mrs. Moriarty was already on her way downstairs.

Nicky, no longer chaperoned, let her eyes go back to the ceiling. Bill was obviously being ignored. But he did not feel abashed.

"Do you suppose she was ever anybody's mother?" he ventured, referring to Mrs. Moriarty.

Nicky glanced at him just long enough to suggest utter disdain. "Would you mind concentrating on the plumbing?" she suggested coolly.

"The plumbing is functioning—was before I started downstairs," he assured her, as coolly.

"Then what are you doing here now?" she demanded.

Bill grinned. It was one of the nicest things he did. "I just came back to see if you would be interested in a job. Because if you are, I can put something in your way. Not much—eighteen or twenty a week. It might tide you over, though."

"Tide me over what?" demanded Nicky.

"Temporary financial stringency," he assured her audaciously.

"What makes you think——"

"Oh, I heard what your charming landlady said about you just now—and I guessed the rest. You are out of a job, aren't you?"

Nicky hesitated. In a way she was. "Yes," she began, "but——"

"Okay, then," he broke in. "I'm offering you one."

It was preposterous, fantastic. But then life was preposterous, fantastic.

"Do you really need somebody?" demanded Nicky. "Or is it just——"

"Charity? Well, I'm doing nicely, thank you, but I haven't reached the point where I can indulge in philanthropy. I've got an ad in the morning papers. If you want the job——"

"But you know nothing about me. And I haven't any references."

"Sounds bad," he admitted. "But you've got a nice voice—just the sort of voice I need in my business. Something that will soothe the savage breast when its owner calls up to ask why Bill McMasters hasn't appeared on the job yet. And I can keep the cash register padlocked," he added, with a wider grin; "and I don't think you'll walk off with any of the bathtubs or other fixtures I have on display. So we'll waive recommendations. That is, if you're interested."

Nicky was. Yet: "You haven't even asked my name," she reminded him.

"Does that matter?" he replied.

"Rather," she assured him. Her eyes met his directly. "I'm known here as Jane Jones but my name is—is Janice Judson. Perhaps you've heard of it."

She saw at once that he had.

"You mean——" he began.

Nicky nodded. She could not speak. She felt that if he turned aside, withdrew his offer that—well, what would be the use, anyway?

He didn't. "Good Lord!" he said, his voice warm with sympathy. "The newspapers have certainly crucified you. I've——" He broke off short. Mrs. Moriarty was returning. "Here's one of my cards," he added abruptly. "Come around as soon as you can."

He turned to confront Mrs. Moriarty. "You're fixed for the moment," he informed that lady. "But it's only a temporary job. I don't guarantee it."

"How much is it?" demanded Mrs. Moriarty in a tone that suggested battle.

"One and a quarter."

"It didn't take you fifteen minutes," protested Mrs. Moriarty.

"If you'll forget the fifteen minutes, and remember that I've come from the shop and have to return there; that I've put my expert knowledge at your service, you'll find the charge reasonable, perhaps. And if you don't, I'll leave the tank just as I found it, and you can try your luck elsewhere."

To Mrs. Moriarty and to Nicky as well, it then became apparent that Bill McMasters was basically a darn good business man, whatever his temporary lapses into altruism might suggest.

Nicky was even more convinced of that before the day was ended. Bill was at the phone waiting for a connection when she entered his office just before ten.

"I'm not going to try to describe your duties in detail," he said, "but you watch me and I think you'll find out what you can do to help out. If you'll put your hat and coat in the closet there."

The connection was made and he began speaking. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Montgomery. I appreciate that perfectly . . . Well, why not give me a chance to bid?

You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

. . . to give your teeth the kind of cleansing dentists recommend

Surface polishing only half cleans. Colgate's does more—it washes away decaying particles.

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

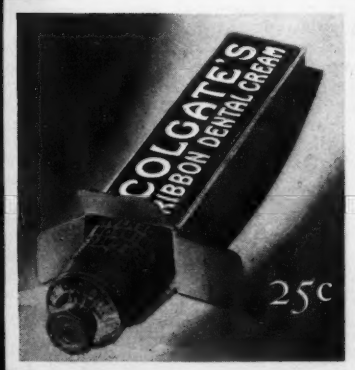
Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

. . .

Colgate's comes in powder form for those who prefer it. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.



Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-519, P. O. Box 507, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

Same fixtures, same specifications . . . Of course, I understand; you want to be sure . . . Thanks awfully."

He hung up and turned to Nicky. "That was an old customer," he explained. "I've done odd jobs for her for some time. Now she's building a new house and wants green bathtubs and purple shower baths and——"

The phone shrilled again. "Larry? Wait a minute." His eye ran over penciled memoranda attached to the phone. Then: "Thirty-two Mayfair Street—diamond ring in sink trap," he announced.

He hung up, turned back to Nicky. "That is to be one of your duties—assigning men to jobs. Instead of having them come all the way back to the shop when they're through with a job I have them call up, and if anybody has phoned in the meantime from that neighborhood I shoot them off in that direction. Saves time and reduces costs both ways."

He glanced up at a man in overalls who appeared in the doorway. "Come in, Sam," he directed, "and meet Miss Jones. She's going to handle office detail from now on." To Nicky he added as Sam shambled in, "Sam's my right-hand man—boss when I'm not here."

"Pleased to meetcha," stuttered Sam.

Nicky liked him, overalls, awkwardness, grizzled head and all. As, miraculously, she liked the office and its activities.

Or perhaps not so miraculously, after all. It gave her a sense of solid ground under her feet, a chance to forget Newfield for the moment.

She hated Newfield, that tight, narrow little New England town that her ancestors had had so much to do with. The Judsons had owned everything almost—the village water supply; the gas plant Nicky's grandfather had built—and what they did not own they dominated.

"Believe it or not," Nicky had told her intimates at finishing school, "but at home we still use gas just because my grandfather built the gas works and fought to keep electricity out."

"How quaint!" one had commented.

"You mean how darned inconvenient," Nicky had corrected. "Electricity did get in after my grandfather died and every house has it except ours—just because he made Father promise he'd never wire it."

And that was what it meant to be a Judson of Newfield. To have money enough to live anywhere, but to live in a house built in the 'seventies that was architecturally a horror; to be able, if one chose—as Nicky certainly didn't—to point out the Judson Memorial Library to visiting friends; to have a car of her own, but never to be able to use electric curling irons at home.

"But when I'm home," Nicky had added, "the things the neighbors say about me are enough to make my hair curl anyway. But I refuse to let them cramp my style." To which she might have added that Newfield was a challenge to every perverse caprice her youth could invent. "And," she confessed in all sincerity, "it bores me to death."

The office did not bore her. Bill was in and out of it, always on the go, a galvanic, dynamic, graceful figure in his overalls. His men—he employed eighteen in all—both liked and respected him. They, too, drifted in and out, conscious of her, she knew—admiringly so.

Noon came and Bill paused at her desk. "I'm starting you at twenty," he announced, "and paying you the first week in advance."

Before she could thank him he was gone. And hard-boiled though Newfield considered her, something tightened in her throat. "He *is* sweet!" she thought. "He knows I'm broke."

Eventually five o'clock came, with the men finishing up. Nicky lingered. She had no idea what her hours were and did not care.

At half past five Bill loomed over her desk again. He had changed from overalls and it was evident that his tailor was well chosen.

"I wonder if you will go to dinner with me," he said. "I know that sounds awfully crude but—well, I want to talk to you and I don't get much chance around here. You—you won't misunderstand?"

"Of course not," said Nicky.

How could she? He was going to ask her about the murder. She felt it in each of her two hundred bones.

He had a car outside; a good car. He helped her in, swung in himself.

As he drove he talked about many things and when finally he stopped his car, its headlights illumined a stretch of harbor and ships at their moorings.

"I hope you like fish," he said. "This place is famous for it."

The restaurant was actually built on an old fish wharf, he explained. The atmosphere had been preserved; even the electric lights were set in old ship lanterns.

"Care for lobster?" he asked when they were seated, and when Nicky nodded, added, "Then that's our dish."

His reason for bringing her was not referred to until they had finished their dinner. Then his eyes met hers. "I'll make this as brief as possible," he promised. "I hate to bring it up at all but you will have to face it sooner or later. That landlady of yours looks as if she'd manage to worm the secret out of the Sphinx."

"She won't get anything out of me," said Nicky.

"But she may put two and two together—and get six or eight. Whereas I—well, I'm wondering if I can't put two and two together in some way that may help you out."

"I doubt if anybody can help me."

This he preferred to ignore. "Your sister," he said, "was to be married to some man who——"

"Who," broke in Nicky, "was at one time all but engaged to me, if you believe all you hear."

"Was he?" he asked.

"No," said Nicky.

"You—weren't interested?"

Nicky didn't dodge. "Oh, some; at first. He was an eligible—one of the Breckenridge Tylers of Philadelphia. I met him there and brought him back to Newfield. Trophy of the chase, I suppose. And"—her lovely lips twisted—"was, according to town gossip, promptly jilted. Which supplies a motive."

She didn't want to talk to him so, yet couldn't help it. He was touching raw places.

"I don't agree that it's a motive," he said. "Of course I can see where you wouldn't care for the gossip."

"I didn't," she admitted. "Would any girl?"

He hesitated, as if considering a question.

"And I—I wasn't on particularly good terms with—with Mary," Nicky added recklessly. "Sisters aren't always. We often squabbled. But——"

She stopped there. If he chose to convict her—and she knew how damning the facts were—then let him. She would make no professions of innocence, withhold no damning detail.

"In fact," she added defiantly, "she did rather rub Breck in."

He let that pass. "They were to be married on——"

"March twelfth," she supplied, that being one date she'd never forget.

"And on the afternoon of March eleventh he came to the house, and he and your sister were together in the living room. Your mother knocked on the door and there was no answer. She opened the door and found them both—dead. She called your family physician, who said death was due to cyanide of potassium taken in some liquid. Yet nobody believed it was suicide."

"Mary was not the sort to commit suicide," Nicky assured him, "and neither was Breck."

"And so," he commented, "it became a murder mystery."

"But not so much of a mystery, at that," gibed Nicky. "Surely you saw Willie Johnson's story."

"Tell me what you think about Willie Johnson," he suggested.

"I wouldn't dare to," said Nicky. "But doesn't his story—that he 'happened' to look in the window and saw me giving Mary and Breck something in glasses—make it less a mystery?"

"I have a feeling that isn't true," he said quietly.

"Glasses such as he described were found in the pantry," Nicky reminded him. She let her eyes meet his and shrugged her pretty shoulders; then added, "What's the use? Isn't the evidence too damning?"

"The police don't seem to think so. At least——"

"They haven't arrested me—yet?" she supplemented. "Anybody in Newfield will tell you why. They'll tell you that money and political influence are protecting me. That it just shows that a Judson can get away with anything."

"Tell me something about the house," he interrupted. "I read somewhere that it had never been wired for electricity; that you still use gas."

Nicky explained that.

"I'd like to see that house," he told her when she had finished.

"I never want to see it again," said Nicky.

He reached out and for a second let his hand lie over hers. A swift, sympathetic, heart-warming gesture.

"You're a wonder," he said. And then, as if astonished at himself, added, "I wanted to get the story straight from you."

"But it's all been published. What more could I add?"

"Enough to set me thinking," he retorted. He grinned. "As a detective, I'm a good plumber, you see."

Nicky didn't at all. But he had risen and stood ready to help her into her coat. A few minutes later they were back in his car, headed toward Boston. He did not refer to the murder again.

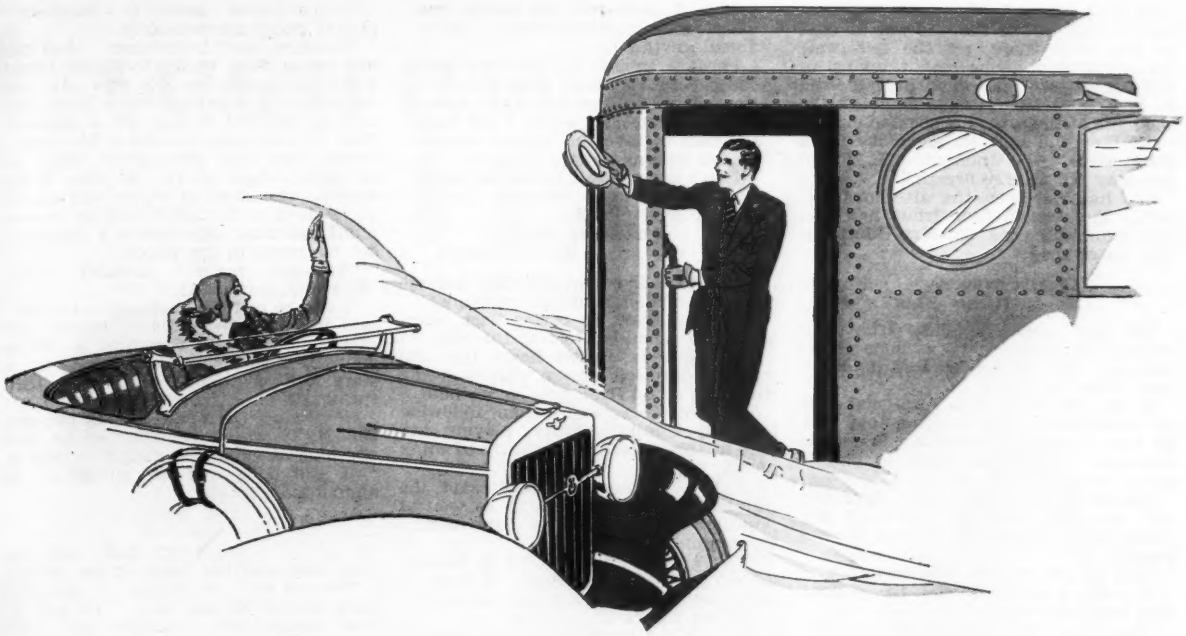
"I hope I haven't bored you stiff," he said, as he deposited her at Mrs. Moriarty's door.

"You've been," Nicky answered impulsively, yet very sincerely, "about the nicest man I ever knew!"

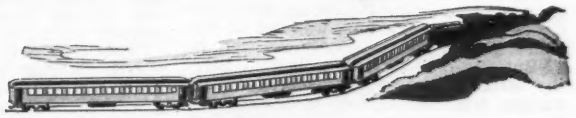
Mrs. Moriarty did not hear that, naturally. But she did hear Nicky enter. "Just as I expected," she commented to the second-floor front. "Sleeps all day and up all hours of the night. I'll see that she marches at the end of this week."

The second-floor front was not interested. "Did you see," she asked, "what the papers said tonight about the girl that murdered her sister and her beau? They think she's hiding in Boston."

"Boston?" echoed Mrs. Moriarty. And then she quickened like a hound that has caught a vagrant scent. "I wonder . . ."



"Goodbye, dear... don't forget.....



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Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930		1929		1928		1927	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
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In the room under the eaves Nicky sat on the edge of the bed. It was as chill as the tomb there, yet she felt—well, curiously warm. She was thinking of Bill McMasters and what he had said to her. And then she thought of the shop and of the reporters she had eluded.

"If they will only let me alone for a little while," she thought. "If I can just stay on, get my breath."

She had not seen the afternoon papers. The second-floor front had and was exhibiting one to Mrs. Moriarty. The latter read:

BELIEVE NICKY
IN HIDING HERE

Bill had seen that just after four o'clock. In one way it was none of his business. Yet he had felt that he didn't want Nicky to see it.

In his own room, this April night, he sat considering what she had told him. He had a hunch—possibly a wild one, he admitted—but he was going to play it and at once.

"Because," he mused, "Mrs. Moriarty will see that headline, too—and she strikes me as a Sherlock Holmes of sorts herself."

That hunch, at least, was correct.

"I have a mind to call the police," Mrs. Moriarty was saying.

"But there's no warrant out for her," protested the second-floor front.

"Well, there ought to be," announced Mrs. Moriarty. She was momentarily balked. Just the same, "I'll put it up to her in the morning. And if, as I suspect, she is that Nicky Judson——"

The program she visioned was further postponed, however, for Nicky, arising at seven the next morning, was out of the house before Mrs. Moriarty realized it.

"But she left her things behind her," the latter informed her colored handmaiden, who had already been told that there was a murderess in the house, "so she'll be back—and I'll be ready for her."

"Laws sake alive!" the colored lady exclaimed, rolling her eyes. "Ain't you afraid she may be desperate?"

Mrs. Moriarty scorned the suggestion. But actually Nicky was just that—desperate! She had bought a paper on her way to breakfast and discovered that the reporters were back on the scent.

All that remained was to explain to Bill, promise to repay him and then return to Newfield to face the pack again. "Because," she realized, facing the situation honestly, "if the reporters find me—and they will—they'll be all over the shop. They won't give me a chance to work, or anybody else."

But Bill was not in the shop when she got there.

"He must have been in early," explained Sam. "He left a note saying that he's gone out of town to inspect a job. He says he hopes to be back sometime this afternoon."

Nicky felt sunk. "But—but I wanted to give notice," she protested. "I've—I've got to leave at once."

"Leave?" echoed Sam, astonished. "But, good grief, you can't go without seeing the boss! Why, he'd give me fits if I let you go, miss. He was saying yesterday how you took hold. He said you were just the girl he'd been looking for."

Nicky wavered. The tribute sent a thrill through her.

"Besides," added Sam, "I know he counted on your being here. He left a note for you; instructions, I guess."

Nicky turned swiftly to her desk, found the note and set her fingers at the envelope. Sam watched her. While:

Dear Miss Jones (read Nicky):

I'm leaving you and Sam in charge today. I know you can handle the office end perfectly—don't worry about anything.

Perhaps, in case you have not seen the papers, I'd better warn you that the reporters are on your trail again. If they locate you before I get back tell Sam to take the biggest wrench he can find and chase them out.

Don't worry. Just remember what I said—that as a detective, I'm a darned good plumber.

Yours very truly,
Bill McMasters

Nicky read it twice and then became conscious of Sam's anxious scrutiny.

"I'll stay until he comes back, anyway," she promised, folding the note.

But she knew, in her heart, that she wouldn't have left Boston without seeing Bill, Sam or no Sam, note or no note.

The shop began to function, following its daily routine. Nicky, playing her part in this, refused steadfastly to think of the morrow.

"A Mrs. Butler just called; said she wanted to see Mr. McMasters as soon as possible," she reported to Sam, during the morning.

"That must be about a job in Newton he bid on," explained Sam. "I guess it means he's got it. That will tickle him; it's a big contract."

Nicky felt a surge of pleasure herself. "He's—he's very clever, isn't he?"

"They don't make them any better," Sam assured her warmly. "He's the sort that goes ahead. You just can't stop him."

Nicky, at her desk, traced a design on the back of an envelope. A question had popped into her mind but she scorned voicing it.

"The only trouble with him," Sam added, "is that his business isn't only his bread and butter but his wife and family too. I don't believe he's looked at any girl twice since he started in business for himself. He——" He stopped short. "Somebody in the shop," he announced and shot out.

Nicky, however, had had her question answered. Her pencil traced on for a moment, and then she thrust it aside. "The eternal feminine!" she murmured cryptically—and a shade scornfully.

The day moved on past luncheon time and so to five o'clock.

"I guess," said Sam, then, "we might as well lock up. He probably won't be back till morning."

Nicky didn't stir. "But he ought to know about Mrs. Butler and that Newton contract," she began. "I think——" She broke off. A step had sounded in the shop; a step that, identified at once, sent the blood singing through her veins.

BILL came in. "I hoped I'd find you here," he said, with that nice impetuosity of his. "Have any trouble today?"

"No; everything went fine. And Mrs. Butler——"

Evidently Mrs. Butler was of less importance than Sam had estimated, however. For Bill interrupted her.

"Seen the evening papers?"

"No—why?" she asked apprehensively.

He started to answer, and then realized that Sam was present. "I'll lock up, Sam," he said. "You needn't wait."

Sam withdrew with visible reluctance. He, as he afterwards reported to his domesticated recording angel, couldn't make head or tail of what was in the air but he felt sure something was.

Sam was right.

"I have been to Newfield," announced Bill, the minute the door had closed. "Left at four and got there at seven."

"You—you've been to Newfield?" gasped Nicky incredulously.

"Nowhere else," he grinned. "And I've had a busy day. First I took your friend Willie Johnson—the one who saw you administer the poison—for a little ride and he decided it was all a mistake. That it"—his grin became a bit grim—"must have been some other fellow, as he wasn't there at all. In fact, Willie went to the chief of police and signed an affidavit to the effect that he was an unmitigated liar who craved a chance to get his name in the papers."

"Not—not really!" babbled Nicky "How did you manage it?"

"I can be awfully persuasive at times," said Bill. "And—well, I've noticed that every murder case develops a Willie Johnson—somebody who makes up a story out of whole cloth, and then springs it on a palpitating world."

He produced cigarets, offered her one. But Nicky wasn't smoking, so he took one himself—and then forgot to light it.

"I also discovered the murderer," he announced abruptly.

NICKY half rose, her eyes wide and her hand at her throat.

"Forgive me," he begged. "I shouldn't have shot it off that way." He had an arm around her, steadying her. "Sit down; I'll get you a glass of water."

Nicky sat down. "No—don't bother; I'm all right." Then, through dry lips, she added, "Who—who was it?"

"Nobody—unless it was your grandfather. He was responsible for that house of yours and its present condition. I suspected something like that—old houses are all murderers at heart; especially those with antiquated plumbing and antediluvian heating devices."

"I—I don't understand," she protested.

"The gas heater in the living room asphyxiated them."

"But—but the doctor said it was cyanide of potassium," babbled Nicky.

"I picked up a better doctor in Springfield who reminded your doctor—and the coroner as well—that cyanide of potassium would not have caused instantaneous death. Also, that they would not have died peacefully, hand in hand, but in agony."

"But—but even that doesn't prove that—that they were asphyxiated."

"No; but I did. With the assistance of a couple of guinea pigs—nice lusty ones. In the presence of the chief of police, the district attorney and several reporters, I placed them on the divan in the living room, lighted the heater and closed the door." He smiled down at her. "Thirty minutes later we opened the door and—both were dead."

"But—but we have used the gas heater ever since I can remember," she protested, "and it never killed anybody before."

"That," he explained, "is because two bricks had fallen over the draft in the flue, throwing the fumes out into the room through a break in the isinglass door. That happens again and again. In fact——" He turned, took a volume from his desk, opened it and laid it before her. "Read that," he suggested, indicating a passage.

The type wavered but Nicky read:

Old-fashioned gas appliances are extremely dangerous in that they produce carbon monoxide. This gas is fatal in quantities of four-tenths of one percent in the air. During 1925 alone, 607 people were asphyxiated in New York City by faulty gas tubes or gas-heating devices of an improper type.

Nicky lifted her still dazed eyes.

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"But—but why didn't somebody else think of that?" she asked.

"Because—well, partly because Willie Johnson ached to see his name in print, partly because the papers needed a good murder mystery and more particularly because there was everybody but a plumber on the case. The physician saw cyanide of potassium; the chief of police saw a murder. I—saw a stove! That's all. I told you that as a detective I was a darned good plumber."

"And—and people really believe you?" asked Nicky. And before he could answer, she added, "I'll bet lots of them never will."

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "But the chief of police and the district attorney are convinced, and if anybody in Newfield—or elsewhere—wants to test it out himself, all he's got to do is to step into the room and light the heater. That will do the rest—and rid the world of one doubter."

He stopped abruptly. Nicky's head had pitched forward and, pillowed on her arms, rested on her desk.

"Poor—poor Mary!" she sobbed. "And poor Breck! I—I—I——"

The paroxysm that shook her, snapping her voice off, affected him, too.

"It was tragic for them," he said huskily, "but——"

Nicky's head came up. "We—we didn't always get along," she said. "But—but she *was* my sister and I *did* love her. And—and they—they said——"

Again her voice broke and again her head went down. But she had caught at his hand as a child might and clung to it.

Presently she spoke again, head down and voice muffled. "I—I don't know how I can ever thank you. If—if it hadn't been for you——"

"Nonsense!" he broke in gruffly. "I'd do it for anybody. Who wouldn't?"

Nicky raised her head. Just a little. What was it Sam had said? That he—not Sam, of course—had not looked twice at any girl since he started in business?

Maybe so—but he was looking at her now, unquestionably. In a way that she would have preferred he should *not* look twice at any *other* girl.

Then, abruptly, she became conscious of his fingers in hers and the blood burned hotly in her tear-drenched face. She released them instantly.

"I—I mustn't keep you," she suggested, but with no sincerity.

But he didn't look as if he wanted to go. He looked—well, as a man who has just looked twice at a girl that he is destined to look at many times more should look. Sam had been right—there was something in the air. As electric as a first kiss might have been.

Yet—for the moment—all Bill said was: "I don't suppose you'll care to stay on here now."

Nicky gave him a swift glance, and then her lashes masked her eyes. "I'd love to—more than anything else in the world," she announced impulsively. "If—if you think I'll do."

But that was not all her eyes had said—or his.

Nor was it what Mrs. Moriarty was saying. To the second-floor front, that is. Mrs. Moriarty had seen the evening papers and was again judge and jury.

"You can't prove anything to me by guinea pigs and the like of that," she was saying. "If you ask *my* opinion it's just a story they've cooked up, and I, for one, will never believe it."

As somebody has remarked, it takes all kinds to make a world.

M'sieur Smeeth (*Continued from page 41*)

to five, and down and down the number went, till last year in all my territory there was not even one robbery."

"Your company should be most proud of you and the record you have made," Napoleon interposed. "Your work it has been splendid, Pierre; magnificent."

"And what has been the result of this magnificent work that I have done?" Pierre proceeded bitterly. "I will tell it to you. When the agent of the company last called on you, Napoleon, who had for fifteen years been of theirs a client, what was it that you said to him?"

With a feeling of uneasiness beginning to pervade his consciousness Napoleon stammered, "Well—er—I——"

Pierre cut short Napoleon's floundering by saying, "I will tell you what you told to him. You said, 'My friend, Pierre Polette, has driven all doers of evil out of his territory. Without such doers of evil there can no robbery happen, so why should I pay my money to prevent something which cannot be? That would not be good business.' And so you did not sign the agreement as you had always done before."

Without waiting for any comment from Napoleon, Pierre turned and said, "And so it was with you, Alphonse. You also did not continue as a client. You said as well it was foolish to pay for protection when for protection there was no longer need. And so have said many of the others. Nine years ago, when there were thirteen robberies in the year, The Hand of the Law had two hundred and sixty clients in my territory.

"Now, because there is not one robbery, and people feel safe in the security I have made for them, we have only one hundred and twenty. And the head of the office in Paris has written me that in two weeks I must give up the post which for nine years has been mine, because my services have been so faithful and successful that they have brought ruin to their business! What of the maxims in the writing books now?"

"Listen to me, old cabbage," Napoleon adjured. "No knot was ever tied that patience and perseverance could not unloose, and the one that looks the most hard is sometimes the most easy if a man should happen to pull at the right place at what is just the right moment. Perhaps it will be so with the hard knot which we have now, so let us find one end of the string and see if we cannot pull at it till the knot it is untied.

"In the place that is first," Napoleon continued, "answer this, Pierre: Why was it there were so many clients of The Hand of the Law when first you sat in the seat of its authority?"

"Because the people were afraid," Pierre replied promptly.

"And of what were they afraid?"

"Of the doers of evil."

"And why were they of the doers of evil afraid?"

"Because they had made the thirteen robberies."

"What was it I said?" Napoleon jubilated. "At the first question we put our fingers on one end of the string: the clients were many because robberies were many. Now let us pull at the string with care and see what will happen to the knot." Then, continuing his examination, he asked, "And now, Pierre, why are there of the clients so few?"

"Because the people they are no longer afraid."

"And why are they no longer afraid?"

"Because there are now no robberies."

"And if they were afraid they would again be clients?"

"Of a certainty."

"And what would make them afraid?"

"For there to be robberies again."

"There it is!" Napoleon cried triumphantly. "At one pull of the string the knot which looked so hard is now undone. Have no longer any fear, Pierre. You will not lose the place you have had, for in less than the two weeks The Hand of the Law will have more clients than ever it has had before."

"But I do not understand," Pierre stammered, and Alphonse declared, "To me, also, the matter is in the dark."

"Ah, you heads of carrots!" Napoleon laughed. "But it is so simple! Since it is robberies that make the business for Pierre, then he must have the robberies! It is all so simple as that!"

"But who will make the robberies?" Pierre demanded.

"You will," Napoleon declared, and seeing the mystification on the faces of his companions, he laughed again and said, "Listen. The night after tomorrow night business will call Alphonse away from his house from the hour of nine till the hour of twelve. His wife, as we know, is at Toulon, visiting with her mother, who is ill.

"His son, Emile, I will invite to my house to spend the evening with my Marie, which is quite in the order of things. This being so, the house will have no one, for Alphonse will send the servants, as a treat, to the cinema. Then he will leave one of the doors unlocked on the floor below.

"You, Pierre, will choose the hour you know your patrol will be away; you will enter by the door which is unlocked, go to the bedroom of Alphonse, collect the things he has left there for you, scatter other things about the room and leave by the door that gave you entrance. Do I begin to make things plain? Has my idea begun to boil in the pot of your intelligence?"

"It is marvelous; wonderful," Pierre exulted; and Alphonse echoed Pierre's sentiments.

"Then what will happen?" Napoleon proceeded elatedly. "Alphonse returns; he goes to his room, and calls, 'Thieves! Robbers!' Emile and the servants come; they see what has happened.

"The gendarmes are sent for. No clue can they find. Before the breakfast, the next morning, so soon are such things known, it is whispered through the village that the doers of evil have entered the house of Monsieur Douliet and have stolen many things.

"Then to you, Pierre, the people will speak of it in much excitement, and you will shrug the shoulder and you will say, 'For my old friend, Alphonse Douliet, I have much sorrow, but what should he expect when no longer he has the protection of The Hand of the Law, which strikes the terror into the hearts of those who work in the darkness!'"

"And then," Pierre exclaimed, "at once will they begin to think of their subscriptions!"

"The next morning," Napoleon proceeded, "the newspaper which they print each day at Nice will send the news all along the Côte d'Azur. And even more people will think of their subscriptions.

"And some two or three days after, when the house of Napoleon Boulanger the mayor also has been entered and devastated, all along the coast the people will buzz with excitement. And not only will they think of the subscriptions, they will make the scramble for them.

"And Pierre will keep his place as manager of his territory with no one, except

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his two old friends, having the knowledge he was ever in danger of losing it. That is the plan that has come into the head of Napoleon Boulanger. Tell me what you think of it. It is good, is it not? Splendid? In fact, magnificent?"

When Pierre and Alphonse had enthusiastically corroborated Napoleon's estimate of his scheme; and when Napoleon had glowed under their praise, he said:

"And now let us once more, each of us, have a glass of the old brandy, and while we pay our deep respects to it, let us consider more carefully the plan by which Pierre Polette, that heart of a lettuce, is to be saved from ruin by his old friends, Napoleon and Alphonse, just as he would save one of them if the chance it should come into his hand."

So HAPPILY was Napoleon obsessed with the plan he had evolved for the salvation of Pierre he would have given no thought to the stranger of the restaurant if he had not passed him on the promenade next morning as he was going to his office. Even then he would probably have thought no more of the proceeding of the previous evening if the stranger had not bowed to him.

In the bow there was nothing triumphant, taunting or ironical. It was, instead, a friendly inclination accompanied by a pleasant smile and a respectful raising of the hat. But Napoleon's vision was astigmatized by the memory of the previous evening, and he read into the bow a meaning and intent which were foreign to the stranger's purpose.

In consequence, he called the first gendarme he saw, and said to him, "That young man—the one who is slim and straight and who is swinging the stick—bring him to my office without the waste of a minute. I shall be in wait for him."

When the stranger, accompanied by the gendarme, entered Napoleon's office, he said pleasantly, in fact ingratiatingly, "Good morning, M'sieur."

To this graceful approach Napoleon's response was the curt inquiry, "You have, of course, your *carte d'identité?*"

"Certainly," the stranger, still smiling, replied, and added, "And I hope M'sieur will pardon me for my unfortunate ejaculation last night when he made his reference to French coffee. It was entirely accidental, I assure you."

Napoleon regarded the stranger steadily for a moment, then asked grimly, "Then you agree with me that the coffee of the French it is the best in all of the world?"

The stranger replied smoothly, "It shall be just as you say, M'sieur."

"Words, only words," Napoleon rejoined; "and the nearest they come from the heart is the tip of the tongue. Answer me, and answer what is true. Do you or do you not agree that the coffee of the French is the finest in the world?"

The smile faded from the stranger's face; his gaze met that of Napoleon unwaveringly, and he replied steadily, "Since you insist, M'sieur. Every nation thinks the coffee of every other nation is a thing unspeakable, but with the exception of your nation, M'sieur, every nation is agreed with every other nation that French coffee is the rottenest to be found anywhere on the face of the civilized globe."

Napoleon banged his fist on the table and gazed fiercely at the stranger, who still regarded him steadily and added: "As some wise American, whose name I never remember, once said, 'If that be treason, take the change out of it!'"

For a moment there was an electric silence, and then, thrusting out his hand, Napoleon demanded, "Your *carte.*"

The stranger passed his *carte* to Napoleon, who scrutinized it in an effort to find some error or discrepancy. Discovering none, he asked, "All that is said here, it is true?"

"It is," the stranger replied.

"And your name it is Smeeth?"

"Yes."

"And the first name, it is Botherall?"

"You have made a mistake in the first letter, M'sieur. It is an R, not a B."

"And you stay at the Hôtel Splendide?"

"I do."

"And your age it is twenty-nine?"

"Yes."

"And your occupation is that of a writer?"

"Yes."

"What is it that you write?"

"Novels."

"Of what kind?"

"Mystery novels; detective stories."

"Of robbery and murder?"

"About murder, yes; about robbery, no. The readers of a popular novel, such as I try to write, are interested in blood, not bonds. Death, and death only, is now their daily bread."

"How many such books did you write?"

"Five."

"You have them here?"

"No."

"Then how shall I know that what you say it is true?"

"Why should I lie to you, M'sieur?"

"For that there may be many reasons. You say you are a writer. I am asking that you give to me the proof. Can you do it?"

"I can. Two of my books have been translated into French. One of them, I know, is on sale at a bookshop in Nice. It is called 'Coffins for Two.' If I send you a copy, will that be sufficient proof of my occupation?"

"It will be of some proof."

"Then you shall have it, M'sieur. Is there anything further that you wish to know?"

"Not at the moment; later, perhaps. I make myself quite clear?"

"Quite, M'sieur. And I am at your service at all times." The young man bowed and said, "Good morning, M'sieur," and was gone.

On the night set for the first of the robberies the plans worked out exactly as arranged. Alphonse went to Nice allegedly on an important business matter; the two maids went to the cinema, and Emile left to spend the evening with Marie, to whom he was engaged.

It was a match arranged by the fathers. Emile, a tall, steady, plodding young man for whom a successful business career was easily prophesied, had been smugly complacent about it. Not only was Marie a girl of exceptional prettiness and a splendid housekeeper, but she would bring a handsome dot and would ultimately inherit her father's fortune.

Marie also, at the beginning, had been satisfied with the engagement without being unduly stirred or enthused.

Of late, however, she had been restive and rebellious. The marriage day, as originally set, would have been less than a month ahead, but Marie, a fortnight or so previously, had objected to it so vigorously that the ceremony had been postponed indefinitely, although the engagement had not been broken.

When Emile went to bid him good night, Napoleon was surprised to find it was after half past eleven. One glance at the young couple was enough to show him that things had not been going well with them, and Emile was not slow in putting his side of the matter into words. Not only had Marie refused to set a date for the wedding, but she had actually objected to his kissing her.

What had come over her he could not imagine. He was sure he had neither done nor said anything that could have given her offense, but if she behaved toward him as she had behaved of late, he would have to ask to be released from the engagement.

Of this Napoleon would not hear. He tried to laugh the matter away, and he urged Emile to go home unworried and to leave everything to him. Emile went, but not unworried. He was, instead, both discouraged and disgruntled.

"Why is it you behave so toward Emile?" Napoleon asked Marie.

"Because we are not to each other in any way sympathetic," Marie replied. "Always I have read that the men of France were hot of blood and possessed of great passion. In the veins of Emile is the blood of a fish, and his passion is the passion of a turtle. I desire a man who will warm me with the touch of his hand and burn me with the touch of his lips; but the hand of Emile is damp and his lips leave me cold like a stone."

"The girls of today," Napoleon remonstrated, "they are not like the girls who are now their mothers. There is among them too much education. They learn about life from books instead of waiting to learn by experience."

"And was it because of that book," Marie inquired, indicating a paper-backed novel Napoleon held in his hand, "that you allowed Emile to remain so late? Never did you permit it before."

"Yes," Napoleon admitted; "it was because of this book. It is a volume extraordinary."

"And what is its name?"

"It is called 'Coffins for Two,' and as I said before it is a book extraordinary. A maker of coffins received an order to deliver two of his most expensive at a certain address. When the man received the order no one at the address was ill even with a cold, but on the day that he delivered them two persons were dead, each with a dagger in the heart and a circle of blood on the forehead."

"Who was it that killed them?"

"That is the thing I am trying to learn. There are in the house eight persons who could have done the deed. First I was sure I knew which was the one; then I was certain that it was another; and then another."

"And what is the name of the author of this marvelous book?"

"He is an Englishman named Smeeth, and it is most fortunate for the world that he took it into his mind to write of such things instead of to do them."

"IT MUST indeed be of great interest," Marie commented, and then, idly turning the leaf, she was surprised to find the inscription, "To M'sieur Napoleon Boulanger with the compliments of Rotherall Smith."

"You have the acquaintance of the author?" Marie questioned.

"Yes," Napoleon replied, "but officially alone."

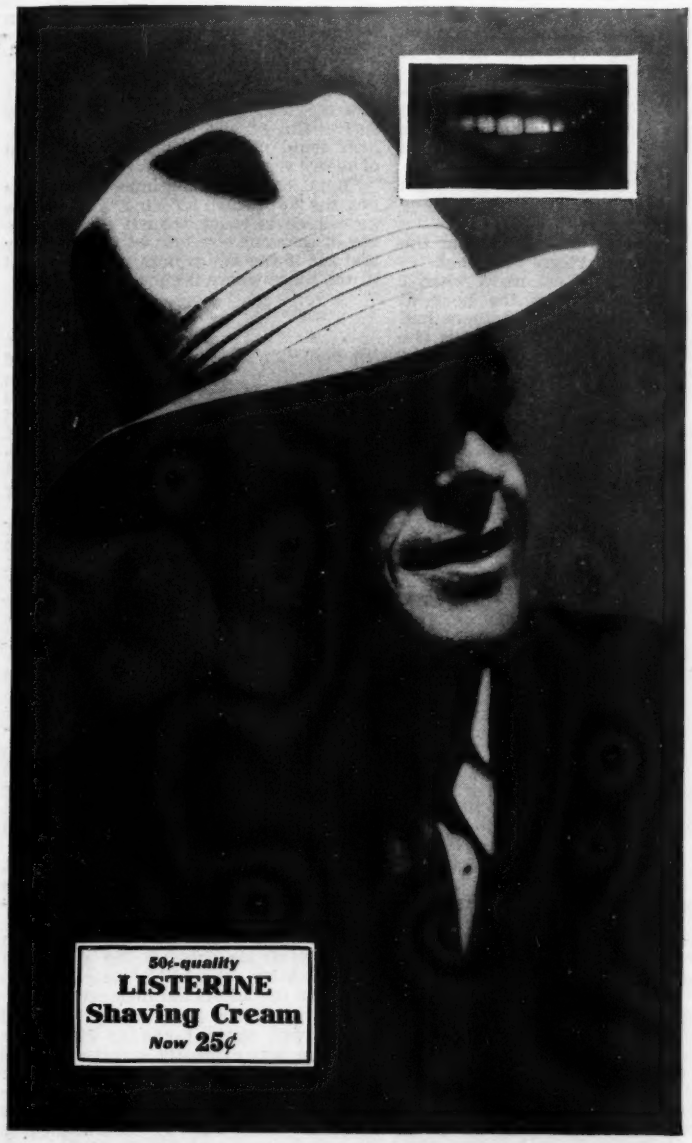
"And what kind of a man is this M'sieur Smeeth? Did he make on you an impression that was favorable?"

"He is a young man of great impudence and, I must say, of much courage, for he had the bravery to look me straight into the eye and to tell me that the coffee of the French was the rottenest coffee in all of the world."

"He is a young man, you say?"

"According to his *carte d'identité* he is twenty-nine," Napoleon replied. Then he continued hastily, "But the hour it is late, my little chicken. Get you to your

"I've quit paying *fancy prices* for tooth paste -25¢ *is ample*"



Millions practice this intelligent economy

"I PAID from 35 to 60 cents for tooth paste for years—thought I had to in order to have nice teeth.

"But I don't pay that much now—not by a long shot! I've had a small but worth-while lesson in economy.

"My dentist and I got to talking one day and we agreed that all tooth pastes are pretty much alike. If that was so, what was the use of paying fancy prices? That led me to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ which I had seen advertised. Now the whole family—and there's eight of us—uses it, and we figure we save about $12 a year. 48 tubes at 25¢ instead of 50¢ or more.

"What's more, my teeth look cleaner and whiter than ever and my mouth feels simply great! Mildred and the kids report the same thing."

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That's the way a lot of men and women talk. Actually, more than a million people have rejected costly dentifrices for this modern one made by the makers of Listerine which sells for 25¢, the large tube.

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Let this tooth paste buy you a new hat

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A hat is merely a suggestion.

Listerine TOOTH PASTE

bed and when I have read a little more of this book, I will get me to mine."

Napoleon read not only a little more of the book; he read it avidly and with increasing fervor to the last word. And when he did go to bed it was to dream of coffins, and daggers, and circles of blood, and a big, terrifying hand, with fingers extended like The Hand of the Law, pressing on his face and burning its fingerprints indelibly into his skin.

Before breakfast was finished the next morning the news of the robbery of the house of Alphonse Douliet was the property of every household in the village, and before noon it had been carried from one end of the Côte d'Azur to the other. Many were the comments made about it to Pierre Polette, who shrugged his shoulders and repeated what Napoleon had instructed him to say, and various expired subscriptions to The Hand of the Law were promptly renewed.

When the three friends met for luncheon as they had arranged, Napoleon and Pierre were jubilant, but the enthusiasm of Alphonse was slightly clouded. Several of his acquaintances had spoken jocularly of a business man who would let his insurance expire and from a careless word Alphonse had dropped, Emile had become suspicious of the integrity of the transaction, and Alphonse, in self-defense, had had to make him a participant in the entire secret. Worst of all, the Nice correspondent of a Paris journal had telegraphed his paper that it was the bank that had been robbed, and the newspaper had sent a reporter to the head bank, of which Alphonse's was a branch, to ascertain how much had been stolen.

The president of the bank in Paris had immediately telephoned Alphonse asking why Alphonse had not advised him of the disaster. With extreme difficulty Alphonse had convinced the president that the bank and its contents were intact. All in all, for Alphonse, it had been a disturbing morning.

The excitement caused by the news of the robbery at the house of Alphonse was as a zephyr to a cyclone when, three days later, it was learned that the home of Napoleon Boulanger had also been entered and robbed. This time consternation was added to the excitement.

The doers of evil and the workers by night were abroad in the land and were operating boldly. But they knew enough not to interfere with those who were clients of The Hand of the Law. The deduction was plain, and the subscriptions made that day to The Hand of the Law far exceeded those of any previous day in its history.

When Napoleon, Alphonse and Pierre met for luncheon it was Pierre who was not at his ease. When Napoleon laughed and asked him if subscriptions were numerous enough, he replied there were more than he had anticipated, but that he could not understand it.

"What is it that you do not understand?" Napoleon demanded.

"The robbery!" Pierre replied, and then he added, "Was your house in reality robbed last night?"

"Of course my house it was robbed," Napoleon declared.

"Then who was it that robbed it?"

For a moment Napoleon looked as though the words he thought he had heard could not have been spoken, and then he cried, "You, of course! Who else is there it could have been?"

"You make a mistake, Napoleon," was Pierre's reply. "I did not rob your house last night. I did not go even near to your house last night."

"What?" Napoleon demanded incredulously, and Alphonse supplemented it by saying, "This whole matter was planned by Napoleon to drag you out of your trouble, Pierre. I do not think that you should make the joke of it."

"But I am not making the joke," Pierre protested. "It is just as I have said. I did not rob the house of Napoleon last night."

Napoleon put his hands on the shoulders of Pierre, looked into his eyes and said, "Pierre, old friend, do not make the joke. Is it the truth when you say you did not go to my house last night?"

"Napoleon," Pierre replied, "the truth is what I have said. I will swear it by any oath that you will name."

Seeing incredulity still written in the faces of his friends, Pierre continued:

"It was like this. Last night when I went to my home about the hour of seven, my wife told me that there had been a message by telephone saying the business arranged between us had been put off for a day or two owing to a matter which would be explained to me when we should meet here today."

"I made no such telephone!" Napoleon exclaimed , and Alphonse added, "And no more did I."

"But how was I to know of that?" Pierre continued. "Who but us three was there to know of our plan? Of course I thought the message was from one of you, and so from seven o'clock I did not go from my house."

They knew beyond question that what he had said was true. But someone had robbed Napoleon's house, and since it was not Pierre, who could it be?

Suddenly Napoleon gasped, "My sixty thousand francs!"

"Yes," Alphonse cried, "your sixty thousand francs!"

"What sixty thousand francs?" Pierre demanded.

"On the afternoon of yesterday I drew from the bank of Alphonse," Napoleon continued, "sixty mille notes. This morning, at half past eight and before the bank should be open, I was to pay them to a man from Cannes who had to catch a ship at Villefranche for New York. But before the hour that he should come, there was for me a telephone message which said he did not go today and he would see me some other day!

"A telephone message! Do you not see? Just as for you, Pierre, there came a telephone message, so there came one for me! Come with me both of you!"

Through the village Napoleon strode, with Alphonse and Pierre striving to keep pace with him. On reaching his house he went rapidly up the stairs to his bedroom; pulled his bed with its high wooden headboard from against the wall, revealing a wall safe which the headboard had hidden. This he unlocked with a key which was hanging from his watch chain. Hastily he opened the door of the safe. Various legal documents were revealed, but there was no money. Then he examined the lock carefully.

"The lock it was not broken," Napoleon declared.

"Then how could the safe be opened?" Pierre demanded.

"With a key!" Napoleon exclaimed. "But to one thing I can swear. It was not with my key that it was done. You see where my key it is now. There it has been since I put the money in the safe, and then locked the door."

"Was there any other key?" Pierre inquired.

"Yes," Alphonse replied, "and Napoleon he left it with me to put safely away in case something should happen to him or he should lose the one that he has."

"Where was the key when last you saw it?" Napoleon asked.

"In a drawer in the vault in the bank, where it has always been."

"Let us go and see if now it is there."

For a moment Alphonse did not reply. Then he said slowly, "And do you even for one moment think that I——!"

Before Alphonse could speak another word Napoleon said, "No more of that, my old one. Not for one second could I imagine that you could even think of such a thing," and Pierre added, "Napoleon could not so insult our friendship of many years."

"But," Napoleon continued, "if it was not the key which is mine, nor yet the key which is yours, then it must be the key of someone else. So let us go quickly and see if the key which is yours is still in the place where it should be."

When they reached the bank Alphonse with a gesture invited Napoleon and Pierre to follow him. Then he opened the door of the vault, pulled out a drawer, took from it a key and handed it to Napoleon, who looked at it for a second, and then returned it, saying, "That is the key, and so it was not opened by the key that is yours nor by the key which is mine."

"What was not opened?" asked Emile, who, his curiosity aroused by the sudden entry of his father and his two friends, was listening to what was being said.

"Shall I tell it to him?" Alphonse asked, and Napoleon replied, "Yes. He perhaps can be of help."

Briefly Alphonse put his son in possession of the facts, but the son could offer no suggestion. Instead, he was so astounded that all he could say was, "Never have I heard of such a mystery."

The word "mystery" seemed to click in Napoleon's brain. He went rapidly to the telephone, asked for a number, gave orders, explicit but curt, to the person at the other end of the wire, and then returned to his friends.

"I have just cast a net," Napoleon said, "in which I have hopes to catch the fish we are wanting. Come with me to my office, and see how it is I land him."

So it came about that the trio which formerly strode through the streets on this occasion became a quartet, with Emile as the additional member.

Half an hour later when Rotherall Smith was again taken to Napoleon's office he was evidently surprised at the size of his audience. In spite of this he bowed to them politely, and then, speaking to Napoleon, he said calmly, "This is the second time I have been brought here by a gendarme, and I hope, M'sieur, you will not mind my saying that though it may be amusing to you, I do not find the procedure at all entertaining."

Ignoring the Englishman's remarks, Napoleon addressed the gendarme. "You found M'sieur at the hotel of which I gave you the name?"

"Yes, M'sieur."

"Then why is it you were so long?"

"He was at lunch, M'sieur, and he would not come until he had finished his coffee!"

Napoleon started as if he had been stung; then he exulted, "And so, M'sieur Smeeth, although you 'Ha!' at the coffee of the French, you drink it, eh?"

"You are mistaken, M'sieur. The coffee I drink is my own coffee and is prepared especially for me," Smith replied; and when the gendarme had withdrawn he added, "And now may I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of this interview?"

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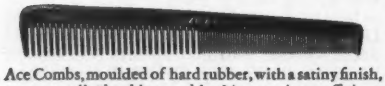

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Napoleon wasted no time in preliminary skirmishes. "Where were you last night from the hour of nine to the hour of twelve?" he demanded.

Smith blinked for a moment, and then said, "I can't tell you."

"Who was with you?"

"I can't tell that, either."

Napoleon turned to the others and gloated, "At once you see at what we arrive." Then, rising quickly to his feet, he demanded dramatically, "Where are the sixty mille you took the last night from the safe in my room? Where?"

Smith said incredulously, "Really, you are not serious about this, are you?"

"I am most serious."

"And you are actually accusing me of stealing your money?"

"That is what I am doing."

Smith smiled, and then shook his head. "Really, you know," he said, "I am not reacting properly to this. I should feel outraged; indignant. But somehow I don't. I feel interested and amused."

"Perhaps in the little while it will not amuse you quite so much, M'sieur Smeeth," Napoleon retorted.

"On what do you base your suspicions, M'sieur Boulanger?" asked Smith.

"Besides those of us you find here, no one but you had knowledge that the robbery was to be made."

"Then the robbery was prearranged?"

"As you well know, M'sieur!"

"How do I know?"

"Because you listen."

"When?"

"The night you 'Ha!' at the coffee of the French."

"But after that unfortunate episode I left immediately, as you will remember."

"You wait on the stairs."

"I went directly down the stairs followed by François, with whom I talked for a while. Then I went away."

"You come back and you listen."

"I did not, M'sieur. Why should I?"

"Because you knew that we had something secret to say."

"No matter what you may think, M'sieur Boulanger, and in spite of what has happened, my feelings toward you are not unfriendly," said Smith, "and I should like to save you from taking any step which will make you and your friends ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous!" Napoleon exclaimed, and Alphonse and Pierre echoed the word.

"What would your townspeople think if it became known that you had prearranged the supposed robbery of last night, and also, if my deduction is correct, had planned as well the one which allegedly took place several nights ago? Wouldn't they think that very strange; wouldn't they be interested in trying to discover the motive for it?

"But if they learned that, as regards the robbery last night, someone who was not in the plan took the wind out of your sails and stole what you had arranged to be stolen, including the sixty thousand francs so conveniently left in M'sieur Boulanger's safe, do you think there would be any sympathy for you? There would not. Instead, you would be the laughingstock of the entire coast."

"But it was not meant that I should take the sixty thousand francs," Pierre disclaimed.

"Then you are the man who was to do the actual stealing?"

"I was to take the few things which M'sieur Boulanger was to leave about for me, yes. But of the money and of the safe I knew nothing."

"It is true what he says," Napoleon corroborated.

"And no one knows of the theft of the money except those who are here?"

"No one."

"This is extremely interesting. It has aroused my curiosity. I should like the privilege of solving the problem for you."

"With the matter you will do nothing," Napoleon declared, "until you have said where you were last night from the hour of nine to the hour of twelve."

"I have told you I cannot answer that question. I will add now that the reason is purely a personal one."

"Still I demand that you tell."

Smith faced Napoleon and said deliberately, "M'sieur Boulanger, if you will tell where you were last night from nine till twelve, I will tell where I was at the same hours."

The effect of Smith's speech on Napoleon was devastating. His eyes dilated; the blood rushed to his face.

Pressing his advantage, Smith renewed the attack. "I mean it," he said. "If you will tell where you were, I will tell where I was. It is a challenge."

Napoleon opened and closed his mouth several times but no speech came.

His companions eyed Napoleon with puzzled perturbation.

"Well, M'sieur?"

With a great effort Napoleon partially recovered his self-control. "Why—why," he stammered, and the dam having burst, his speech came in a torrent. "What is it that you mean?" he roared. "Was there ever before a man of such impudence? He would know where I was! He would give a challenge to me! That is good! That is most good!"

Napoleon laughed loudly and turned bravely to his companions. But his laugh lacked spontaneity and the ring of it was counterfeit. Its bluster did not cover its bravado. The others felt this, and as the laugh trailed away, they gazed at him in even greater perplexity.

"Perhaps M'sieur Boulanger has forgotten where he was last night," Smith persisted.

"The matter is not forgotten," Napoleon retorted. "But where I was it is no business of yours."

"But," Alphonse ventured, "it seems so simple. He has said that if you will tell, he will tell."

"You are willing to tell, aren't you?" Smith said to Alphonse.

"Of a certainty," was the reply. "From the nine o'clock to the eleven I work at the bank. From the eleven o'clock till the twelve I was at the café."

"And you, M'sieur?" Smith addressed Pierre.

"I was at my house with my family."

"And you?" Smith asked of Emile.

"I was at the cinema in Nice with my fiancée, the daughter of M'sieur Boulanger," was the response.

Smith turned and looked at Napoleon expectantly, but Napoleon, though glowering, was silent.

"Perhaps, M'sieur, it might help if I refreshed your memory," Smith said. Then he wrote some words on a piece of paper and held them so that Napoleon might read.

This time Napoleon was so astounded that he did not try to speak. Instead, he gulped and nervously wiped his forehead.

Smith lighted a match, touched it to the paper and let it burn in his fingers.

The words Smith had written and which had so palpably astounded Napoleon were, "Madame Bleauvelt is a charming and amiable woman. I do not happen to know her husband."

"My friends," Napoleon gasped, "M'sieur Smeeth was in the right and I was in the wrong. There are the times when even the honest man cannot say where he was at the certain hour. Let us of it think no more."

"That being settled," Smith said quickly, "there are one or two important

points to consider. You all wish to avoid the knowledge that the robberies were prearranged being made public, and you desire no one else to know of the loss of the sixty thousand francs." To this they all agreed. Then Smith continued, "If you will leave the matter in my hands I will guarantee the secrecy of the affair and I will promise to give you the name of the criminal, and to explain how the money was stolen, within three days."

"But who are you that the matter should be left with you?" Alphonse demanded.

To this Napoleon replied that M'sieur Smeeth was a man of great knowledge of the mind that is criminal. For his part he was willing to leave the problem for M'sieur Smeeth to solve, and as it was his money that had been stolen, he did not see how any of the others could raise an objection.

This proposition being carried, Smith insisted that the entire story be told him. During the telling he made many inquiries, and when it was finished he said there was just one thing more that he required—to examine M'sieur Boulanger's bedroom and safe.

Smith's investigation of Napoleon's bedroom was cursory and casual. To the safe he paid more attention, and when Napoleon had unlocked it for him and had locked it again, he asked Napoleon if he would leave him in the room by himself. To Napoleon's query as to why he wished to be left by himself, Smith replied mysteriously, "Fingerprints!"

"Ah!" said Napoleon. "Of course! Fingerprints!" and nodding sagaciously, he went from the room, leaving Smith to continue his investigation alone.

Three days later Smith, Napoleon, Alphonse, Pierre and Emile met by appointment at Napoleon's office. To Napoleon's anxious inquiry as to whether or not he had been successful Smith replied, "As I promised, I can name the thief and I can tell exactly how the robbery was done. In fact, I could have given you this information the last time we were here, but at that time I had no proof."

"And you have the proof now?" Napoleon demanded.

"Absolute, undeniable and irrefutable proof," Smith answered. "The matter was an extremely simple one," he continued, "for it was merely a question of elimination. That some thief should enter the house the very night the robbery had been planned and by the door arranged, and the only night the money was in the safe, and that he should have a key by which the safe could be opened was too fantastic to be considered.

"In consequence, there are four conditions with which the man who stole the money must comply. He must have known of the arrangement for the robbery; he must have known Monsieur Boulanger had drawn sixty mille from the bank; he must have known of the safe; and, as the lock had not been tampered with, he must have had a key which would open the safe. Find the men to whom these conditions apply and among them is the man who stole the money.

"There are but three such men: M'sieur Boulanger, M'sieur Alphonse Douliet and M'sieur Emile Douliet. M'sieur Boulanger is quickly eliminated because I know where he was when the robbery was committed. That leaves but two."

"And do you say," Emile demanded, "that the thief is my father, or the thief is me?"

"That is exactly what I say," Smith returned slowly.

"You are mad!" Alphonse exclaimed. Then, turning to Napoleon, he cried.

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"And do you hear such things said with no word from you?"

"Of course not, my old one," Napoleon replied. Then, addressing Smith, he said, "The thing you say is more foolish than anything ever I have heard. My old friend, Alphonse Douliet, a thief! His son, who is to marry my daughter, a thief! Your brain it has been on a holiday, M'sieur Smeeth."

"I said I had proof," Smith rejoined.

"But what proof is it you can have?" Napoleon challenged. "When M'sieur Douliet, he was at his office when the robbery was made, and his son, he was at the cinema in Nice with my Marie?"

"But his son was not at the cinema with your daughter that night."

"It is a lie," Emile protested.

"You did go to the cinema that night with Ma'm'selle Boulanger?" Smith questioned.

"Yes, I did," Emile declared.

"That is impossible," Smith proceeded, "because that night Ma'm'selle Boulanger was at the cinema with me!"

"With you?" Alphonse cried.

"With me and with her aunt, Madame Rouvient," was Smith's reply. "His claiming, when we were here before, that Ma'm'selle Boulanger was with him was what gave me the first clue and convinced me that even then I could name the man we wanted."

"And my Marie, she is known to you?" Napoleon asked.

"I have known Ma'm'selle Boulanger for nearly a month," Smith rejoined. "That accounts for my remaining here so long."

"And for some other things as well," Emile proclaimed.

"Perhaps," Smith remarked. "But at present that does not touch on the matter in hand. You say Ma'm'selle Boulanger was with you. I say she was with me. One of us must be lying. I suggest that M'sieur Boulanger telephone his daughter or his sister and learn which of us it is."

"Shall I call on the telephone?" Napoleon asked Emile.

"No," Emile replied.

"Then that night you were not with my Marie?"

"No."

"Where is it you were?"

"Like you, M'sieur, I do not have to tell where I was. It is what you call an affair personal."

"At any rate," Smith said, "you lied about where you were."

"Yes," was Emile's reply.

"And you knew about the prearranged robbery?"

"Yes."

"And you knew M'sieur Boulanger had drawn sixty thousand francs?"

"Yes."

"And you had access to a key to the safe?"

"Yes."

"And you could have secured the key, opened the safe, taken the money, and then replaced the key?"

"Yes. I know all of those things and I could have done all of them. But is that the proof that I did do them? It was proof you said you had, M'sieur Smeeth! Where is it, that proof?"

"In addition to what I have already adduced," Smith resumed, "thanks to the instructions given by M'sieur Boulanger to the operators at the central office, I have been able to trace the three telephone calls."

"Three!" Alphonse exclaimed, and Napoleon said, "But of telephone calls there were only two, M'sieur Smeeth!"

"There must have been three," Smith replied; "that was clear from the first."

"But why is it there must have been three?" Napoleon demanded.

Smith answered, "If some message had not been sent to the man in Nice with whom you were transacting your business, he would have come to see you as you had arranged."

"Of a certainty he would," Napoleon rejoined. "If I had not the brain of a goose it must have been known to me."

"But the proof, the actual and irrefutable proof is here," Smith proceeded as he took from his pocket a shallow, oblong tin box and a piece of heavy white paper. He opened the box in which was a pad which was inked. Then he spread the paper—on which was what looked like a smear—on the table, pointed to it and said, "There is my proof."

Napoleon looked eagerly at the paper and exclaimed, "Fingerprint!"

"A thumb print, rather," Smith resumed. "I found it on the safe the afternoon you took me to examine it. It is the print of the man who stole the money. It is the print of Emile Douliet."

"How do you know that it is mine?" Emile cried, and his father exclaimed, "Yes! How do you know?"

"The matter can be settled easily and beyond dispute," Smith declared. "All he has to do is this. Press his right thumb on that pad and then put it on that paper. If the impression is not identical with the one already on the paper he is innocent; if it is identical he is guilty. Innocent or guilty? Let him prove it."

Emile did not move.

"My son!" Alphonse cried, and still Emile made no move.

This time it was Napoleon who spoke. He pointed to the pad and the paper and said ominously, "Do the thing that he asks if you are the honest man."

Emile cowered against the wall.

Napoleon advanced threateningly toward Emile and cried, "Do the thing, or confess that you are the thief!"

Emile broke. "Yes, I am the thief!" he exclaimed. "I thought for me this place it was too slow. I thought I would go to Paris where is the life for the young man. But when I had the money I found I had made the mistake. I did not wish for Paris. I did not wish for any place but here where I belong. And I wanted to put back the money but there was no chance. And it is in my trunk, every centime of it! And I have been the greatest fool in all of the world!"

Later, when Napoleon was walking with Smith toward his house, he asked, "M'sieur Smeeth, how long is it that you have known my Marie?"

"Nearly a month," Smith replied.

"She knows that you write the books?"

"Yes."

"She knows that you wrote the 'Coffins for Two'?"

"Yes."

"Has she read it?"

"Yes."

"How long ago did she read it?"

"Two weeks, or more."

"As I said before," Napoleon mused, "the girls of today are not like the girls who are their mothers."

"No girls ever were," Smith answered.

Farther on Napoleon said, "Does Marie know about the money and the safe?"

"Not a word," was the answer. Then Smith chuckled and continued, "It was lucky Emile did not accept my challenge about the thumb print. You see, I found no prints at all. The one on the paper was mine!"

Viola Tells All to Elmer (*Continued from page 73*)

cushions so that I would be quite comfortable, and then Viola Lake launched into the unfortunate story of Mrs. Geiger and the Geiger diary. And I verily believe that a sadder, more pathetic tale has never been unfolded.

"Elmer," she said, "all my troubles started when I began to build my big English estate in Beverly Hills. Before that, I was happy in a little furnished bungalow, and I wish that I was right back there now, because I've learned that riches don't bring happiness."

"How right you are, Viola!" I agreed. "Why didn't you stay in your modest bungalow and leave well enough alone?"

"Well," she continued, "the publicity department was always having to photograph me on somebody else's gorgeous estate, because I didn't have one. So I thought I ought to build one that would express my *own* individuality. And if I had only built a plain American house and had plain American service, it might all have been so different, but I decided that the whole thing ought to be English, on account of Papa having come from Manitoba.

"There was a famous English architect from London paying Hollywood a visit at that time, named Sir Arnold Endicott, so I went to see him, and I said, 'Sir Endicott, I want you to build me a typical one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar English mansion with a thatched roof.'

"Well, at first he started in to laugh at me and said he couldn't do it, because the English never allowed anything to be thatched except a cottage. So I asked him what *he* thought my personality suggested. Well, he considered the subject and finally he said he thought I suggested 'Hollywood.' And then he said: 'By Joye, little woman, after all, you're right. A hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar mansion with a thatched roof, for *you* is just the ticket!' So I thanked him for the compliment and he went right to work designing it.

"Well, when I finished the picture I was making, they gave me six weeks' vacation and I went over to London to get everything English for my estate.

"After I had finished shopping in London and was almost ready to leave, I sat down one morning to look at my list and see if I had forgotten anything. And then the idea came to me to add on an English housekeeper.

"So I went to the clerk at the hotel desk who had told me where to get everything else I wanted, and asked him if he could find me an English housekeeper. He said he knew of one who would be sure to give satisfaction, because she had worked for Americans before and could stand kind treatment.

"And when this housekeeper arrived at my suite in the hotel it was *none other than Mrs. Geiger!*

"I started in by talking to Mrs. Geiger about her work and she seemed to be very satisfactory. But after a little conversation I detected that she was of a pessimistic nature.

"I asked her if she had liked the party she worked for last, and she said, 'Oh, no, miss. She was a 'orrid lady.' Then I asked her about some of the other people she'd worked for, and Mrs. Geiger said they were all ' 'orrid.'

"So I finally began to suspect that perhaps it was Mrs. Geiger's viewpoint which was to blame. So I decided to

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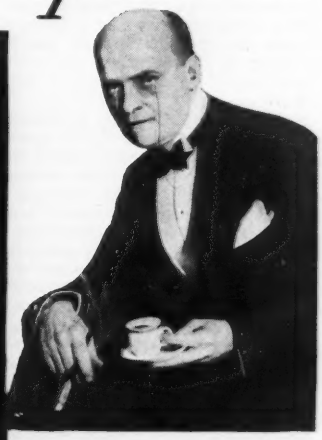

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test Mrs. Geiger out by inquiring about someone whom I *knew* was all right. And I said to her, 'Mrs. Geiger, do you like Mary Pickford?' And Mrs. Geiger answered back, 'Oh, no, miss; I don't 'old with 'er at all!' So I asked her why not, and Mrs. Geiger said, 'She's too full of honest hintentions—I don't call it 'uman.'

"Well, naturally I was shocked. I realized that Mrs. Geiger was indeed a pessimist, and I decided not to engage her. But then I got to thinking it over, and I began to feel that we film stars have so much adoration around us all the time that it might be beneficial to the character to have somebody in Hollywood who didn't always pay everyone compliments. And the upshot was that I engaged Mrs. Geiger to go with me to develop my strength of character.

"WELL, in order to get away from England I had to take a boat at Plymouth, and I went down by automobile the day before so I wouldn't have to get up so early in the morning on the day we sailed and of course I took Mrs. Geiger with me. And now that I look back on it, I know that everything that happened in Plymouth was an omen *not to take Mrs. Geiger to Hollywood*—but I never realized it until it was too late.

"In the first place, Mrs. Geiger did nothing but complain about the hotel in Plymouth. She started in on the 'spigots' in the bathroom. She said they were ' 'ateful.'

"Then she started 'picking' on the service, and by the time I had heard her comments all through dinner, I began to be a little depressed so I suggested that we go out and take a walk, and I started to put on my hat. And then Mrs. Geiger said, 'Oh, don't wear that 'at, miss. You look awful!' Well, I felt my character was being developed, so I unpacked a hat she didn't mind so much, and we started on our walk.

"Well, the only thing there seemed to be in the way of entertainment at Plymouth was to drop tuppences in some penny-in-the-slot machines. So I gave Mrs. Geiger some money and told her to buy us a stack of them. And she took the money and said she'd do it, but at the same time, she said, 'I don't 'old with them penny-in-the-slot machines, miss. All they want is your tuppence, and what comes out is twattle.'

"Well, her pessimistic attitude took all the fun out of the evening, so I decided we might just as well get to bed.

"The next morning about eleven o'clock, I opened my eyes and saw Mrs. Geiger coming into my room with a smile on her face for the first time since I had met her. So I asked her what made her so happy that morning, and she said: 'Oh, miss, I've been watching the people come in off the pleasure boats, and *they're all sick!*'

"And even *that* remark didn't give me a hint that Mrs. Geiger was what they call a 'sadist,' and I went and brought her clear to Hollywood!

"After I got settled in my new house I tried to make things pleasant for Mrs. Geiger, because I thought she might be homesick. Sometimes I used to even try to give her a thrill, and I'd say, 'Who do you think you're going to see at dinner tonight? Gloria Swanson!' And she'd answer back, 'I seen 'er already, miss, on the Boulevard—all dressed up like a tuppenny 'am bone.'

"Well, finally I felt that Mrs. Geiger was too monotonous to do anything to my character except depress my spirits.

"Why, Elmer, you wouldn't believe the things that woman could hate! She hated poor little harmless orphan children, and Easter bunnies, and the Hollywood Passion Play, and Rin-Tin-Tin, and Grauman's and even Baby Mitzi. So finally I got fed up and I told her she could go. *And, at that, she said to me,* 'Oh, no, miss. I think I'll stay!'

"I didn't like her tone when she said it, and I soon discovered why not, because it came out that Mrs. Geiger had been keeping a diary of everything I did since she came to work for me. And she hinted that if I discharged her she would turn the diary over to Mr. Hays and the daily newspapers and the Church Alliance and the Federated Women's Clubs.

"Well, Elmer, what I went through the next two years was almost unbelievable. Mrs. Geiger not only stopped working, but she gave the other servants several days off a week, so they could keep her company. Sometimes they'd all take my car and go off on week-ends to Mexico for the races.

"I could hardly get a bite to eat in my own home. After spending nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on an *English* house I couldn't even get a cup of tea!

"Sometimes I'd come back from the studio after a hard day's work, and I'd ring for Mrs. Geiger and I'd say, 'Mrs. Geiger, I'm hungry!' And she'd say, 'Why don't you bake yourself a cake?'

"And then I'd think of the millions of film fans who envy we motion-picture stars and think that our lives are a bed of rosebuds, without ever knowing the heartaches we have and the trials we go through!

"But finally Mrs. Geiger took to spending a great deal of time away from the home. And one day she went away and never came back. I looked for the diary, but she had taken all of her things with her and a good many of mine.

"Well, Mrs. Geiger's absence was such a welcome relief that I never even tried to find her. I got a whole set of new servants, and food began to be served in the house once more. But just when I was beginning to feel happy again, they caught this Mr. Barco, and it came out that the last woman he married and murdered was *Mrs. Geiger!*

"When I read it in the paper I could hardly believe my eyes. I could understand Mr. Barco's wanting to kill Mrs. Geiger, but why he ever wanted to *marry* her I could never figure out.

"Well, of course, I began to wonder more and more what had become of her diary. Then finally one day I learned that it had been found and had fallen into the hands of the district attorney to be used as evidence at the trial. So I got rather worried and told Mr. Goldmark about it.

"And Elmer, that's the whole story, from beginning to end. So now you know everything and there isn't any more to tell."

The story stunned me, and at the same time left me rather uneasy, with a disagreeable sensation that Viola Lake was one of those unfortunate persons who serve as a magnet for disturbances, not only to themselves but to anyone who happens to be near by. I removed myself from the hammock and perturbedly I started to pace the porch.

"Viola," I asked, "what accusations could Mrs. Geiger have made against you in that diary with any shadow of foundation?"

"Well, Elmer," she answered, "every time *anything* happened *at all,* Mrs. Geiger put a construction on it."

"Yes?" I inquired. "For instance?" And I waited.

After a momentary reluctance Viola went on, "Well, Elmer," she said, "what worries me most of all is that Mrs. Geiger struck up a friendship with—with a man I know named Mr. Rovaro. She used to have long talks with him in the kitchen."

I don't know why an ominous chill stole over me at the mention of that name "Rovaro," but it did. I stopped short in my pacing.

"Who," I asked, "is this Rovaro?"

Well, at that question, Viola Lake went into a somewhat confused explanation, the purport of which was that Rovaro supplied her with some headache powders which were unprocurable at the pharmacy without a prescription.

An icy hand clutched at my heart.

"Great good heavens, child!" I exclaimed. "Do you realize that that evil-minded Geiger woman might have described those powders in her diary as *dope?"*

"Well, that's what I'm afraid of," she replied.

Good Lord, what a mess I had stepped into! The seven murders of Barco began to pale in comparison with this new development in the case. Horrible headlines swam before my eyes! It was unthinkable!

"How much of this does your employer, Goldmark, know?" I asked her.

"Well," she replied, "he hasn't heard about the headache powders yet."

A great overpowering impulse surged up in me—and it was to get Viola Lake out of the house before something terrible happened on our own premises.

I went to the door, opened it and held it open.

"Get your wrap on, child," I said. "I'm going over to the Beebes' to fetch Mother, and *we'll both* see you home!"

Slowly Viola got up from the hammock, and humbly entered the house. Like a shot, I made for the Beebes'.

They were all deep in their bridge game when I rushed into the Beebe parlor and, with blanched face and quivering voice, cried out, "Mother, I need you!"

"Oh, all right," she said impatiently, getting up from the card table.

WE SAID a brief "good night" to the astonished Beebes and I dragged Mother home so fast that I didn't have time to tell her what had occurred. In fact I really felt that the only ones who should be told at that point were Mr. Goldmark and Mr. Will Hays.

I bundled Viola into the front of my roadster, boosted Mother up into the rumble-seat, and off we went.

Viola said nothing on the way home, but I could sense an inclination to "snuggle up" to me for sympathy, and I discouraged it.

Thankfully I saw Viola Lake through her own front door, and breathed a short, sharp sigh of relief. But the relief was only momentary. As I started back down the pathway to my car, shadows of infinite, endless trouble began to close in on me.

Shadows of the seven murders of Cal Barco! Shadows of another motion-picture scandal! The dark shadow of that terrible diary with all it might contain! (Other names besides Viola's might be mentioned therein!) Reputations blasted in every direction!

Hollywood, my Hollywood! What was going to happen to you next?

The next thing that happened to Hollywood will be related in Next Month's Cosmopolitan

Bongo *by Sinclair Lewis* (*Continued from page 44*)

was conscious of spectral wails circling him, nearer and nearer.

They were coyotes, but Bongo knew nothing of coyotes. He was used enough to animals howling in the menagerie, but this was different—a menacing, hunting cry, and it made him huddle into himself as though he were huddling beside the mother he had forgotten.

Between coyote yelps, in the moon-smitten silence, Bongo was aware of movements near him, of cautious shufflings, of a woolly smell that excited him.

He peered. He crawled out of his nest. He padded through the spruce that ringed his knoll—and on a rough clay terrace, in front of the swart mouths of many caves, he saw a dozen black bears, old and young, prowling in the moonlight, the cubs tumbling one another while their parents mumbled at old bones and scratched themselves in a relaxed, shirt-sleeved, after-the-day's-work, neighborhood way. They kept in family groups, not too close to one another, but they made up a rough community of his own people, and Bongo's friendly heart yearned toward them.

So, in the moonlight, on grass prickly with pine needles in an amphitheater below the Shelf of Caves, little bear Bongo coaxed them by putting on the greatest performance of his life, while the older bears stared down at him, and the cubs stopped playing and shrank to frightened stillness.

His pill-box cap and his red tie were awry but brave. He rose to his hind legs, poked at the cap, and began to dance, paddling at them with beseeching front paws and kicking as high as he could. He picked up a twig for cigar and skittishly paraded before them, smoking it.

After the first shock they had crawled down nearer to him, one by one.

Entranced, he worked the harder. He squatted beside a rock which (he hoped they would see it) represented his dining table of the circus, and with languid elegance he drank nothing out of a glass which also was artistically represented by nothing. Then, in a passion of art and friendliness, he stood up on his front paws and, his plump stern wagging with the effort, walked back and forth for them, back and forth, with a perfection that no bear acrobat has ever equaled.

He was shocked and terrified by a blow on his elevated hind legs, and dropped to earth to see an enormous black he-bear, eighteen inches taller than himself, reared over him, growling, while from the close-circled audience came low beary sounds that in humans would have been contemptuous titters. He trembled up. The black giant cuffed him, with one sweeping slap tore the pill-box cap from his head, grunted, and lumbered away to his cave, followed by his tribe, and little bear Bongo stood alone in his deserted circus.

He whined, shaking his head, and half an hour afterward he crept into an untenanted cave—and it was the smallest cave, and damp, and at the humble suburban end of the clay shelf.

Week after week, the older bears growled at him to keep away, and the cubs ran and hid from him, and by night it was damp in his cave. He learned to hunt for himself—not frogs and mice only, but grubs in logs, rabbits, berries and, learning by watching the others from a distance, the hives of wild bees.

He never dared to try his art on them again but he never could give up trying to be social. When he found his first honey, he sidled up to his closest neighbor with some of it smeared on his paw. She was a small bear and scrawny, but even she mauled him—after licking the honey. He tried to play with the cubs and got whopped away by their elders.

He was, in a word, to the smallest common ursine sense, absolutely crazy.

Who ever heard of a bear that wore a red tie and danced in the moonlight? Who ever heard of a bear so idiotic that he thought he could get away with pretending that he liked to share his food? Who ever heard of a bear playing with other people's cubs, unless he had some foul design on them?

Who ever heard of a bear that was brown, anyway?

The most thumping proof of Bongo's mania was that when he was slapped, he didn't slap back. While the rest of Bongo's unheard-of follies might have been mere publicity-seeking and meanness, this social refusal to duel like a sportsbear and a gentlebear showed him to be a dangerous revolutionary as well as a maniac.

By late summer they no longer dreaded Bongo but merely despised him, and in the evening, at their pleasant cave-mouths, the cubs would sing after him as he slunk home:

Bongo is crazy—crazy—crazy!
He's loco, duck-foot, lean and lazy!
He's drunk on honey; he's wolfish drunk;
He can't snare foxes or kill a skunk,
Or find the log with the juicy grubs
And *Shame on You* cry the Flaming Cubs,
Woof, woof, woof!

The stars are fleas in the night's black fur,
And when they come out to bother her,
And bad coyotes that eat small cubs
Come paddlety-paddlety through the shrubs,
They'll howl for Bongo and drag him back
To his own unbearly and crazy pack,
Woof, woof, woof!

And meantime Bongo had fallen in love! She was a lovely thing, three years and a half old this summer, in the bloom of innocent maidenhood—Miss Silver Ear, with teeth splendid as steel. She was a flirtatious girl, and every day she shocked the solider bears of the village by parading along the clay shelf, wiggling herself in no very nice manner. But to Bongo, his ideals formed by leopards and ladies riding bareback, she was elegance itself. He loped after her, timorously, one day, and tried to rub noses.

Probably it was only with a winning flirtatiousness that she slapped his nose; she had a right to expect to be slapped back, probably bitten, and so to begin a reasonable affair. But when Bongo shrank and whined, she knocked him over. After that, she knocked him over every time she saw him.

Their snickering at Bongo's other eccentricities was nothing compared with their contempt when day after day they saw him slinking after Silver Ear and being clawed.

His spirit was almost broken.

He became afraid even of other animals, even of the mean coyotes, and when he made a kill, these forest hoodlums sneaked closer to him than they would ever have to a self-respecting bear. They scented his fear. They laughed at him—bears only chuckle, but coyotes shriek with laughter.

He killed a rabbit, one morning, down among the cottonwoods on Mormon Run, and as he crouched to eat it, he was conscious of leering wolfish faces edging toward him through the trees—four coyotes, like gunmen surrounding a solid citizen. He looked at them mildly, and crunched the rabbit.

He dropped the hind quarters, and suddenly they were snatched up from his very feet by a flashing wolf. He did not so much as grunt. There was more than enough meat for him.

The coyotes squatted and considered. Here, obviously, was a bear either very sick or loco. And, like four projectiles, they shot at his head.

And out of the forests of Kamchatka came the memory of Bongo's ancestors that had fought the saber-toothed tiger.

He waved at them clumsily, turned quickly, got his back against a tree, and as they soared at him again, he squatted, and batted them down as casually as a sleepy man would bat flies. One of them caught its fangs in Bongo's left front paw and with sudden appalling speed Bongo clasped it to him in that bear hug which is not a hug at all, but a tearing of the enemy's chest with claws like a steel rake. From neck to belly he ripped it, and as the coyote went limp in his arms, he bit into its hot neck, growled furiously, and lumbered at the other three, which fled, yelping.

The lettuce-bred Bongo devoured most of that coyote.

He swaggered back to the Shelf of Caves. Miss Silver Ear was in front of her maidenly home, chewing a bone.

As he came up to her, she reared up with a threatening paw. Bongo straightway smote her on the side of the head, so that she was almost knocked over, then straightened her up with a sock on the other side, snarled at her, and paraded back to his cave, to sleep off his sanguinary jag for seven hours.

He did not know it, but all that time Silver Ear curled before his cave in an ecstasy of love for him.

When he came out, at evening, for a drink—he had a terrible head and a slight shame—she followed him, and the village marveled. For a moment, he might have become a real bear, as good as any other bearly bear on Cave Street, and the elders of the village watched him with approval. But he did not realize it. He grunted affably at Silver Ear instead of lamming her again, as she fondly hoped, and he was lost to the decent opinion of the village forever.

And he kept on courting her by trying to be gentle!

She permitted him about, in the hope that he would again be the honest and considerate young suitor he had for a moment shown himself, and in his delight he tried the more to please her.

He had no memory whatever of being drunk and slapping her.

He looked for the present which amorous bears bring to their beloved—information about a place to kill. He wandered farther from home than any of the other bears, and on a three-day hike from the village, he came on the cabin of a settler, who had arrived in the valley after Bongo himself.

Bongo smelled Man, and Man meant loaves of dried bread.

He galloped up to the cabin, and was met with a blast from a shotgun which scorched his back. He went away with speed, remembering that there were mean men as well as blessed beings.

He was angry. He wriggled about the place by evening, and discovered a pig in a pen of unbarked logs. Now why bears should consider pig the greatest of luxuries, we cannot say, but it is a fact, and this discovery Bongo bore to Silver Ear.

He found her with one Lump Jaw, a surly oversized young he-bear whom she had always fancied and Bongo always hated. It was half an hour before Bongo was able to get her aside and tell her of his exquisite find.

She humped away with him. Lump Jaw stopped her, but she came on after Bongo, and his heart was proud . . . He was going to be a bearly bear. With a bearly mate.

He thought, once or twice, on that flight back to the settler's precious pig, that he saw Lump Jaw sneaking back of them, but he was not sure.

When it was dusk again, while Silver Ear kept watch outside, Bongo crawled under the bars of the pigpen.

He slid as on grease to the hovel in the corner of the pen where the pig lay dreaming. Bongo snatched up that pig, gave it the lethal hug before it could let out one squeal, and dragged it out, under the fence, to his dear Silver Ear.

They were bending over it together when—thunderclap out of moony sky—Bongo was staggered and deafened by a clout on his ear, and felt down his nose claws of fire. As he cowered and peered up, he saw Lump Jaw, and he crouched, sore and afraid.

Lump Jaw, with no further attention to him, snatched up a leg of the pig in his huge fangs, and dragged it off—and Silver Ear trotted off beside him, happily, with a grunt that was more giggling than a giggle.

It was a week before Bongo slunk back to the Shelf of Caves and to his outcast shame.

He would not have gone at all, but he knew no other home now, and it was coming cold. The streams froze at night; there were few frogs, few mice, only rabbits to be stalked in the brush, and dry untasteful roots to be grubbed from the brittle earth.

He was puzzled by the disappearance family by family of his fellow citizens. He, the gay dog of winter quarters—he still had round his neck a gray rag which might once have been a red tie of much *chic*—knew nothing about hibernation; knew only that Silver Ear and Lump Jaw and the other grandees were no more to be seen. It made the hunting better, this lack of competition, and made him the lonelier.

On the day of the first snow, he felt incomprehensibly sleepy. He scratched leaves and pine boughs into his cave, in a drowse, made of them a nest in the farthest corner, fell into a great sleep—and awoke four months later, after a four-month-long dream about Silver Ear.

He found a world of streams and vanishing snow patches edged with dirt-covered filigree of ice. It was an early and exuberant spring; otherwise, little bear Bongo would probably never have come out of his cave again.

He was thin as a rat. Trembling with weakness, he set about the dreary business of snapping up frogs, minnows, mice—he who should just now have been starting out in a scarlet-and-golden cage, with banners and the tumult of puffing bands, to greet his Public.

The other bears came out, after him, scrawny, very irritable, and finally there came out, together, Silver Ear and Lump Jaw. They were the most snappish and intolerant of all, and they were followed by four cubs, and Silver Ear flew at him, a mangy demon, when he so much as glanced at her young.

That day even the innocent Bongo, that Jolly Bachelor Uncle among bears, knew that he wasn't wanted.

He drifted away from the Shelf of Caves. He followed Mormon Run down the valley to warmer layers of air, warmer pools where he could scoop up trout with a flicker of his paw. He was not very clear about it all, but he was relieved at being free of the thrall of passion for that Troy's Helen among bears, the lovely Silver Ear . . .

Bears have advantages. Except for two bones, a pile of leaves, and what might have been the crushed and soggy remains of a red pill-box cap, he was leaving behind him no baggage for which he would have to send . . .

He must have wandered more than a hundred miles, sometimes cold and starving; once, after encountering the cabin of a settler ambitious to keep bees, very drunk with honey and bee-stings.

Ranges and valleys he crossed, and then, one afternoon, little bear Bongo stood on a tremendous cliff looking down on a plain checkered with alfalfa and orchards and sugar beets, with the roofs and white sides of cottages making a bright and enticing town among them. He listened, startled. He heard a familiar "Oom-pah, oom-pah, oom-pah, oom-pah"—a circus band!—and made out the long gray-yellow tent, with a sun-ray on the Babylonian magnificence of the ticket wagon.

With no second's hesitance, Bongo humped down a cliff path that was no path at all. He rolled over rock walls like a porcupine. He skidded down water channels. He bumped his stern on rolling rocks with only the mildest "Woof!" of reproof to the rocks for biting him.

The citizenry of the town of Conquistadore were appalled to see a bear galloping down Main Street. Before anyone could hustle in for a gun and get him, the bear had reached the circus grounds. There were few people outside the tent, for the afternoon show was on; those few scattered, bellowing.

A clever canvasman ran for a pitchfork, but Bongo stayed not to be pitchforked. He dashed through the main entrance of the tent, upsetting the ticket taker, overthrowing the ticket box; through the menagerie tent, where leopards yammered at him; into the main tent and the ring—while five thousand people, as one, rose in horror at this escaped beast of ferocity.

The ringmaster ran toward him, and the ringmaster had a revolver. Before he drew, Bongo rose on his hind legs and advanced mincingly, kicking high, one paw affectedly in air, and dropped to all fours before his sovereign lord.

"Well, I'll be——" reflected the ringmaster.

He never got any farther.

The head animal-keeper was there now, with rope, prong, and shotgun.

"Seems like a trained bear. Escaped somewheres," he said profoundly.

He roped Bongo, who followed meekly into the menagerie, while the five thousand settled down with a universal sigh.

In the menagerie tent, the keeper tossed to Bongo a huge starry ball. Bongo balanced it on his nose, and paraded with it—a little clumsy now, but the professional, the real thing, come back to his own.

"You'll do!" exulted the keeper. "I don't know where you come from, but never ask the Lord embarrassing questions when he gives you a straight flush or a prescription or a performing bear."

He handed Bongo a loaf—a delicious, an epicurean loaf of dried bread, and as Bongo gulped it his heart sang and his mind got to work in a slow, bearish fashion on improvements in ball-balancing . . . Why not on one ear?

The keeper led him to a large cage, a very superior cage—incredibly luxurious to one who had been cursed with greasy caves. He half entered, and stopped, his heart rapid.

In a corner of the cage, alone, staring at him with startled rapture, was a young lady bear, a real, reasonable, brown Siberian bear.

Bongo edged toward her. They rubbed noses and curled up side by side. He gently swatted her—ever so gently—it would not more than have killed Jack Dempsey. She tapped him back, lovingly, and so he came from the burdens of freedom and the horrors of Nature to the happy civilization of his cage.

On the Bounding Red Ink (*Continued from page 53*)

one, that we should be sorry for. For her days are a solitude and her nights are endured in the company of a comparative stranger who comes home to change his trousers, bringing with him a perfumery like that of a vintage finnan haddie, and either falls asleep on the sofa from total exhaustion or recites to her through the dragging and weary eventide hours the saga of his nautical performances. For boredom, a golf widow has little if anything on her.

I move that next we take up the case of him who has advanced, step by step, as it were, from humble beginnings as a yachtsman to proud eminence in the profession. Personally, I am able to review the triumphant upward progress of a characteristic example.

When first he crossed my horizon—which was years and years ago on an inland river down in Kentucky—he owned one of those early-model motor boats of the William Jennings Bryan type. In fact, some of us took to calling her the W. J. B.—she made so much noise in a race but never finished better than second.

There was a theory that the engine of this old-school motor boat could be started by wrapping a piece of rope around the flywheel and then giving the same a sharp, jerky turn. It was only a theory. Often you gave her two or three hundred spins before she even acknowledged your presence by sniffing in a contemptuous manner.

Thus encouraged, you kept on winding and jerking and then, after a while, sometimes she began to cough and spit blood and a hectic flush would come and go in her cheek, and sometimes she just continued to remain in a profound coma. As a last resort you hauled off with a monkey wrench or an ax or something and hit her a wallop in her more intimate vital organs, and either she started up, snorting and weeping, and sobbed her way clear out to midstream before she broke down and began drifting, or else she stayed dead and stark right where she was.

This craft was equipped with a hunting cabin, which was the right name for it, because whenever the skipper required something—a pair of boots or a baling bucket or a piece of cotton waste to wipe her nose with—it was incumbent upon his guests to come forth bent double, to avoid knocking their heads

loose, and knot together in a compact mass, like a can of fishing worms, at the stern while he crawled down inside and yanked seats loose and pried up floor planks and hunted for whatever it was he wanted. We had many a hunting trip aboard the Great Commoner.

For a couple of seasons the proud proprietor seemed satisfied with his quaint little bide-a-wee.

But the germs were breeding in my friend's system. As improvements in gasoline engines came along, his ambitions expanded. Also his bank balance was growing and that helped. In the third year, when our trails again crossed, he had a new boat, a much larger one. It had a regular galley in it, with a two-hole stove and all; and it would have been entirely feasible to prepare a meal while under way, provided he found an asbestos-lined cook who could sit on one of those holes and cook on the other.

The crew, consisting of an adventurous colored boy, berthed forward on a bunk cunningly inserted amidst the machinery and he could have been very comfortable there if only he had been trained to sleep in a tight coil like a rattlesnake. In the cabin there were two beds which could be let down for use at night. I occupied one of them one night. With a few minor changes it was a replica, I'd say, of that device called the rack which the Spanish Inquisition tried to popularize but failed.

The third boat he bought had, in addition to these features, a bathroom with a bath in it that was suitable for one of Singer's Midgets if not inclined to be dropsical. If you crowded her, this boat would show you nearly nine miles an hour. Or maybe eight. Anyhow, seven. Oh, make it six and save argument.

It was along about four years ago, after we moved down on Long Island, that I renewed occasional touch with my friend and was able to mark how far he had advanced since we last had enjoyed those pleasant earlier contacts. If you are acquainted with the cultural backgrounds of eastern Long Island and know the subtle shadings of distinction as between the various Hamptons, you get a rough idea of the eminent place to which he had attained when I tell you he was thinking of changing his anchorage from just back of Easthampton to just back of Southampton.

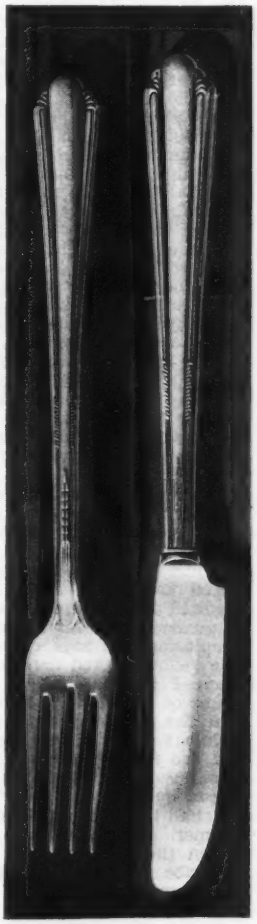
You see, it's this way: It takes an athlete to keep out of West Hampton society; Easthamptonites wear Southamptonites' old clothes; and when a good Southamptonite dies he goes to Newport but a bad one has to spend eternity in Hampton Bays. So he was considering moving on to Southampton with his ninety-foot speedster. He did move on, and that advanced him several points in the rating.

To me, his yacht that year seemed the last word in swiftness and high polish. Getting aboard, you could hardly push your way through the brass work. Riding on her was like being jockey to a comet. But he told me he would get rid of her at the end of the season and buy something faster and slicker.

Standard models no longer satisfied him. Every yacht he owned must be built to order. No sooner was one year's masterpiece launched than he began to plan improvements and adornments which would appear in her successor—a characteristic symptom of the complaint.

I got dizzy trying to figure approximately how much each of these transactions must cost him, because, judging by what I've been able to glean, nothing that's second hand loses value so rapidly as a yacht, unless it is a set of false teeth. It costs a king's ransom to build

IT TOOK A WOMAN TO TELL US WHAT *Inlaid* REALLY IS



"This tire has heavier rubber and cord at the tread, protecting it against wear for the same reason that your silver is inlaid at the wear points."

Of course!—silverware does have as distinct wear points as a tire. In Holmes & Edwards Inlaid, blocks of sterling silver are imperceptibly embedded at each wear point of the most used pieces. When considering silverplate remember that you can have INLAID, something more than plate, and at no higher price. The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., International Silver Co., Successor, 51 Seaview Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

In Canada, International Silver Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

And notice the Viande Knife (TRADE MARK Patent applied for) and Viande Fork, smart new pieces, whose long flowing lines add new beauty and new practicability as well. The Charm pattern is illustrated, only one of seven distinguished Inlaid designs. In all patterns, teaspoons are $3.75 for six.

HOLMES & EDWARDS INLAID

Something more than Plate

A PRODUCT OF INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Also manufacturers in silverplate of Stratford, doubly plated at the wear point, and moderately priced at $1.75 for six teaspoons. ©ISCO 1930

and equip her and a king's exchequer to run her and to maintain her when she's lying in port eating her fool head off, but when you get ready to put her on the market, all of a sudden she is marked down like Christmas trees on the morning of December twenty-sixth.

Several times this companion of my youth took me out for spins on the present incumbent. As I saw it, there were one or two drawbacks to going out with him. She was so high-powered that when they opened her up wide—and they always opened her up wide—the throb of the engines shook your joints loose and unbuttoned your clothes, and you traveled so fast you couldn't see what you passed for the spray flying.

And since he stayed inside the Sound, you were there almost before you got started from here, as it were. And when you got there, there was nothing to do except wait around while he went ashore and bought a ton or so of highly expensive equipment and supplies from the list which his captain and his engineer and his chef had compiled in such brief intervals as they could steal from their regular employment of eating copiously at his expense. This done, we'd come hurtling back at thirty-odd miles an hour and I'd land with my bridge work jolted all out of kilter, and the crew would go into a huddle and figure out how to run up some more repair bills.

Only once did we venture into the open sea. The yacht he had that summer may have been built for rough going but her boss wasn't. Me, I'm no social hit myself when the briny deep starts heaving. I'm not one of those who can eat their cake and have it, too. And this time, when we ran on past Montauk Point and the ocean got choppy, I didn't feel any too jaunty.

I wasn't exactly seasick, understand; I was just sort of homesick. But when I looked across the tilted deck at mine agonized host and saw how he looked, all gussied-up in his regalia and with a complexion like sage cheese—you know, pale yellow flecked here and there with green—I laughed until I had to get a couple of fellows to hold my sides.

In the following year he turned up with a yacht that was ten feet longer and two feet narrower and full of even more disorderly conduct than its predecessor had been.

I shall be on the lookout for him this summer. I hope he wasn't entirely wiped out in the market. He's so typical of the tribe to which he belongs that it's a fair treat to study him.

COME we now—that's the way the fancy writers like to put it—come we now to the really tragic figure of the three under discussion, namely, the rich greenhorn who, knowing little or nothing of yachting but actuated largely by a longing to be in the style, buys himself a yacht or has one built, which amounts to the same thing or considerably more.

As I picture the fashion after which the mania lays hold upon its chosen victim, Mr. Nuttin Butt is taking stock of his joys and treasures the while he sits one comparatively quiet evening in the library of his chief place of residence, a room having all the cozy intimacy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. With his eyes fixed reflectively upon the serried rows of uncut first editions in the shelves on the farther wall, a distance of some eighty feet, he says to himself:

"Let's see, now, what is lacking, if anything, in my scheme of existence? I have a snug city apartment of thirty-four rooms. I have also two or three country houses. I have a villa abroad, a hunting preserve in the South, a racing stable, a private polo field, a shooting box in Scotland, and at Newport a mere cottage covering a couple of acres.

"What with hiring new hands and firing the old hands and checking up on household bills and worrying over the harassing fact that in my various domestic establishments there appear to be countless leaks and drains which I cannot dam up, try though I may, I am, for a man who has retired from active affairs, fairly busy. Still, I do have a little time to spare once in a while. For these infrequent spells of leisure I require something else to fret over.

"Let me see, what shall it be? I have it—a yacht; a great big yacht like an ocean liner. Funny I never thought of that before. Fleming, oh, Fleming! Fleming, call up O'Brien and tell O'Brien to notify Rosenbloom to go out right away and acquire a yacht for me.

"How's that, Fleming—what kind of yacht? Pshaw, Fleming, I cannot be pestered with those technical details! Besides, how should I know what kind of yacht I want? Just tell O'Brien to tell Rosenbloom that any kind will do, just so it's as big and impressive and costly as any other yacht belonging to any other man in my set.

"That will be all, Fleming, except that you might bring me my copy of the Directory of Directors. I feel like doing a little light reading before retiring."

By the law of averages, the chances are that after the first novelty wears off cruising will bore the dilettante since, in all likelihood, he has not in him that love for salt water which fills the soul of your proper sailorman. Besides, cruising means separation from his favorite musical instrument, the stock ticker.

To the accompaniment of a sharp, poignant throbbing in the nerves leading to his check book, he discovers that no matter how much a simple dingus or a plain stock-size gadget may cost when purchased by a landlubber for landlubbering purposes, it costs about nine times as much when purchased by a yachtsman for a yacht. And he discovers that while frequently he is annoyed by enforced companionship with the people he invites to go along with him on a voyage, nevertheless he is left bereft when they have to quit him and return to their trades or callings, the trouble here being that, except at our county poor farms, we have in this America of ours no permanent leisure class.

It's bad enough to be crowded in with one troupe of folks during a prolonged house party. After the third day, weekend visitors and fish both begin to go bad on you. It's worse when host and guests are jammed up together on a yacht—same faces at every meal, same feet to stumble over, same tiresome stories to listen to—and everybody has enforced opportunity to study the flaws of everybody else.

No matter how big a private yacht is, she's never big enough to provide enough of that precious boon known as a little privacy. Damon and Pythias never went yachting together through a long spell of bad weather or there'd have been a different climax to their historic epic of friendship.

There's a sort of ritual to be followed on these so-called outings—religiously to be followed. Nearly always there is poker or there is bridge. The party is supposed to have been organized for a cruise in the fresh air—fair breezes blowing the ozone down into everybody's lungs and the sunshine and the wind filling the body with vigor for the renewal of life's battle. That's the theory. But what are the facts of the average case?

The facts of the average case are that, as soon as may be, the guests and the host mass about a table down below—they can't play on deck because the draft would blow the cards about—and there they sit all day and often all night, breathing in tobacco smoke, their nerves strained their forms bent forward in unnatural postures.

Nowadays nearly everybody who drinks at all drinks more than is good for him or her when ashore. Afloat, the thirst for liquor appears to increase in ratio to the size of the craft and the generosity of its owner. Drinks at meals—wines and liqueurs; drinks before meals—cocktails and sherrys; drinks between meals and copious drinks after dinner and on into the wee weary hours of tomorrow morning—that's so often the routine.

DOUBTLESS you recall the time—it's not so far distant—when a man who was really in the know always got his stock from a steward of a transatlantic liner.

"I have my own steward," your entertainer would say proudly. "This booze is right off one of the boats." And as the stuff went gritting and grinding down your throat, you remarked inwardly that it must have been a stone-boat.

But among the wealthier yacht-owning class this procedure no longer is followed. To do this would date one as outmoded. The proper thing to say is: "You needn't be afraid to dip into these goods, old man. I had my captain run her down to Bermuda for a supply of the real thing. Next week I'll chase her up to Nova Scotia for some decent Scotch."

The totaled cost of the liquor consumed on the average rich man's yacht in the season is enough to stagger the imagination of anybody except somebody like Uncle Andy Mellon, who's accustomed to dealing with national debts and reparation claims and the likes of that.

Thus it goes its merry deadening way along—cards and more high balls than anybody wants or should want, and no exercise and some more drinks, until long past anyone's normal bedtime. And then, racked in every bone, you go to bed to tear off a little sleep. Do you get the said sleep? Don't make me laugh.

I've known city-bred folk who couldn't sleep in the country because of the robins chirping for dawn, and I've known country-bred folk who couldn't sleep in the city because of the traffic and the early stirring garbage man clanging the ash cans about. But I've never known anybody who wasn't an old hand at yachting—and not many of those—who could enjoy unbroken sleep aboard a sizable fully manned yacht after daylight. If it's not the skipper sounding a foghorn which keeps one awake; if it's not the clatter and throb of the machinery; if it's not the maddening lap-lap of the water against the hull; if it's none of these causes or a chorus of all of them, it's morally sure to be a deck hand massaging the deck boards above your berth.

This zealous insomnamaniac, who bounds forth at daylight with his clattering pail and his pounding mop, may invariably be depended upon. If he wasn't up and heartily at his work by five-thirty A. M. they'd throw him out of the deck hands' union. And you lie there, counting imaginary sheep or—more agreeable fantasy—thousands of deck hands jumping off a precipice, and suffer the torments of the slumberless damned.

And today, nine times out of ten, is even as yesterday was; and tomorrow,

it's almost certain, ll be just like today. So then you, who have embarked let us say, for a whole week of care-free, refreshing, restoring voyaging, get desperate and you think up some plausible lie—a forgotten engagement, a business emergency, a sudden indisposition—and so manage to get yourself ashore.

Remains this lamentable outstanding fact, that no matter how pestered the yacht owner may be by the realization that he has picked out the wrong parties for his sailing mates, he is plunged into a sort of aching void when these misfits leave him by himself, and he all decked out in half a million dollars' worth of floating grandeur and nowhere to go and nobody to go with him, either.

The poor, in their ignorance, may be jealous of his favored lot. Some commoner drifts down as near to the yacht club's anchorage as he can get without being arrested for trespass, and there in the offing he beholds the spick-and-span beauty, with her brass work all aglitter and sailor lads in spotless middy blouses swarming hither and yon over her decks, all waiting, did he but know it, with eagerly twitching ears for the dinner gong; and, in effect, he says to himself what the East Side pants-presser said to his wife when he looked upon the magnificent mausoleums along Millionaires' Row in Woodlawn Cemetery: "Well, Mommer, them rich peoples certainly know how to live—aind't it so, Mommer!"

And what of the object of this plebeian's envy? There he bides, the poor forlorn rich man, beneath the fluttering flag which means "Owner Aboard and Awful Lonesome," with naught to do except twiddle his thumbs and add up the mounting costs and presently to hearken to the craunching sounds from the crew's quarters as that merry gang eat up about thirty dollars' worth of victuals at a single sitting. There never yet was a member of a yacht crew who was on a diet or had a poor appetite. There's the boy with the dependable gastric juices.

There, hour by hour, he continues to sit in silent expensive gloom, wondering where he can dig up a fresh crop of victims to go along on a cruise with him and be bored and help him be bored. Everybody he knows either has already been out with him and still carries painful memories of suffering, or has talked with somebody who has.

The way things are going, I shouldn't be surprised this summer to see ads in the Personal Column reading:

"WANTED—Guests for trips on gentleman's private yacht. No questions asked. Bring along white flannel trousers; everything else, including drinks, provided by grateful owner. Address immediately by wire, URGENT. Care Billionaires' Yacht Club."

But the greased-up fellow thumping across the bay yonder in the cockpit of his little one-lunged *put-put* is having a perfectly lovely time. He belongs.

Back Streets

(*Continued from page 37*)

good-looker! Gray eyes. What made them so nice were the lashes. Black! Rather big, strong-boned face as a matter of fact, but the kind that brought you to your toes.

Yes sir, a darned good-looker. Style. Why, the girls in the East were just beginning to wear those light tan box coats with the mandolin sleeves.

"Tell you how I feel about this thing called life, Ray."

After the SMOKY AIR *of parties—*

You need not be a smoker to have a "party-throat"—a throat weary from the strain of talking, dusty with the heavy fumes of smoke.

"Party-throats" need Lavoris. It is fresh and clean and fragrant. It soothes. It refreshes. It washes away the smoky taste from your mouth, the irritation from your throat—makes them feel exhilaratingly *clean*.

Lavoris is good for mouths and throats any time. It sweeps clean—gathering up the bits of oral waste, the tiny particles of food, coagulating and washing away the sticky film which on teeth and tissues harbors germs, carrying out of your mouth and throat all the debris opposed to cleanliness and countless bacteria which menace health. It also stimulates and heals the tissues, thus promoting oral health.

Use Lavoris twice a day—and "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. · Toronto, Canada

To Members of the Dental and Medical Professions: The Lavoris formula being printed on each label, and knowing the therapeutic value of these ingredients, you will perceive there is ample justification for our calling public attention to its use in that phase of mouth and throat prophylaxis concerned with the alleviation of irritation due to air pollutions.

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

© 1930, L. C. Co.

They all began more or less that way.

"It's short."

"Surely is, Prothero."

"The Lord gives us all sorts of ways to enjoy happiness. I mean to do the right thing by the wife. That's me. And then, in a class all by itself, love another gal."

"It's n. g. If you don't believe me, put it up to any of the upholstered dames you see at the tables around here."

In the warm, beer-scented security of Weilert's first-class family resort, the heavy harmonies of a full reed band playing Wagner, Beethoven, *"Ach du Lieber Augustin,"* "The ship is sailing down the bay, good-bye, my lover, good-bye," flowed over table after table at Cincinnati's high-German, solid-as-Gibraltar citizenry, dipping mustaches into foam-crested mugs.

In this old-world atmosphere there gathered, evening after evening around the solid mahogany tables, the firmly hewn bourgeois of this Munich on the Ohio. Weilert's—"The true family resort in every respect." Sturdy, unstylish women, with enormous busts, who ate and drank with relish. Solid thrifty men in gates-ajar collars and congress boots, to whom the Turnverein, the Gesangverein, the right lager, the virtuous wife, the virgin daughter, the respecting son, the well-tended business, were universe.

Yes siree, it was possible, all right, sitting there in Weilert's pavilion, while a man in short pants, knee-shy stockings and a small green hat with a brush in it, yodeled, to feel a little mad over the desirability of Ray. One tony girl.

And where there was smoke there must be fire. Girls simply did not run around that way, dressed to knock out a fellow's eye, unless—unless . . .

"How long is it, Ray, since I've known you?"

"Must be six or seven years, Prothero."

Darned if I know one bit more about you now than I did at first, Ray. Good company. Girl, if ever there was one, that a fellow can turn to in a pinch—and yet, darned if I know.

"If I didn't know you for what I know you to be, I'd think you were trying to propose to me, or something."

"I am, Ray, trying to propose something."

For answer, she drew back her hand slowly, and swung it with a hollow-sounding bang against the narrow cheek of the narrow Mr. Prothero.

The startling phrase had robbed her of her usual power of evasion. The hand that had struck out had been the hand of some violated inner being. Something private, and away from the self that was being lived here in the unsacred everydayness of existence, had leaped up hurt, and banged in the crude form of finger tips against a human cheek, leaving imprints. One felt sick, with living.

A MAN named Henry Ratterman, who at the time was general shipping agent of the steamboat company that was ultimately to bear his name, had once tried to urge her into a narrow, notorious lane, nodding significantly toward an unlighted, heavily curtained, second-story window of a narrow-shouldered house.

That had seemed so horrible to her at the time—she was sixteen—that she always thereafter said of Ratterman, without enlarging further, that he gave her "the shivers," although it is true that she had subsequently allowed him to kiss her, and on the occasion of a steam-launch outing, had permitted him to keep her head pressed against his shoulder for the moonlit homeward trip.

To withdraw was to wring conspicuous remonstrance. He had palpably enjoyed that pressure of her cheek against his coat. How easy it was to give pleasure! Your own pleasure was the result of giving that pleasure.

To say no, hurt more than the dilemma of granting a reluctant yes. That had always been Ray's particular predicament, although almost invariably there came the time when the "no" amounted almost to the explosion of disgust that had motivated her action in striking Prothero across the cheek.

Apparently, the fact that men were like that was part of the scheme of a universe into which she had been born, a girl-child with a wide-shouldered, good-hipped body, sirupy eyes with a slow flow of something provocative in them and the inordinate good nature of loving to serve.

At least, men were like that where she—Ray—was concerned.

That night, seated on the front veranda of the house on Baymiller Street after leaving Prothero, a doubt of her father crossed her mind.

Was her stepmother right, after all? Had Adolph, during those years following her mother's death, the formative years between seven and fourteen, let her run wild as a weed? Was she, in result, in the eyes of the miscellany of men with whom she ran, just potentially "fast"? What other so-called respectable girl in town could have been presented with the viscid phrase which had come to her from Prothero? Ugh.

It was cold sitting there in the late evening on the front porch of the house on Baymiller Street. Damp November chill whitened the breath, sank through the box coat and ran up beneath petticoats and chilled her cotton-clad legs.

"Papa, Papa!" said Ray to herself, sitting there on the porch railing and dangling one high buttoned shoe. "Oh, Papa, Papa!" Her throat was hurting. She wanted to cry, but with a willful self-flagellation would not let herself, but sat there in the late chill of the silence of Baymiller Street, swinging her shoe with its dangling tassel.

The Colerain Avenue horse car, dragging heavily along, threw a momentary light against the veranda, and the driver, a new one named Fred Harvey, leaned over and waved his cap. She threw him back a stiff-handed salute off her left eyebrow. Nice fellow. Didn't realize he was fresh. Held the car for her if she was late mornings.

"Don't know he's fresh!" had been her stepmother's snorting retort to Harvey's habit of waving as his car passed. "Don't know he's fresh! Huh! I'd like to see him so much as wave a finger at Freda or any other girl on the block. A man knows quicker than a barometer which way the wind blows in the matter of girls."

That was doubtless true. It was also true that in all probability there was not a girl on Baymiller Street who would have waved back to Fred Harvey, or to whom Prothero would have dared utter that sickening phrase. For that matter, not a girl on Baymiller Street would have been found seated in Weilert's after eleven, unchaperoned, with a traveling salesman generally known to be a man of family.

No one would have been quicker than Ray, had such occasion arisen, to join with the family in prohibiting her stepsister, Freda, from appearing in a rôle which Ray permitted herself. Prothero would not dream of asking a girl like Freda to take a ride up to Hamilton with him and sit sipping beer and crumbling pretzels at Howell's, while he visited the linings and dress-findings department of Reuchler's Department Store.

Freda had a demanding little way with her. She believed that the more you demanded of a man, the more he thought of you.

Men respected Freda. True, they respected her chiefly because her mother did not trust one of them out alone with her. There lay the secret! Ray had been mother to herself during those years when men first began to lay hands upon her. Schmidt had trusted her, going his trusting, unobserving way and leaving it to his girl somehow to go hers.

As she sat there swinging her scalloped shoe, the thought smote Ray that since her father's marriage to the widow Tagenhorst had been destined to happen anyway, it might better have happened before. True, when Adolph, newly widowed, had rented the house on Baymiller Street to the wife of the late Otto Tagenhorst, and he and his daughter had continued to live in the old home as boarders, Ray had come early under the influence of the woman who was later to become the second wife of her father.

STILL, it had been too late. During the years when the widower had been courting the widow, Tagenhorst had conscientiously and subtly "kept out of it" by not seeing fit to express her opinions of Ray's lax social methods, except by the contrast of her own daughter's tidy behavior.

There was something unspecked and protected about Freda's youth; something right and normal. The boys who courted Freda were the boys who, if not in a position, were at least in the mood for marriage. It was not inconceivable that a certain Hugo Hanck, temporarily nothing more than a gas-meter reader, but the only nephew and heir apparent of one of the town's outstanding and retired brewers, would finish off his courtship of Freda with marriage.

The fact was that, at eighteen, with the exception of Kurt Kesseler, who owned a small bicycle repair shop, Ray had never had an out-and-out offer of marriage.

The thought kept smiting her, as the cold poured in faster and faster beneath the mandolin sleeves and against the cotton stockings, that if Papa had been less lax with her, or his marriage with Tagenhorst had happened in the days when she was still young enough to be taken in hand by a stepmother, she would not be sitting out here sick with the nausea of disgust because a married man had put into words the unspoken expectation which, encouraged by her general behavior, lurked in the eyes and manner of every man who enjoyed easy liberties with her.

It was not that you could blame Papa. God love him, no! You could not expect caution of a man in whom mistrust had never been born. But if only—if only, somehow, some way, and still remaining Papa, just as he was, he had trusted her a little less . . .

It was not wise to enter the house with her throat hurting so from pressing down tears, because Papa was still up. She could see him through the parlor window seated beside the dining-room table reading the *Zeitung* through two pairs of spectacles.

Seen through the lace curtain, the vista of dark parlor intervening, he looked as placid as the friar on his beer mug, his shining hairless head falling forward now and then of intermittent fits of dozing. God love him!

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during the life of her mother, her father had set up a perpetual hurt in his daughter. In the untranslatable coinage of a phrase that was frequently used in a local way to sum him up, Adolph was a "good schnuckle."

Ray liked to call him "schnuckle." It expressed some of her indescribable hurt over his darlingness.

A young reporter on the Enquirer, who had boarded at the house during the days when Tagenhorst had taken it over, had summed up her father, as they had once sat on this very same porch rail, regarding him through the parlor curtain. "Your old man is a character. Somebody ought to put him in a book."

He was that. People often said to her, "Your father certainly is a character." Was it because he was as placid by nature as the friar he resembled? Well, if never to learn from all the bad things that happened to you made you "a character," Papa certainly was that. Pa just wouldn't distrust.

A HORSE car lumbered by again, carrying one lone passenger huddled in a rear seat. This time the driver of the night's first "owl" leaned out as the flash of its yellow light fell against the Schmidt house, and inserting two fingers between his teeth, let out a short shrill whistle.

It was Harry Knorr, one of the older boys on the line. Poor fellow, that was a cold and lonesome job for you, running a Colerain owl car. Fresh of him, though, to slow down and keep whistling. He'd wake up the neighborhood! Oh, poor fellow—lonesome . . .

What she did, in the act of entering the house, was to pause for a moment, place a kiss on the palm of her gloved hand, and blow it in the direction of the Colerain owl car as it slowed down.

Gracious! Tagenhorst was forever leaving doors and windows open, so that when Ray entered at night the draft of the hall door's opening sent more doors slamming throughout the house.

The thought trailed through Ray's tired mind that she did it on purpose. As if to say: Bang, bang, bang, here she comes! Well, it's not my say; I'm only her stepmother, and I'm not the kind that intends to get a reputation for being a nagging one! After all, if it suits her father, it has to suit me. But if it were my Freda, I'd rather see her dead . . .

It occurred to Ray, with something of a shock, that actually she was three months younger than this stepsister, whose innocence her stepmother was forever championing.

Three doors slammed throughout the drafty house as Ray, with two tears hanging against the diamond-shaped panes of her veil, entered.

Oh, well, what did it matter? It made a lot of difference, nit! Whoever wanted to know what time she came in was welcome to the privilege.

Why on earth did Tagenhorst insist upon turning out the hall gas when she went upstairs? Papa never failed to stumble over the hatrack. The floor of Tagenhorst's heaven would be paved in small gas bills. Last month, in an eight-room house occupied by four persons, the gas consumed had amounted to a dollar and forty cents. Skinned shins and stubbed toes testified to that.

It was right to be thrifty, of course, particularly since Adolph's twenty-year lease on the store had expired and he had been obliged to undertake renewal at heavy rental increase. It twisted your heart to see him rubbing the wrinkles of his forehead as if they hurt him.

Tagenhorst's economies should be meticulously observed, but there was a difference between economies and smallness. Tagenhorst was the difference. It was small of her to go off to bed, leaving Adolph that old end of headcheese when she knew how he would have enjoyed slivering down into the yielding richness of the new one in the ice box.

She stinted Adolph that way. Little things. If only he were not so good-natured it wouldn't hurt so, to have him stinted out of his rights.

"My schnuckle is sitting in a draft," she said upon entering.

He was already in the midst of an act that was his second nature. Adolph loved to feed. He delighted in preparing and administering refreshment.

He was already cutting down through the hard heel of the cheese for a sliver which he would presently convey to her on a slab of the richly dark loaf of pumpernickel that stood end up on the table. *"Ein Bissel naschen?"* She pretended to ignore him when he addressed her in German.

He poured the final contents of his granite coffeepot into his cup and handed it to his daughter, who took a sip and gave it back to him. She would do the same with the cheese on the slice of pumpernickel: bite into it and return it to her father, who would consume it with the coffee. Poor old Pa! The gas made his pallor glisten like paraffin.

Who banked the stove, Pa? You shouldn't be sitting in this chill.

Tagenhorst had, of course. Well, what Papa didn't notice, did not hurt him; but how dared she, knowing his susceptibility to cold?

"Sit a little, Ray. It's not so late."

Not, where had she been, why had she been! It's past one. Shame. Everything she did was to him right and normal and as it should be.

If only it had not seemed so right and normal! If only it had struck him in the days when she had been the high-spirited, high-busted Ray Schmidt of fifteen and sixteen, who was striking her gait as a lulu with the boys, because she had found it so difficult to say no to them!

If only he had suspected her and corrected her and doubted her just a little, she would not be sitting there now, like one of the hordes of soiled doves that came home every night to huddle and moan under the eaves of the post office in Fountain Square.

"There's a whole liverwurst in the ice box, daughter, that will melt in your mouth. I stopped by for it at Peebles'. I'll fix you a sandwich with some beer."

Almost frugal at table himself, Adolph's eyes watered more readily than his mouth. Ever since she could remember, Ray had seen him come home laden with provender that had tempted his glance along the way. Cheeses, potted and pickled delicacies, smoked meats, tinned fish lurked in his ice box and even in his desk drawers at the store.

"I've just had tongue at Weilert's—with Prothero. How's that?" She knew it would be all right. All right in a way that was suddenly hateful and hurtful to her.

"MacQuirk was in, after you left the store, asking for you."

MacQuirk was another salesman out of New York. Jets and passementeries. Sixty, if a day; sporty after the easy-spending, lavish-tipping manner that had come to mean the New York manner. Married, of course. Grown daughters, in fact, and grandchildren. He was regarded as a crack amateur bowler and he liked to have Ray accompany him to the local alleys, where he attracted quite a gallery of spectators. Then Over the Rhine for boiled beef with horse-radish sauce, beer and pretzels, with Ray, whom he called the town's toniest.

It was galling to be tony to MacQuirk, who would not have tolerated her doings in his own daughters. But then, it gave MacQuirk pleasure to walk along Vine Street with Ray. Tony girl with hips and a bust to her. Style.

He was the kind of spender who made her feel remote from the machinery of living. Waiters scurried before MacQuirk.

Once, on one of those three-day, five-dollar-a-round-trip excursions to the Chicago World's Fair which Ray had made with her father, they had encountered MacQuirk on the Midway Plaisance with his wife, a woman of at least sixty, with a cold, embittered face and none of the sporty bearing of her husband. It had been a quick, constrained meeting, and MacQuirk had actually blushed over the introductions. Adolph, of course, had noticed nothing, but the immediate consciousness that MacQuirk had hesitated over introducing his wife had stung Ray to the quick.

"Papa," she said suddenly, placing her hand over his—"Papa, do you ever think of me and the MacQuirks of this world?"

His lack of understanding was so complete that he reconstructed what he had heard into what he thought she meant.

"He hung around the store, waiting, went over to the Stag, and then dropped in again to see if you had come back. He was looking for good company," said Adolph, and regarded his daughter with the crinkles in his forehead moving up and down. His way of laughing.

For a moment her energy quailed before the magnitude of his imperturbability. "Papa, now listen."

He pinched her cheek.

"Now listen. I want to ask you something. Terribly."

"Und so weiter?"

"I sometimes get to thinking, Papa. I sometimes get to thinking what this town must think of me."

"This town?"

"Yes. The men around it and the men who come to it from other towns."

"What should they think?"

"Well, what would you think, Pa, say if you were MacQuirk or Prothero or just any one of a dozen boys who hang around the Stag a lot? What would you think if you were one of those fellows and I was a girl like me? Just a regular Cincinnati girl, born and raised here, going to school here, living at home with my folks, going down to the business since my second year at high and—well, running around the way I do. What would you think?"

"THINK?" he said, and leaned over to enclose each cheek in a pinch of his chubby thumb and forefinger. "I'd think I was a lucky man to get the company of Ray Schmidt."

"What else would you think?"

"I'd think I'd never seen a girl so fine and pretty."

"Papa, try not to be yourself when you think. Just think as if you were Mac or Prothero or a fellow loafing outside the Stag."

"That is nonsense. How can I think what I would think, if it was not me thinking?"

"Would you think I was a bad girl, Pa?"

He looked at her for the first time with a shocked attention and paused in the act of biting down into pumpernickel.

"Was sagst du?"

"You know. Think I wasn't—good?"

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His face fell into pleats of helplessness; his jaw loosened; his eyes became the mute, pleading eyes of a spaniel.

"You want to make me talk nonsense?"

"But Pa, did it ever occur to you that perhaps, as Tagenhorst says, you trust me too much?"

"A woman trying to make a good stepmother of herself don't dare to trust for fear it will look careless."

"Doesn't it occur to you, Pa, that all these fellows who take me out, Over the Rhine to Hauck's, to the races—that some of them, most of them, maybe all, look at me as if I were—just so much flesh, Papa?"

He made a noise of strangulation and began to twist his neck in its low halter of a collar like a turtle giving evidence of distress in its shell.

"What are you talking about? You want to make me crazy? Has anything happened that makes you want to make me crazy?"

He began to make small crying sounds in a manner she had never beheld except on a day she dimly remembered when the oblong shadow of her mother's bier had lain down the center of the very room in which they were sitting. She wanted to hush him, at any price, back into his unassailed complacency.

"Can't you take a joke, Papa?"

"Don't ever," he said to her in almost the first admonition she could remember—"don't ever let me hear you talk like that again. Don't ever!"

"I was only foolish, Papa," she repeated. "For goodness' sakes, don't have a conniption fit over nothing."

Ugly joking. What had got into this girl who was his daughter, and yet at the same time reminded him of his mother, who had died forty years before in Frankfurt am Main? What in the world had got into her?

"Drink this coffee, Papa, and forget it."

Funny thing had happened to him. Felt as if he had just had a chill. Perhaps he had.

"I think maybe I've caught a cold."

"Tagenhorst ought not to bank the fire before she goes up to bed. She ought to know you mustn't sit around in the cold. You tell her, Pa."

"Don't ever talk ugly like this to me again, Ray."

"Papa dear, I won't," she said, and crossed over and stood behind his chair and placed her lips to the smooth dome of his head, feeling again her impulse to cry over him. "Come up to bed."

He creaked out of his chair, still unable to be certain that his curious unease had been chill.

"I forgot to tell you Fred was here after supper to ask if you will ride with him on his tandem out to the zoo Sunday morning."

"I can't. I promised Kurt I'd go over to the shop with him Sunday morning and balance his books. Did I tell you Kurt and Eddie Winton are trying to rent a store on Poorman's block, and sell bicycles as well as repair them? Sounds sound, doesn't it, Pa?"

"That is sound. Like Kurt. There's a big future in bicycles the way everybody has got the bug for running around quick, as if almost everything in life wouldn't keep until a little later."

"I wonder how many in this town would believe, Pa, that Kurt Kesseler is the only fellow who has ever asked me to marry him."

He turned to regard her. "Don't fiddle around waiting for something better than Kurt when it's just like life to hand you something worse. I'm right, daughter?"

She leaned over to kiss him as he grasped the newel post for the first slow hoist of his vast body up the stairway.

"Good night, schnuckle," she said, giving him a boost for the first step, which seemed too hard for him.

That was the night that, peacefully, Adolphus Schmidt, dearly beloved husband of Cora Tagenhorst Schmidt, father of Ray Schmidt, stepfather of Freda and Marshall Tagenhorst, died in his sleep.

"Papa wouldn't have wanted it this way if he could have foreseen how things would turn out," was the sole comment Ray was ever to make on her predicament of sharing so little in her father's estate.

The transaction, years before, of making over the homestead to Tagenhorst had seemed fair enough when it happened. She had put her savings of twenty-five hundred dollars into the business at a time when the advance in rental was embarrassing Schmidt acutely. That, then, was right and fair, and Ray herself had run back and forth to the lawyer in Sixth Street with deed and document, and there had been two journeys with Tagenhorst to the offices to sign the transferal of the deeds.

It was what happened subsequently that made the division galling, because the estate of Adolph Schmidt resolved itself into this: Five hundred dollars' benefit from a local Turnverein; household effects too negligible for listing; a considerable array of business debts, amounting to well over three thousand dollars; a practically new rubber-tired surrey, which he had taken over in lieu of a debt five years previous and kept stored in the loft of a neighbor against the day when he should feel in the position to append to it a good chestnut mare. Gold lockets, rings, chains, and a watch that had been Lena Schmidt's; a business that proved to be worth precisely the life of its owner.

Legally, had it been thinkable to contest for them, there were rights for Ray lying about even among this rather barren débris of her father's estate, but her desire was not for the exercise of prerogatives, but for peace.

"You're a fool, Ray," said the more intimate of the friends who were watching it happen. "Tagenhorst won't think any more of you for being so easy-going. Don't let her walk off with the situation."

"Let her have it. Papa would hate to see us squabbling over what little he left. Anyhow, now that he's gone—everything's gone."

"But your mother's bedroom set. That old-fashioned stuff is worth a lot."

"Let her have it!" . . .

"Papa wouldn't have wanted it that way, if ever it had even occurred to him to make a will."

"You are welcome to make this your home as long as you like," had been Tagenhorst's retort to this sole observation of Ray's.

As long as you like! As long as you like, in the house in which you were born!

Lena Schmidt had borne her in that house, and sickened in that house, and died in it while Ray was still playing with the big-sized doll that even now sat stiffly in one of Ray's little-girl chairs.

To be told in such a house that you were welcome to make it your home as long as you liked! Even in the years when Adolph rented the house to Tagenhorst and he and his daughter had stayed on as boarders, it had seemed to remain primarily the house of the Schmidts. The name chiseled into the square hitching stone at the curb had never been changed. "SCHMIDT."

To be told, in half a dozen subtle ways, as they sat around the dining-room table the Sunday morning after the funeral of Schmidt—Ray, Freda, Tagenhorst and a son, Marshall, a Tagenhorst offspring of her former marriage who had suddenly materialized from Youngstown—that she was welcome to remain in a home that had suddenly slipped from under her!

Papa would be turning in his grave could he behold Tagenhorst, sitting there in curl papers and the blue challis wrapper which she had dyed black, hurting her so!

Not that it really mattered so devastatingly, as she put it bitterly to herself, that as things were working out practically everything became his widow's. Rather, it was the principle of the thing.

Come right down to it, Ray could not call this much of a dilemma. On one of her buying trips to New York she had been offered a position with the firm of Longmans-Black, a well-known concern on Greene Street, from which she had bought passementeries. For that matter, right there at home she had been given to understand that, should she ever decide to leave her father's business, a position at Pogue's could be arranged.

No, it was not her failure to come in for any share of patrimony that mattered so much, but it was this sense of somehow being alien to his death. This Tagenhorst sitting there had the rights. The widow, who had only had the last years of his darling life, sitting there in black challis and curl papers, vested with first place!

Not first place in grief. But first in her rights to sit there this Sunday morning, with the heretofore hearsay Marshall, checking off the furniture, and even the large gold watch and chain which Schmidt had worn for thirty years.

There had once been a small photograph of Lena Schmidt in bangs and basque, with Ray's cheek crushed up to hers, in the back of that watch. And now the watch was Tagenhorst's and the dining-room table, about which they were sitting and which had been coveted, chosen and purchased by Lena Schmidt, was Tagenhorst's, and the usurped right to dispose of everything pertaining or appertaining to the dear figure of Adolph, who had lived and died so snugly within the small orb of his Cincinnati home and business, was Tagenhorst's.

"Papa would not have wanted it like this," Ray could not help blurting out. "He told me once, just before his remarriage, that he intended to make a will."

"You are welcome to make this your home for as long as you like."

Underneath her little bosom, with the barrage of starched ruffles worn to bolster it up, something must have stirred and given pang to the blond Freda, who placed her hand with its turquoise ring on top of Ray's tannish one.

"It's more your home than mine, Ray."

That was true, and yet the mere saying of it by Freda was sufficient to assuage some of Ray's resentments.

After all, Tagenhorst was within some of her rights and Adolph had been her husband, and a widow at sixty, with the blond flaccid problem of Freda, under whose pasty prettiness ran vexatious problems, and now this heavy-necked son, was not fit to cope with trials that to Ray, eighteen, were not even trials.

Whether Adolph had made a will or not—what did it matter? The "schnuckle" in Adolph had failed to make it. The heartbreaking, good-natured complacency, for which lay a perpetual poo

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of tears in the heart of Ray, had failed —not Adolph . . .

Let come what might! Suppose Tagenhorst did have the house! And just for argument, suppose, then, that some day Freda and this big bull here did inherit it. Terrible, of course, in a way. Terrible!

And yet, obviously, this big-headed bull, to whom Tagenhorst was forever sending small sums, could never be more than just what he was. Truck driver for a coal firm in Youngstown. Nothing to hope for from that direction. As for Freda, horrid-minded Freda was always creeping into her bed of a Sunday morning with intimate soiled questions on her cherry-colored lips that made her seem to need every ounce of Tagenhorst's meticulous protection.

Ray had to be philosophical to keep from succumbing to an impulse to cry her body into a veritable pool of tears. It would have helped to have been able to scourge these people around the table —her table—with anger. But somehow, it was difficult not to feel compassion for Tagenhorst, sixty, widowed, acquisitive and tired.

Let them have it.

The bull Marshall was all for immediate disposition of the holdings. Well, let them haggle; they had yet to learn to what extent the holding of the store, lacking the personality of its founder, was defunct.

The business must go for debts and good will. No one, not even those who had held for years that the firm was going into decline, knew to what extent the little old trimming business was sinking in its tracks. Bradstreet knew. Certain creditors suspected. Adolph Schmidt, fumbling hours on end, days, months, years on end, among the boxes of chenilles, tassels, jets, bindings, jabots, fancy buttons and buckles, had known.

A natural demise. The younger generations of the petty genteels who had been content to purchase their dressmaking findings of Adolph Schmidt, now either drifted around to Le Boutellier's, Alms and Doepke, or Mabley and Carew, more elaborate emporiums where the selection was wider and, by virtue of quantity-buying, the prices actually lower.

Poor old Adolph's leavings had been lean.

"There are just a few personal things I'd like to have. Mama's sewing table."

"That's a shame now. I crated it to Youngstown yesterday!"

"Papa's walking stick with the ivory horse's head. He loved that."

"Now, where could I have packed it?"

Ray wanted to add, "And his gold watch and chain, too. I could always hear it ticking when I was little and he lifted me up on his lap." But she did not. All three of Adolph Schmidt's personal jewelry appointments, the watch and chain, a small gold clasp for holding necktie in place against the front pleat of the shirt and a fob engraved with the seal of a Turnverein, had disappeared from his top dresser drawer. Even that could be borne, if only the watch, Papa's own, were not now reposing against the heavy breathing of Marshall.

"Any little things you want, Ray, you can have," said Tagenhorst.

It was the first Sunday morning in all Ray's life that had not been crammed with the doings of her father. He pedicured that morning; he shaved at greater length than usual; he dug up around the elephant's ears in the front yard in summer and in winter among the geraniums on the wire rack in the dining room. He tinkered around the tandems of the young men who came to take Ray bicycling; he rattled among the German newspapers; and at eleven o'clock he attended church services alone, or with whatever member of the family he could muster.

It struck Ray with a pang that for the past year she had either gone bicycling every fair Sunday morning, or gone down to Kurt Kesseler's shop to balance his books. Except for the eagerness with which Adolph accepted her occasional company, she would never have known that he minded, particularly in the years when Freda or Tagenhorst had accompanied him.

It was just that death, somehow, gave you hindsight. Papa would have loved to have her, looking bright and stylish, walk to services with him. He had been content with Tagenhorst and Freda, never crossing Ray or expressing what must have been his wish for the Sunday-morning companionship of his daughter, who was always busy with the boys.

What would Papa, so indulgent, think now, lying out there beside Mama under earth that was still broken from the spade? What would he think if he could see her sitting there amid the strangers Tagenhorst?

"Are you going bicycling this morning, Ray?" asked Freda brightly.

She hoped so, although none of the boys had said anything, owing, no doubt, to deference for the Sunday morning following her father's death.

The glance which Tagenhorst, blond crow, hooked on her said its usual volumes.

"It's time to dress for church, Freda," she said to her daughter, with her eyes on her stepdaughter.

Well, no matter! Ray could not have carried the ache that lay in her heart for Adolph into the pew that became stuffy and without God, once Tagenhorst set foot into it.

"Mama, can't I ever go bicycling on Sunday?"

"No, you can't ever."

And yet strangely, even as the baby treble in Freda's voice struck Ray to derision, she would not have wanted Freda to go. You were fly if you did things like that. Why, even so much as take a ride with the average young fellow out toward Sedanville, where the gravel road began, and you could almost tell, to the mile, under what shade tree along the roadside he would want to pause and throw himself down on the grass beside you, so that your knees touched and surreptitious spooning became the order.

"But Ray goes, Ma."

This invariable pouting remark drew from Tagenhorst four small explosives.

"Yes-but-you-don't!"

"Could I go if Hugo asked me?" When Freda asked this question, her blue eyes floated upward as if they had been soap bubbles.

"Hugo would not ask you to do such a thing."

Was it possible, after all, that Hugo Hanck was serious in his attentions to her stepsister? Freda was nobody's fool; anyway, where Freda was concerned. The girl who married the meter reader for the Cincinnati Gas Company also married the nephew of Herman Hanck, retired brewer and bachelor. The girl who married Hugo married prospects.

It would be good to think of Freda, who could be sweet after a fashion, and at the same time so unbelievably horrid-minded, married to Hugo and snug as a bug in a rug.

Freda needed to be married. The trend of her questions made it imperative for Freda to be married. Why, some of the questions she asked, on those mornings she climbed into Ray's bed—it would never do to admit it, but Ray had never even heard the phraseology of some of the thoughts that hopped, toad-like, from the cherry-colored sills of Freda's lips.

"There's Kurt outside whistling for you now, Ray."

Yes, there it was! Two long and a short. Kurt was one of the few boys who called for Ray who had the habit of venturing into the house. But now, since the passing of Adolph, to whom he brought cigars on the occasions of these visits, there seemed something strange to Ray about having him enter this house—of strangers.

"So you're going," said Tagenhorst.

"Yes. I promised Kurt I'd look over his books with him this morning."

"I read in the Enquirer yesterday," said Freda, "that a girl in South Bend, Indiana, went up in a bicycle repair shop a fellow kept over a feed store, and was found dead in a gunny sack two weeks later. Case of assault. What is assault, Ray?"

"It's enough for you to know it's a word you shouldn't ever use. I hope you don't ever answer the child's foolish questions, Ray."

"But I don't see why I can't go bicycling, if Ray——"

"Ray's ways are her own ways," said Tagenhorst. "I guess she knows what she is doing. Always has."

The sentence fell down like a portcullis, shutting Ray off on her separate side of the moat from the mother and daughter.

"I'll be going."

Outside on the front lawn, his bicycle standing wrong side up on its handlebars, Kurt Kesseler was spinning a pedal and tinkering with it.

It seemed to Ray, as she hurried out, snatching her natty hat from the rack and pinning it onto her pompadour, that the only person in the world to whom she could turn, while the pools of misery lay in her heart, was Kurt.

The repair shop smelled of graphite, lubricating oil and inner tubing. In one corner against a bare brick wall and beside a rusty stove was backed the flat-topped desk at which Kurt and Ray were in the habit of spending an occasional Sunday morning.

There was lack of tidiness, lack of system, lack of law and order in Kurt's bookkeeping. True, he seemed to have some order to his own methods; could tell to the penny and without reference to his books the status of accounts paid and unpaid, but this period of auditing with the astute Miss Schmidt was of paramount importance to him, quite apart from the red-and-black columns of his ledgers.

The fact that she had sat at that desk was to leave for Kurt, weeks after, a flavor that was stronger than the tasting smell of the graphite and the blur of dust off the wooden floors.

In the sense that his predilection for mechanics, his aversion for salt meat, his talent for organization, and his inborn interest in ways and means of moving about this earth, were part and parcel of his personality, so was his consciousness that Ray was his woman.

He saw her as wife in a home of his making. And now this passing of her father was sure to have the effect of drawing her more surely into the web of his life.

He wanted to take her, as she sat

"CHARMING, EVEN IN THE COLD, RAW MIST OF A HUNTING MORNING"

"Even as a youngster she took all the hardest fences. And do you remember how hurt she was when we rode point to point without her? She's as keen as ever—grown up to be a beauty, too. . . . Amazing, isn't it, how charming an English woman can always look, even in the cold, raw mist of a hunting morning!"

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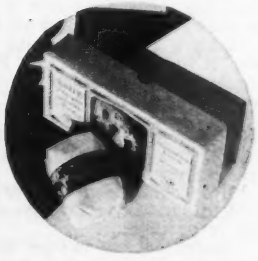

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Yardley's

English Lavender

there beside his desk, poring over his slovenly accountings, and bend back her head and let her tears, which he knew were in a knot beneath her smile, run warm against his flesh.

He had, it is true, held her close and long, one twilight hour in a sequestered glen at Eden Park, where they had bicycled for picnic supper. Passion had raced in him. He explained to her later, when his lips would carry words, that it had been the overwhelming passion of a man for the woman he would make wife.

She had been acquiescent during his embraces, in a way that had puzzled him. It was as if he had left her untouched by his vigor, unimpressed by his force, but pleased with the knowledge that she had given him pleasure. He had the feeling, watching her, that she was regarding his lips, as they coined the phrase of his proposal of marriage, with the fascinated attention of a child.

He had not, somehow, even with her large indulgences, dared to follow it up. In fact, he could not be quite sure that she had heard. Now, in her new loneliness, there was that which gave him courage. There was a droop to coveted, stylish Ray Schmidt this day as he sat beside her, hearing with mock humility the storm of her mock reproaches for his untidy bookkeeping.

"What in the world is this six dollars and twenty cents? Is it against Eddy Slayback or the Eddy Steam Fittings Company? Honestly, Kurt, who could tell from the way you've made this entry?"

"Don't potter over the books today, Ray. I want to talk to you. Haven't had much chance since—since your father went out. You must know how I feel about anything that hits you."

"Don't make me cry, Kurt," she said, looking away from him. "I cry easy—yet."

"It's a funny thing to say, but I'd like it if you cried, Ray."

She sat swallowing. "Papa was everything I had."

"Don't say that!"

"I mean—I can never be as all right to anybody as I was to him. He just—liked me terribly for what I was or wasn't. Didn't matter. And nobody knows better than I do what I wasn't."

"You can have the consolation, Ray, that you never gave him a day's worry in your life. You've got no regrets."

"I know better," she said. "But anyway, it helps to know that Pa never felt troubled enough about me to sit down and try and figure me out."

"I've figured you out, Ray, but I don't care why you do things. I just know that if you do them, they're right. For me, anyhow."

"If I could figure out for myself why I do things, maybe I'd have enough sense not to do them."

"You're gay by nature, Ray."

"Gay? Gay as my Aunt Hannah's black bonnet! I'm not gay, Kurt. I'm an old sick cat at heart."

"Ray, I hate to hear you say that."

"I've got a hurt in me as big as a hen's egg. Always had it. Born with it. Don't know what it's about, but it's in me."

"Marry me, Ray."

"Will it surprise you, Kurt, if I tell you that no man has ever asked me to do that before?"

"You're so head and shoulders above every one of them. I'm the only one who has the conceited nerve."

" 'Tisn't that, Kurt, and you know it."

"Well, then, every fellow in this town, or that ever comes to it, is crazy—except me."

"Every man in this town, or that comes to it, figures he can have me anyway."

"I wish you hadn't said that, Ray."

"It's true."

"Well, anyway, I wish you hadn't said it."

"You know it's true."

He rose abruptly and walked over to the grimy window and stood looking down on a sooty agglomeration of old bicycle junk, while she sat with her clasped hands held motionless.

He came back presently and stood with his feet planted far apart. "It isn't true, is it, that they—can have you?"

"No."

He swung her into his arms, then, and kissed her again and again on the mouth.

"You mustn't do that, Kurt."

"Why? Aren't you mine?"

"You mustn't do that."

"You made me feel sick just now."

"I know I did, Kurt. It hurt me to say it."

"Then why did you?"

"It's true."

"Didn't you just say it wasn't?"

"I mean it's true that they think those things."

"The man who thinks them from now on has me to contend with."

"Funny thing, Kurt, but I've always been like that."

"Like what?"

"Too free—easy-going. There's not a nice girl in this town would be seen sitting up here in this deserted loft with you of a Sunday morning, Kurt."

"Shows you're big-minded."

"Shows I don't watch out for my own good."

"You certainly don't do that, Ray."

"I am what I am. I simply cannot always be figuring out what I do, as if I was too good to be doing this or that. I can't feel I'm that important, Kurt. I guess I have no dignity."

"You won't feel that way about things when you've a home of your own, Ray."

"Reckon not, Kurt?"

"I know not," he said, and kissed her again.

"The way I feel now, Kurt—so confused—I don't know how I feel."

"Is it any wonder? Guess the old woman up at the house doesn't make things any easier for you."

"She's his widow. A woman may not ever have been much more to a man than his widow, even during his lifetime, but after his death there can be dignity and profit in being his widow."

"I guess they're hogging everything."

"Not much to hog, and what there is, they're welcome to."

"That's about the way I look at it. Makes me feel more as if you belonged to me, Ray. I want to take you, now that you're stunned and hurt, and baby you, and get myself in a position to marry you."

"That's wonderful, Kurt," she said, and placed her hand on his knee and regarded him with the gray eyes that were washed in indescribable sweetness.

"The shop isn't yielding yet, Ray. Won't be until I've cleared the debt to Osterlitz for backing me. But next year I expect to begin drawing out. This is the makings of a real going concern, Ray, and our future is ahead of us. The bicycle is here to stay! I'll be riding you around in a landaulet one of these days on bicycle money, Mrs. Kesseler."

"Me married?"

"Why not?"

"Kurt, will you feel hurt if I tell you something?"

"The only way you can hurt me, Ray, is to break my heart with a two-letter word. Don't say that word to me."

"Kurt, no man has ever kissed me so that it really mattered."

"You haven't been waked up. The other will come."

"That's what I am afraid of. What if it should come after I'd married you? The caring for someone, I mean. I know myself so well, Kurt. I'm all the way or zero. Heaven help the man I fall in love with!"

"You can't frighten me off that way. I'm going to make money, honey, one of these days, big money, mark my word, and I'm not caring if you love me little, just so you love me long."

"You're sure, Kurt, it's not because I'm down? What would you say if I told you I've got good reason to believe there's a place for me in the trimming department at Pogue's? I don't know that I told you that on my last trip to New York I had an offer from a firm we've been buying from for years . . . If things happen so that the business goes on the sand bar, I know where to turn, Kurt."

"There's not a doubt in my mind that, let alone, you'll go down in the history of this town as one of its first crack business girls. But you're going to quit it, and go down in the history of my life instead."

"We'll let it ride for a while, Kurt. You're not ready. I need to get my bearings. Meanwhile you're free. I'm free. How's that? Fair enough?"

"Not for long, though, Ray. I'll be on my own before you can say cock robin."

"I'd be a fool to let it be for long."

"I love you," he said, and kissed her again and again on the mouth that had been kissed again and again.

"Now, what about that six-dollar-and-twenty-cent entry, Kurt? Was it against Eddy Slayback or the Eddy Steam Fittings Company?"

It was strange and difficult and often heartbreaking, after a meeting of creditors had averted receivership, and one Heyman Heymann, formerly of Middletown, who held two notes that practically plastered the entire holding, had stepped in to recruit the assets.

The arrangement with Ray was one which provided that she remain only long enough to acquaint the new owner with the multitude of small intricacies of a new business. But there was something pathetic about Heymann's dread of being left alone with this white elephant.

He seemed to have horror of being left alone with it. His way of seeming to make sure that Ray would not desert and abandon him to the strange mercies of this strange phenomenon, his new business, was to be about as little as possible, leaving responsibility of decision and transaction to her.

The affiliation with Heymann was in the main pleasant. He was a corpulent, middle-aged Hebrew of twenty years' excellent business standing in Middletown who had succumbed to the pressure of a wife and marriageable daughter and migrated to the opportunities of the larger city.

His financial dependence upon the business was negligible. He owned the building in Middletown which had housed his button factory, before he had retired from it actively, and was reputed to have further real estate holdings in Hamilton. Be that as it may, he was a less generous man than Adolph had

Do These Three Things to have strong, healthy teeth

Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

1 Follow the diet below

From one to three eggs, depending on age of individual.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.

Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.

½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

One quart of milk every day.

2 Use Pepsodent twice a day

3 See your dentist twice a year

A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Do these things

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw fruit or fresh vegetables as you like.

Every day, too, you must remove from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year. That is the surest way modern authorities know to lovely, healthy teeth.

Pepsodent

AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time—7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

been, imposing from the very first day small restrictions that doubtless attested to his astuteness. But somehow, these new economies, unpracticed by her father, filled Ray with nostalgia, kept the hurt in her seeming to move about behind her bosom.

One Sunday evening during this same month, which was a humid May of premature heat, Ray, who had dined with a drummer at Mengelberg's Summer Garden, a popular family resort out on Burnet Avenue, found herself being importuned to accompany him to the station, where he was to take a C H and D train for Dayton.

"Come as far as the depot with me, Ray. It will cheer me on my way."

"But Bakeless, it's so hot, and I hate the smell of train smoke."

"Yes, but think what you will be doing for a poor wretch who has to take the trip in this heat!"

As a matter of fact, there was an additional reason for Ray's disinclination to accompany Bakeless to the station. Kurt, who had been away in Peoria for the greater part of a week, on a matter that had to do with going in partnership with a pair of brothers who had a patent on a gasoline-driven bicycle, was due at the house that evening at eight.

Bakeless' train left at eight-fifteen, so there would be nobody home to receive Kurt, Tagenhorst having hired a surrey for the afternoon and, with Freda and Marshall and Hugo Hanck, driven up to Hamilton to visit a crony there. A deserted house would greet Kurt.

"I have to get home, Bakeless."

"You're the darnedest! You know a man wants to be with you more than anything, and then you make him sit up on his hind legs and beg for every little thing."

They were standing on the sidewalk outside of Mengelberg's during this debate. In the heliotrope dusk, even the brick sidewalks gave off a faint heat glow and under Ray's sailor hat was a film of moisture that not even the prepared chalk she used as face powder could keep under.

True, she had realized as she had put it on that her tailored coat suit was too warm for the day, but its nattiness was simply not to be withstood. She had made it herself at dressmaking school. The skirt, shirred slightly along a front gore, was the new smart suit length of one inch from the ground in front and slight drag behind. The coat, tapering into a faultless eighteen inches at the waist, flared at the hips. A stiff collar held with a small horseshoe completed the stylish effect. Sporty, but not horsy, had been her estimate before her mirror.

When she and Bakeless, who represented a New York buggy concern, had walked into Mengelberg's, the crowd of Sunday-evening patrons had noted her to the tips of her scallop-topped shoes.

The tony Ray Schmidt. Style!

It had been worth the scratching discomfort of the heavy cloth, but now, out on the heated sidewalk, it seemed to Ray she could scarcely wait to be home and free of the unseasonable weight of her clothing.

"This weather takes it out of me, Bakeless."

"So you won't come along as far as the depot?"

He was a middle-aged, slightly rotund fellow, shiningly, too shiningly, groomed from the tips of his toothpick shoes to his dyed mustache. A valued territory man with an established clientele in Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and Kansas.

"It isn't exactly that I won't go, Bakeless. Don't put it that way."

"I'll even go you one better, Ray. What say to coming all the way? You and me could have Monday and Tuesday in Dayton. There's an idea!"

"I'll go with you one year from today."

"There you go again. Darnedest girl for letting a man know where he's at. Well, anyway, it isn't going to hurt you to take me as far as the depot. Come, here's a couple going to dismiss a hansom. Hey, cabby, how much to C H and D?"

She sighed her acquiescence, her eyes smiling but troubled with the thought of Kurt smoking an impatient pipe as he waited on the deserted porch.

It was cooler driving, bobbing along over cobblestones that flung them together and apart. Warmed with Rhine wine, conscious of her nearness, he became immediately amorous.

"Every time I come to this town, I say to myself: the one thing that gives it tone is Ray Schmidt."

"Nit."

"True as I'm sitting here. I've good Cincinnati accounts but the best account of them all is Ray Schmidt!" Under the wooden apron of the hansom cab, he poked a forefinger into the hole of her kid glove. "If I wasn't a married man——"

Here it was again!

"But the way people like you and me look at these things is broad-minded. I'm not a small man. The nicest little flat in the world would be none too good for a girl like you. What say?"

The way to retort, as Tagenhorst would put it, was to haul off and slap his bluish jowl. Well, to Ray, somehow, this traveling man was just part of the pitiable sordidness of so much of life. He was trying to squeeze his joy out of the none-too-joyful business of being drummer for a firm which dealt in surreys, traps, runabouts, cabs and coaches.

Of course he was being disloyal to vows and decencies and to his wife. But the fault seemed not so much in him as in the routinized scheme which permitted a man's life to become a matter of surreys, upholstery, aging wives. Pullman cars, forbidden desires and receding ideals.

There was something vaster and more reprehensible and more soul-sickening than this lascivious-looking drummer, that needed its face slapped. It was the scheme of things to which, bobbing along in the hansom cab, they were both more or less helpless parties. There were those, of course, who triumphed, and they became the great, good, wise ones of the earth. But that did not mean that somehow, terribly, the story of the mortalness of clay was any the less poignant. If only she were not sorry for Bakeless!

"My life's been a compromise between what I wanted and what I got, Ray. You would be one thing I wanted—and got."

"Why," she wanted to shout at him—"why do you dare to put to me a proposition that you would not broach to a single nice girl in this town? What is there about me makes a man feel I'm the kind he can ask to be his mistress? An old dodo grandpap like you! Tell me. I want to know, in order that I may know this strange poor me, myself!"

She did nothing of the sort, but withdrew her hand gently and made a moue at him. "That's the way you feel now."

He caught her cheek between his thumb and forefinger.

"Don't make those girl-I-left-behind-me eyes! I don't want to leave you behind me. If you escape me once more, I'm going to advertise in the Cincinnati Enquirer Personal Column: 'Will brunette in sailor hat and tailored suit, who ate supper at Mengelberg's last Sunday night, please let me know where I get off with her?'"

Ray (to herself), "Where do I get off? Where do I get off?"

"Look! I want to give you something, Ray. Little present I picked up this morning at Hershey's. Bought it for my oldest daughter. You know, I'd kind of like to give it to you."

"No, no, Bakeless!"

Men did not usually refer to their daughters.

"I'd like for you to have it, Ray."

He produced from a waistcoat pocket a box containing a small silver foot, meant to dangle from a fob or neck-chain.

"Why, Bakeless, you take that right along back to New York to your—to her."

"I'll get her something in Dayton. Take it."

"You're a dear!"

"What do I get?" he said, and puckered his lips.

She kissed him as they were trotted along in the gathering darkness.

"That's right. Pay Papa."

"That wasn't pay."

"You're right. That's what I like about you. Never feel you're bleeding a man. Give me another."

"Not here, Bakeless, right in front of the St. Nicholas Hotel."

"Think over my little proposition, Ray. I'll be back in three months. New York is a big town and I'll tuck you away in it as snug as you please. I'm telling you, Ray, I'm not small."

Now was the time to slap him resoundingly across that blue jowl.

"Put your arms around me, honey, for I've got a lot of money; love me little, love me long."

"Let me out here too, Bakeless! You don't need to send me home in this cab. I'll take the Colerain Avenue car."

It was there, at the curb of the C H and D depot, that she met for the first time Walter Saxel, who, satchel in hand, was making for the hansom cab which she and Bakeless were vacating.

"Hello, there, Bakeless. Don't mind if I take your cab, do you?"

"'Honored,' as they say in the classics. Saxel, want you to meet a tony little friend of mine. Ray Schmidt. Ever met, you two? Might ride her up a ways, Saxel," called Bakeless over one shoulder as he dashed for his train.

"Your way is my way," said Saxel, and stood aside for her to mount back into the cab.

It was to occur to her countless times in later years that the first words he ever said to her, five of them, reversed, so as to apply to her, were to become the slogan for the rest of her life.

"Your way is my way, Walter," was borne into her subconsciousness that hot May evening as she stood at the curb in front of the C H and D station, looking, for the first time, into the face of a young man whose heavy black eyebrows were the shape of Mercury's wings.

In Fannie Hurst's Novel of the '90's—Next Month—Ray Schmidt sacrifices her own chance for happiness to save her stepsister from disgrace

The Expiation of Madame de Coulevain

(*Continued from page 68*)

in the act of filling himself a pipe of finest Sacerdotes tobacco from a jar of broken leaf upon the table. "You have business at Marie-Galante?" So surprised was he that he abandoned for that question the more important theme. "What business is possible at present between you and the French?"

Don Juan smiled darkly. "The business of war, my friend."

"You are going to raid Marie-Galante?"

The Spaniard was some time in answering. The smile still hovered about his lips, but it had assumed a cruel character and his dark eyes glowed.

"The garrison at Basseterre is commanded by a dog named Coulevain with whom I have an account to settle. It is over a year old, but at last we are approaching pay day. The war gives me my opportunity. I serve Spain and myself at a single blow."

BLOOD fell to smoking. It did not seem to him a commendable service to Spain to risk one of her ships in an attack upon so negligible a settlement as Marie-Galante. When presently he spoke, however, it was to utter the half of his thought upon another subject.

"It will be something to add to my experiences, to have been aboard a ship in action. It will be something not easily forgotten, unless we are sunk by the guns of Basseterre."

Don Juan laughed, undisturbed by the imminence of a fight. And that night in the cabin of the Estremadura spirits ran high, boisterously led by Don Juan himself. There was deep drinking of heady Spanish wines and a deal of laughter.

Captain Blood conjectured that heavy indeed must be the account with Don Juan of the French commander of Marie-Galante, if the prospect of a settlement could so exalt the Spaniard. His own sympathies were with the French settlers. But he was powerless to raise a finger or utter a word in their defense, compelled to join in this brutal mirth at the prospect of French slaughter and to drink damnation to the French in general and to Colonel de Coulevain in particular.

In the morning when he went on deck, Captain Blood beheld the long coast line of Dominica, ten or twelve miles away on the starboard quarter, and in the distance ahead a vague cloudy gray mass which he knew to be the mountain that rises in the middle of the round Island of Marie-Galante. They had come south of Dominica in the night, and so had passed out of the Caribbean Sea into the open Atlantic.

Don Juan, in high spirits and apparently none the worse for last night's carouse, came to join him on the poop and to inform him of that which he already knew, but of which he was careful to betray no knowledge.

For a couple of hours they held to their course, driving straight before the wind with shortened sail. When within ten miles of the island, which now seemed to rise from the turquoise sea like a wall of green, the crew became active under sharp words of command and shrill notes from the boatswain's pipe. Nettings were spread above the Estremadura's decks, to catch any spars that might be brought down in action; the shot racks were filled; the leaden aprons were cleared from the guns, and buckets for sea water were distributed beside them.

From the poop-rail, at Don Juan's side, Captain Blood looked on with interest and approval as the musketeers in corselet and peaked headpiece were marshaled in the waist, whilst Don Juan explained to him the significance of things which no man understood better than Captain Blood.

At eight bells they went below to dine, Don Juan less boisterous now that action was imminent. His face was pale and there was a restlessness about his long slender hands, a feverish glitter in his velvet eyes. He ate little, and this little quickly; but he drank copiously; and he was still at table when one of his officers, a squat youngster named Veraguas who had remained on duty, came to announce that it was time for Don Juan to take command.

He rose, armed himself quickly, with the aid of his Negro steward Absalom, in back-and-breast and steel cap, and then went on deck. Captain Blood accompanied him despite the Spaniard's warning not to expose himself without body armor.

The Estremadura had come within three miles of the port of Basseterre. She flew no flag, from a natural reluctance to advertise her nationality more than it was announced already by her lines and rig. Within a mile Don Juan could survey through his telescope the whole of the wide-mouthed harbor, and he announced that at least no ships of war were present. The fort would be the only antagonist in the preliminary duel.

A shot just then across the Estremadura's bows proclaimed that the commandant of the fort was a man who understood his business. Despite that definite signal to heave to, the Estremadura raced on and met the roar of a dozen guns.

Unscathed by the volley, she held to her course, reserving her fire. Thus Don Juan earned the unspoken approval of Captain Blood. He ran the gantlet of a second volley, and held his fire until almost at point-blank range. Then he loosed a broadside, went smartly about, loosed another, and then ran off, close-hauled, to reload, offering only the narrow target of his stern to the French gunners.

When he returned to the attack, he trailed astern, in addition to the useful pinnace in which Captain Blood had traveled, the three boats that hitherto had been on the booms amidships.

He suffered now some damage to his mizzen yards, and the tall deck structure of his ornate forecastle was heavily battered. But there was nothing in this to distress him, and handling his ship with judgment, he smashed at the fort with two more heavy broadsides of twenty guns each, so well delivered that he effectively silenced it for the moment.

He was off again, and when next he returned the boats in tow were filled with his musketeers. He brought them to within a hundred yards of the cliff, to seaward of the fort and at an angle at which the guns could hardly reach him, and sending the boats ashore, he stood there to cover their landing. A party of French that issued from the half-ruined fortress to oppose them were mown down by a discharge of langrel and case shot. Then the Spaniards were ashore and swarming up the gentle slope to the attack, whilst the empty boats were being rowed back for reinforcements.

Whilst this was happening, Don Juan moved forward again and crashed yet another broadside at the fort to create a diversion and further to increase the distress and confusion there. Four or five guns answered him, and a twelve-pound shot came to splinter his bulwark amidships; but he was away again without greater harm, and going about to meet his boats. He was still loading them with a further contingent when the musketry ashore fell silent. Then a lusty Spanish cheer came over the water, and soon thereafter the ring of hammers upon metal to announce the spiking of the fort's now undefended guns.

Hitherto Captain Blood's attitude had been one of dispassionate criticism of proceedings in which he was an authority. Now, however, his mind turned to what must follow, and from his knowledge of the ways of Spanish soldiery on a raid, and his acquaintance with the rakehell who was to lead them, he shuddered, hardened buccaneer though he might be, at the sequel. To him war was war, and he could engage in it ruthlessly against men as ruthless. But the sacking of towns with the remorselessness of a brutal inflamed soldiery towards peaceful colonists and their women was something he had never tolerated.

That Don Juan de la Fuente, delicately bred gentleman of Spain though he might be, shared no particle of Blood's scruples was evident. For Don Juan, his dark eyes aglow with expectancy, went ashore with his reinforcements to lead that raid personally. At the last, with a laugh, he invited his guest to accompany him, promising him rare sport. Blood commanded himself and remained outwardly cold.

"My nationality forbids it, Don Juan. The Dutch are not at war with France."

"Why, who's to know you're Dutch? Be entirely a Spaniard for once, Don Pedro. Who is to know?"

"I am," said Blood. "It is a question of honor."

Don Juan stared at him as if he were ludicrous. "You must be the victim of your scruples, then." And still laughing, he went down to the waiting boat.

Captain Blood remained upon the poop, whence he could watch the town above the shore, less than a mile away, the Estremadura now riding at anchor in the roadstead. Of the officers only Veraguas remained aboard, and of the men not more than fourteen or fifteen. But they kept a sharp watch and there was a master gunner amongst them for emergencies.

Don Sebastian Veraguas bewailed his fate that he should have been left out of the landing party. He was a sturdy bovine fellow of five-and-twenty, and he chattered self-sufficiently whilst Blood kept his glance upon the little town.

EVEN at that distance they could hear the sounds of the horrid Spanish handiwork, and already more than one house was in flames. Too well Blood knew what was taking place at the instigation of a gentleman of Spain, and as he watched, grim-faced, he would have given much to have a hundred of his buccaneers at hand with whom to sweep this Spanish rubbish from the earth.

It was evening when the raiders returned. They sang as they came, boisterous and hilarious, a few of them with bandaged wounds, many flushed with wine and rum, and all laden with spoils. The raid had been entirely successful and they had lost not more than a half-dozen men, whose deaths had been terribly avenged.

And then in the last boat came Don Juan. Ahead of him up the accommodation ladder went two of his men bearing a heaving bundle, which Blood presently made out to be a woman whose head and shoulders were muffled in a cloak. Below the black folds of this he beheld a petticoat of flowered silk and caught a glimpse of agitated legs in silken hose and dainty high-heeled shoes. In mounting horror he judged from this that the woman was a person of quality.

Don Juan followed closely. From the head of the ladder he uttered a command: "To my cabin!"

Blood saw her borne across the deck, through the ranks of men who jeered their ribaldries, and then she vanished down the gangway in the arms of her captors. Now whatever he may have been towards men, towards women Blood had never been other than chivalrous. This, perhaps, for the sake of a sweet lady in Barbados to whom he accounted himself nothing, but who was to him an inspiration to more honor than would be thought possible in a buccaneer.

That chivalry arose in him now full-armed. Had he yielded to it completely and blindly he would there and then have fallen upon Don Juan, and thus have wrecked at once all possibility of being of service to his unfortunate captive. Her presence here could be no mystery to any. She was the booty that the profligate Spaniard reserved to himself, and Blood felt his flesh go crisp and cold at the thought.

Yet he was calm and smiling as he came down the companion and crossed the deck to the gangway. In that narrow passage he joined Don Juan's officers, the three who had been ashore with him as well as Veraguas.

Together they burst into the cabin, Blood coming last. The Negro servant had laid the table for supper with the usual six places, and had just lighted the great silver lamp, for with sunset the daylight faded suddenly.

Don Juan was emerging from one of the larboard cabins. He closed the door, and stood a moment with his back to it, surveying that invasion almost mistrustfully. It determined him to turn the key in the lock, draw it out and put it in his pocket. From that lesser cabin, in which clearly the lady had been bestowed, there came no sound.

"She's quiet at last, heaven be praised," laughed one of the officers.

"Worn out with screeching," explained another. "Lord! Was there ever such a wildcat? A woman of spirit, that; a little devil worth the taming. It's a task I envy you, Juan."

Veraguas hailed the prize as well deserved by such brilliant leadership, and then Don Juan, smiling grimly, introspectively, ordered them to table.

As they sat down Captain Blood thrust himself upon Don Juan's notice with a question. "And Colonel de Coulevain?"

The handsome face darkened. "A malediction on him! He was away organizing defenses at Les Carmes."

Blood raised his brows, adopted a tone of faint concern. "Then the account remains unsettled in spite of all?"

"Not quite. Not quite."

"By heaven, no!" said another with a laugh. "Madame de Coulevain should give an ample quittance."

"Madame de Coulevain?" said Blood, although the question was unnecessary, as were the glances that traveled toward the locked cabin door to answer him. He laughed. "Now that is an artistic vengeance, Don Juan, whatever the offense." And he laughed again, softly, in admiring approval.

Don Juan sighed. "Yet I would I had found him and made him pay in full."

"If you really hate the man, think of the torment to which you leave him, always assuming that he loves his wife. Surely the peace of death is no punishment by contrast."

"Maybe, maybe." Don Juan was short. Disappointment seemed to have spoiled his temper. "Give me wine, Absalom. Lord of my life! How I thirst!"

The Negro poured for them. Don Juan drained his bumper at a draft. Blood did the same, and the goblets were replenished. Blood toasted the Spanish commander in voluble terms. He was no great judge, he declared, of an action afloat; but he could not conceive that the one he had witnessed that day could have been better fought by any commander living.

Don Juan smiled his gratification; the toast was drunk with relish, and the cups were filled again. Then others talked, and Blood lapsed into thought.

Presently, supper being done, Don Juan would drive them all to their quarters. Captain Blood's own were in the starboard side of the great cabin. But would he be suffered to remain there now? If so, he might yet avail that unhappy lady, and already he knew precisely how. The danger lay in that he might be sent elsewhere tonight.

He roused himself and broke in upon the talk, called noisily for more wine, and after that for yet more, in which the others kept him company gladly. He broke into renewed eulogies of Don Juan's skill and valor, and it was presently observed that his speech was slurred and indistinct. But when Veraguas taxed him with being drunk, he grew almost violent, reminded them that he came of a nation of great drinkers, and offered to drink any man in the Caribbean under the table.

Boastfully, to prove his words, he called for more wine, and having drunk it lapsed gradually into silence. His eyelids drooped heavily, his body sagged, and presently, to the hilarity of all, who beheld here a boaster confounded, he slid from his chair and lay rigid upon the cabin floor.

Veraguas stirred him with his foot. He gave no sign of life, but lay inert as a log, breathing stertorously.

Don Juan got up abruptly. "Put the fool to bed. And get you gone, too; all of you."

Veraguas and another bore the insensible Don Pedro to his cabin. One of them loosed his neckcloth, and so they left him, closing the door upon him.

Then in compliance with Don Juan's renewed command, they all departed noisily, and the commander locked the door of the now empty great cabin. Alone, he came slowly back to the table. Then he drew from his pocket the key of the cabin in which Madame de Coulevain had been bestowed.

He crossed the floor, thrust the key into the lock and turned it. But before he could throw open the door a sound behind him made him turn again.

His drunken guest was leaning against the bulkhead beside the open door of his stateroom. His clothes were in disorder, his face vacuous, and he stood so precariously that it was a wonder the gentle heave of the ship did not pitch him off his balance. He moved his lips like a man nauseated, and parted them with a dry click.

"Wha's o'clock?" was his foolish question. Don Juan relaxed his stare to smile, although a thought impatiently. The drunkard babbled on: "I—I don't—remember——" He broke off; lurched forward. "Thousand devils! I—I thirst."

"To bed with you. To bed!" cried Don Juan.

"To bed? Of—of course to bed. Whither—else? Eh? But first—a cup."

He reached the table. He lurched round it, a man carried forward by his own impetus, and came to rest opposite the Spaniard, whose velvet eyes watched him with angry contempt. He found a goblet and a jug, a heavy, incrusted silver jug, shaped like an amphora with a handle on either side of its neck. He poured himself wine, drank and set down the cup; then he stood swaying slightly, and put forth his right hand as if to steady himself. It came to rest on the neck of the silver jug.

Don Juan, watching him ever with impatient scorn, may have seen for the fraction of a second the vacuity leave that countenance, and the vivid blue eyes under their black brows grow cold and hard as sapphires. But before the second was spent, before the brain could register what the eyes beheld, the body of that silver jug had crashed into his brow, and the commander of the Estremadura knew nothing more.

Captain Blood, without a trace now of drunkenness in face or gait, stepped quickly round the table, and went down on one knee beside the man he had felled. Don Juan lay quite still, his handsome face clay-colored, with a trickle of blood across it from the wound between the half-closed eyes. Captain Blood contemplated his work without pity or compunction.

If there was cowardice in the blow which had taken the Spaniard unawares from a hand which he supposed friendly, that cowardice was born of no fear for himself, but of fear for the helpless lady in that larboard cabin. On her account he could take no risk of Don Juan's being able to give the alarm.

He stood up briskly, then stooped and placed his hands under the inert Spaniard's armpits. Raising him, he dragged him with trailing heels to the stern window, which stood open to the soft, purple tropical night. He took the heavy body in his arms and mounted the day bed. A moment he steadied Don Juan upon the sill, then thrust him forth and leaned far out to observe his fall.

The splash he made in the phosphorescent wake of the gently moving ship was merged into the gurgle of water about the vessel. For an instant as it took the sea, the body glowed, sharply defined in incandescence. Phosphorescent bubbles arose and broke in the luminous line astern; then all was as it had been.

Captain Blood was still leaning far out, still peering down, when a voice in the cabin behind him came to startle him. It brought him instantly erect, alert; but he did not yet turn round.

For the voice was the voice of a woman. Its tone was tender, gentle, inviting. The words it had uttered in French were: "Juan! Juan! Why do you stay? What do you there? I have been waiting. Juan!"

Speculation treading close upon amazement, he continued to stand there, waiting for more that should help him to understand. The voice came again.

"Juan! Don't you hear me? Juan!"

He swung round at last, and beheld her near the open door of her cabin, from which she had emerged: a tall, handsome woman in the middle twenties, partly dressed, with a mantle of golden tresses about her white shoulders.

He had imagined this lady cowering,

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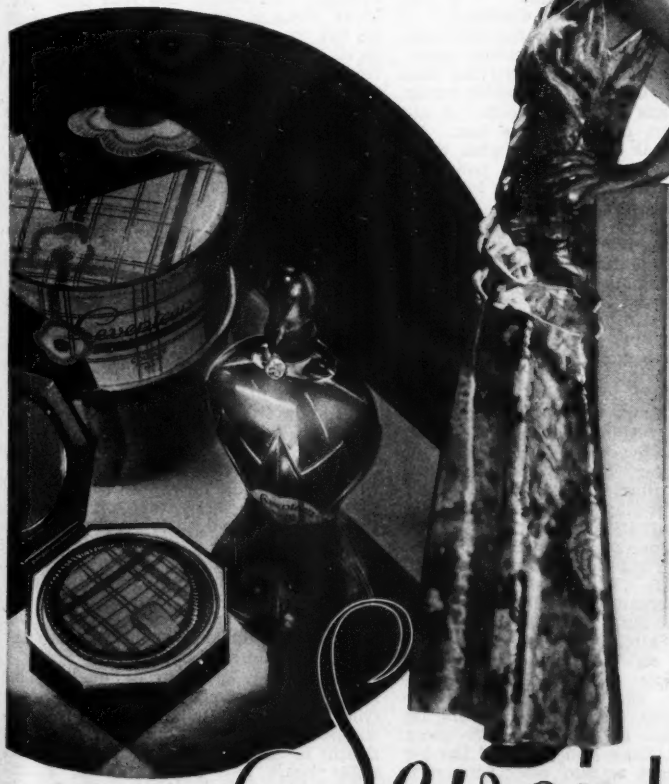

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terror-stricken, helpless, probably pinioned, in the cabin to which the Spanish ravisher had consigned her. Because of that mental picture, intolerable to his chivalrous nature, he had done what he had done. Yet there she stood, summoning Don Juan in accents that are used to a lover.

Horror stunned him: horror of himself and of the dreadful murderous blunder he had committed in his haste to play at knight-errantry, to usurp the place of Providence.

And then another, deeper horror welled up to submerge the first: horror of this woman as she stood suddenly revealed to him. That dreadful raid on Basseterre had been no more than a pretext to cloak her elopement, and must have been undertaken at her invitation. The rest, her forcible conveyance aboard, her bestowal in the cabin, had all been part of a loathly comedy she had played.

It was for this harpy that he had soiled his hands. The situation seemed to transmute his chivalrously inspired deed into a foulness.

Confronted by that stern aquiline face and those ice-cold blue eyes that were certainly not Don Juan's, she gasped, recoiled and clutched her flimsy silken garment closer to her generous breast.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "Where is Don Juan de la Fuente?"

He stepped down from the day bed, and something bodeful in his countenance changed her surprise to alarm.

"You are Madame de Coulevain?" he asked. He must make no mistake.

She nodded. "Yes, yes." Her tone was impatient; but the fear abode in her eyes. "Who are you? Why do you question me?" She stamped her foot. "Where is Don Juan?"

He knew that truth is commonly the shortest road, and he took it. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "I've just thrown him through the window."

She stared and stared at this cold, calm man about whom she perceived something so remorseless and terrifying that she could not doubt his incredible words.

Suddenly she loosed a scream. It did not disconcert or even move him. He began to speak again, and with those brilliant eyes upon her like points of steel, she controlled herself to listen.

"You are supposing me one of Don Juan's companions; and perhaps that, covetous of the noble prize he took today at Basseterre, I have murdered him to possess it. That is far indeed from the truth. Deceived like the rest by the comedy of your being brought forcibly aboard, imagining you the unhappy victim of a man I knew for a profligate voluptuary, I was moved to compassion on your behalf, and to save you from the horror I foresaw for you I killed him.

"And now," he added with a bitter smile, "it seems that you were in no need of saving; that I have thwarted you no less than I have thwarted him. This comes of playing Providence."

"You killed him!" she said. "You've killed my Juan!" Thus far she had spoken dully, but now she wrought herself to frenzy. "You beast! You assassin!" she screamed. "You shall pay! I'll rouse the ship! You shall answer!"

She was already across the cabin, hammering on the door; already her hand was upon the key when he came up with her. She struggled like a wildcat in his grip, screaming the while for help. At last he wrenched her away. Then he withdrew and pocketed the key while she sent scream after scream to alarm the ship.

"Aye, aye, breathe your lungs, my child," he bade her. "It will do you good and me no harm."

He sat down to await the exhaustion of her paroxysm. But his words had already quieted her. Her round eyes asked a question. He smiled sourly as he answered it.

"No man aboard this ship will stir a foot for all your cries, or even heed them unless it be as matter for amusement. That is the kind of men they are who follow Don Juan de la Fuente."

He saw by her stricken expression how well she understood. He nodded with that faint sardonic smile which she found hateful. "Aye, Madame. That's the situation. You had best bring yourself to a calm contemplation of it."

She surveyed him with rage and loathing. "If they do not come tonight, they will come tomorrow. Some time they must come. And when they come it will be ill for you, whoever you may be."

"Will it not also be ill for you?"

"For me? I did not murder him."

"You'll not be accused of it. But in him you've lost your only protector aboard this ship. What will betide you, do you suppose, when you are alone and helpless in their power, a prisoner of war, the captive of a raid, in the hands of these merry gentlemen of Spain?"

"God of heaven!" She clutched her breast in terror.

"Quiet you," he bade her, almost contemptuously. "I did not rescue you, as I supposed, from one wolf, merely to fling you to the pack. That will not happen—unless you yourself prefer it to returning to your husband."

She grew hysterical. "To my husband? Ah, that, no! Never that! Never that!"

"It is that or"—he pointed to the door—"the pack. I perceive no choice for you save between those alternatives."

"Who are you?" she asked abruptly. "What are you, you devil, who have destroyed me and yet torment me?"

"I am your savior, not your destroyer. Your husband, for his own sake, shall be left to suppose, as all have been led to suppose, that you were violently carried off. He will receive you back with relief, and make amends to you for all that the poor fool will fancy you have suffered."

She laughed on a note of hysteria. "Tenderness! Tenderness in my husband! If he had ever been tender I should not be where I now am."

And suddenly, to his surprise, she was moved to explain, to exculpate herself. "I was married to a cold, gross, stupid, cruel animal. That is Monsieur de Coulevain, a fool who has squandered his possessions and is forced to accept a command in these raw barbarous colonies to which he has dragged me. Oh, you think the worst of me, of course. You account me just a light woman. But you shall know the truth.

"At the height of my disillusion, some few months after my marriage, Don Juan de la Fuente came to us at Pau, where we lived; for my husband is a Gascon. Don Juan was traveling in France. We loved each other from our first meeting. He saw my unhappiness, which was plain to all. He urged me to fly to Spain with him, and I would to heaven I had yielded then, and so put an end to misery. Foolishly I resisted. A sense of duty kept me faithful to my vows. I dismissed him.

"Since then my cup of misery and shame has overflowed, and when a letter from him was brought to me here at Basseterre on the outbreak of war with Spain, to show me that his fond, loyal, noble heart had not forgotten, I answered him, and in my despair I bade him come for me whenever he would."

She paused a moment, looking at Captain Blood with tragic eyes from

which the tears were flowing. "Now, sir, you know precisely what you have done; what havoc you have made."

Blood's expression had lost some of its sternness. His voice as he answered her assumed a gentler note.

"The havoc exists only in your mind, Madame. The change which you conceived to be from hell to heaven, would have been from hell to deeper hell. You did not know this man, this loyal, noble heart, this Don Juan de la Fuente. You were taken by the external glitter of him. But it was the glitter, I tell you, of decay, for at the core the man was rotten, and in his hands your fate would have been infamy."

"Do you mend your case or mine by maligning the man you've murdered?"

"Malign him? Nay, Madame. Proof of what I say is under my hand. You were in Basseterre today. You know something of the bloodshed, the slaughter of almost defenseless men, the dreadful violence to women——"

Faintly she interrupted him. "These things—in the way of war——"

"The way of war?" he roared. "Madame, undeceive yourself. Look truth boldly in the face though it condemn you both. Of what consequence Marie-Galante to Spain? And having been taken, is it held?

"War served your lover as a pretext. He let loose his dreadful soldiery upon the ill-defended place, solely that he might answer your invitation. Men who today have been wantonly butchered, and unfortunate women who have suffered brutal violence, would now be sleeping tranquilly in their beds but for you and your evil lover. But for you——"

She interrupted him. She had covered her face with her hands while he was speaking, and sat rocking herself and moaning feebly. Now suddenly she uncovered her face again, and he saw that her eyes were fierce.

"No more!" she commanded, and stood up. "I'll hear no more. It's false! False what you say! You distort things to justify your own wicked deed."

He considered her grimly with those cold penetrating eyes of his. "Your kind," he said slowly, "will always believe what it chooses to believe. I do not think that I need pity you too much. But since I know that I have distorted nothing, I am content that expiation now awaits you. You shall choose the form of it, Madame. Shall I leave you to these Spanish gentlemen, or will you come with me to your husband?"

She looked at him, her eyes distraught, her bosom in tumult. She began to plead with him. Awhile he listened; then he cut her short.

"Madame, I am not the arbiter of your fate. You have shaped it for yourself. I but point out the only two roads it leaves you free to tread."

"How—how can you take me back to Basseterre?" she asked him presently.

He told her, and without waiting for her consent, which he knew could not be withheld, he made swift preparation. He flung some provisions into a napkin, took a skin of wine and a little cask of water, and by a rope which he fetched from his stateroom, lowered these things to the pinnace which was again in tow, and which he drew under the counter of the galleon.

Next he lashed the shortened towrope to a cleat on one of the stanchions, then summoned her to make with him the airy passage down that rope.

He seized the rope and swung out on it and slid down a little way to make room for her above him. At his command, although sick with terror, she grasped the rope and placed her feet

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Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

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If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

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Why don't you write?

on his shoulders. Then she slid down between the rope and him, until he held her firmly.

Gently now, foot by foot, they began to descend. From the decks above came the sound of voices raised in song.

At last his toe was on the gunwale of the pinnace. He worked her nose forward with that foot sufficiently to enable him to plant the other firmly in the fore-sheets. It was an easy matter to step backwards, drawing the woman after him whilst she clung to the rope and thus hauling the boat farther under the counter until he could take his companion about the waist and lower her.

After that he attacked the towrope with a knife and swiftly sawed it through. The galleon with her glowing stern-port and the three great golden poop lamps sped serenely on, leaving them gently oscillating in her wake.

When he had recovered breath, he bestowed Madame de Coulevain in the stern-sheets; then, hoisting the sail and trimming it, he broached to and with his eyes on the brilliant stars in the tropical sky steered a course which with the wind astern should bring them to Basseterre before sunrise.

In the stern-sheets the woman was now gently weeping. With her, expiation had begun, as it does when it is possible to sin no more.

Next Month Captain Blood meets the husband of Madame de Coulevain and learns what his gratitude is worth

Shattered Glass (*Continued from page 91*)

little girl over her first party. It would make them all young again to have Nancy here, so pretty and gay and amusing; and then she remembered that it wouldn't be the same as it had once been, because Patrick Dantry wouldn't be able to come, too. And of course the Nancy who came to tea wouldn't be the same Nancy who had come to tea so many years ago. The Nancy who had come day after day to meet Patrick Dantry in the drawing-room had gone forever.

Savina was aware again of the strange pleasure it had given her to help Nancy and Patrick in their affair. It was a pleasure the like of which she had never known before or since; which must, she thought, be very near to the pleasure Nancy herself had felt in her love for Patrick—as near, Savina thought sadly, as anyone could approach it who had never known love directly, in its essence.

She wasn't sorry that she had helped to break up Henry Carstairs' home. She wasn't sorry that she had quarreled with Hector about the affair, so seriously that for three years he would not see her or speak to her.

Looking back from this distance she saw now, with the clarity and understanding of a worldly old woman, that it hadn't been the scandal which had upset Hector so much as his jealousy of Patrick Dantry. She saw that he had loved Patrick and then ironically his own two sisters had taken Patrick from him, and she, Savina, had helped them.

It was odd that a charming upstart like Patrick Dantry, a wag and a professional fascinator, should have disrupted so stolid and respectable a family as the Champions. She saw, too, that Hector had been furious because in the love of Nancy and Patrick he had been forced to witness something stronger than himself, stronger than any of them, about which neither money nor threats nor pleadings had been of any use. She thought, feeling warm with virtue, that she herself had been far more generous.

Patrick and Nancy had been drawn to each other from the beginning, like the iron and the magnet, and when such a thing happened, it was wrong to stand in the way. Because their love for each other had been something stupendous and overwhelming, and not a silly, idle, vain affair like Fanny Towner's intrigue with that man Melbourn.

She thought that if Alida could ever imagine all the unconventional thoughts that were passing through her head, she would never feel the same toward her again. But then Alida could never imagine a woman being swept into folly by love.

And Alida was a snob, because even while she sat reading the newspapers in search of divorce cases and crimes of passion, she believed profoundly that such things never happened to well-bred people like themselves but only to lower-class people, who weren't well brought up and didn't know how to behave. She had never forgiven Nancy because she had betrayed her class and proved that Alida was wrong. Alida would say, of course, that Patrick didn't matter because he wasn't a gentleman and never had been. No, Alida wouldn't even admit that her own niece, Fanny, might be mixed up with a man like Melbourn.

Savina felt warm and superior to Hector and Alida because she had been on the side of nature, and they in their puny ways had tried to prevent such things, like a pair of ants attempting to halt the progress of a steam roller. She saw that even if she herself had never known love, she was better off than they were because she had been on the side of love and known it at second hand. And at the end, it was only love that mattered.

She knew now that her own love for Hector could never have come to anything, and she saw that her feeling toward him was no longer one of love but was compounded of habit and maternal affection. She had known him so long and so intimately that he had become a charge and a responsibility.

As she finished her coffee and lighted a cigaret and leaned back comfortably in the armchair she began to plan what was to be done about Hector. He had to be lifted out of this depression and despair which had settled on him of late, but she could not think how it was to be done, because if she spoke of it frankly, he might fly into a rage and tell her to mind her own business, and then he'd be worse off than before.

Poor Hector had never known what it was to have trusted friends; and he'd grown more and more bitter and lonely until now he couldn't go to anyone, not even to herself or to his nephew Philip, for strength and sympathy.

If he was really ill and perhaps dying, he'd need someone. Perhaps it was her duty to take charge of him and care for him, because Philip, who was young and concerned with other things, couldn't understand what it was like to be dying all alone. That was still too far away from him. To think about such things at Philip's age, one would have to be morbid and Philip was as far from being morbid as anyone could imagine. No, Philip could never even imagine how a complex, tortured person like Hector would feel about dying.

The more she thought about how she was to help Hector, the more she saw that she must first of all find out whether he was really ill or whether he was just up to his old trick of imagining he had this or that disease. She knew that she couldn't ask him, so there remained but one way. She would go to Doctor McClellan and ask him.

They'd both known Ronald McClellan all their lives and if she explained to him why it was she wanted to know the truth about Hector, he'd understand. She suspected that he even knew how she had felt about Hector for so long. She'd go this very afternoon to his office.

The clock struck the half-hour, and she saw with horror that it was already half past eleven and she remembered that she had a meeting of the Board of Directors of St. Anne's Hospital.

She rose heavily and in half an hour she was dressed and, wrapped in the enormous sable coat, she came into the drawing-room to say good morning to Alida. The sun was streaming in the big bow window overlooking St. Bart's churchyard, and Alida was standing on the platform looking out.

Coming into the room from the dark hall, Savina was blinded for an instant by the brilliant winter sunlight, and then she saw that Alida had pulled back a corner of the curtain and was peering discreetly at the back of the house opposite. Worse than that, she was not only peering but peering through a pair of mother-of-pearl opera glasses.

A dozen newspapers lay scattered about the floor at her feet. From the untidy look of the newspapers Savina knew at once that there must have been a new and exciting murder.

As she reached the middle of the room, she said, "For heaven's sake, Alida, what *are* you doing?"

For a moment Alida didn't answer and then, without turning, she said, "I see the policeman," and at the same time Savina, looking down at the scattered newspapers, saw on one of them the photograph of a woman sitting on a table with her legs crossed, and above it the headline, "Night-Club Singer Strangled in Exclusive Murray Hill Love Nest," and she thought, "Good. Alida will be in a good temper today," and then she saw that "Murray Hill" meant the spot where this very house stood.

Then Alida turned and said, "There was a woman murdered in the house on the other side of the churchyard." Her pretty eyes were shining with excitement. She pointed out of the window. "Just over there. On the third floor. She was a night-club singer."

She began to tell the whole story which she had read in the papers, and Savina took the opera glasses from her hand and went to the window. She saw that one of the windows on the third floor of the house was open, and slowly she realized that it was this window which had been lighted the night before when she was awakened by a scream, and that the window was now open because there was a corpse in the room.

Through the glasses she was able to see into it. There was a policeman sitting there, buttoned up in his uniform and greatcoat. She realized that the body of the murdered woman must be lying on the bed beside him, and she thought, "That is the woman who screamed. She screamed for help. She was being murdered, and I did nothing about it."

She heard Alida saying, "She was strangled to death," and she thought, "I let her be strangled without doing anything, and if I'd been in a small town and someone had screamed for

You'd like to be in this man's shoes . . . *yet he has* "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

A YACHT, the graceful lines of which are as well known on Narragansett Bay as they are in the home port behind the Golden Gate—a half dozen town houses and country seats—a flock of gleaming motors and a railroad or two—this man has *everything* the world has to offer—*and* "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

A power among big men, he feels *furtive* about the dry, scaly condition between his little toes.* But he *will* know soon what worries him for *now* all medical authority knows that what he has is a form of ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* The United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

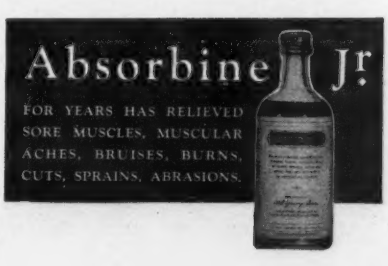
Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 266 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



help in the next house, I'd have done something."

Now the policeman was lighting a cigaret. Savina turned away from the window.

At sight of her, Alida asked, "What's happened? What did you see?" because Savina looked pale and shaken.

"I didn't see anything. But I heard that woman scream. It waked me up last night. I didn't know where it came from, and I didn't do anything about it."

Alida didn't think at all about the woman. She said, "You must tell the police that. It'll help them fix the time of the murder." And without stopping, Alida went on with her story, telling about the mysterious "Mr. Wilson," who had left behind a collar and a pair of emerald shirt studs. "I've a feeling," she said, "that he's somebody we know and that we'll be surprised when it comes out."

Listening to her, Savina thought for no reason at all, "It's Jim Towner," and remembered that she'd heard Jim Towner was mixed up with a night-club singer. But she couldn't say what she thought because Jim Towner was a gentleman and married to Alida's niece.

"What was the woman's name?" asked Savina.

"Rosa Dugan. She had a night club called Rosa's Place."

At the sound of the name "Rosa's Place" on the lips of Alida, Savina wanted to laugh hysterically, because the picture of Alida in relation to a night club was so funny. But she only said, "I'm going to a meeting of St. Anne's board and I'm late already. I've asked for lunch at a quarter of two. Will you wait?"

"Yes," said Alida. "I think they'll find out who 'Mr. Wilson' really is before tonight. They seem to have a great many clues." And she went back to the window with the opera glasses, filled with a morbid hope that if she did not abandon her post she might see them taking away the body of Rosa Dugan.

Savina left the room and went through the hall out into the shining snow that filled the street, and as she stepped into the old-fashioned motor she heard again, with the most astonishing clarity, the single scream of Rosa Dugan, and thought, "It couldn't be Jim Towner who killed her. I've known him since he was a boy and he couldn't do such a thing."

By NINE o'clock Jim Towner had had his breakfast in bed, with Fanny seated by his side helping him with his toast and coffee. By half past nine Doctor Chester had come and heard Jim's story of having fallen down an area way during the blizzard, and he had set the broken arm and given Jim something to make him sleep. And by ten o'clock Jim was safe in the refuge he had been seeking hungrily. He was asleep, with all the fear and disgust wiped away by the drug.

When Fanny came to the door to look in at him she found that he had pulled the bedclothes over his head in a dazed impulse to hide himself completely. She rearranged the bedclothes and went into her own room to dress.

She did not send for her maid because she wanted to be alone and because for the first time in her existence she was ashamed of having made a scene before servants. The sense of shame grew out of the calm which had descended upon her. She began to think efficiently and to see even herself with a strange new detachment which puzzled her and made her uneasy.

It seemed to her that with Jim asleep and out of the way in the next room the principal problem was solved and that she was now free to attack the others. She thought that if he could only remain asleep for the next month without interfering with her plans or doing some stupid thing that would ruin them all, she could manage everything.

The new sense of her importance gave her a profound satisfaction. Suddenly she, Fanny, had become the head of the family and Jim had become merely another child who had to be cared for.

When she had finished dressing she sent for her daughter Elizabeth before the girl went to take her piano lesson.

Elizabeth was big for her age, too tall and too heavy and, like Jim Towner, muscular and large-boned, without brightness and without the charm which in his youth had brought her father everything he wanted. Because of this and because she did not care about clothes, Fanny looked upon her as a changeling who, with her love of horses and sports, was Jim's child but had no relation to Fanny herself.

She had no interest in the child save to worry over what was to become of her when she was old enough to be launched into a society where she would not shine in competition with girls who were prettier and more feminine. There were even times when Fanny, overwrought and hysterical, disliked the girl and wished that she could have been delicate-looking like her brother, young Jim, who was like Fanny herself.

The girl came in now, shy and awkward, and gave her mother the morning kiss that was a ritual and an annoyance to them both.

"We're all going to Europe, Elizabeth," Fanny said abruptly. "We're sailing tonight if there's a boat."

The girl asked, "What for, Mamma?"

"Because I've decided it's the best thing for all of us—especially your father. He's not been well lately and the sooner we get off, the better."

Elizabeth began to cry. "You knew I wanted to ride in the horse show. You knew I was certain to get a prize. Can't we wait until that's over? Please!"

Fanny's voice grew harder. "We can't wait, Elizabeth. We have to go as soon as possible."

"I think it's mean. You knew it's the one thing I cared about, more than anything in the world."

Fanny, watching her, scarcely heard what she was saying because she was thinking that if she put Elizabeth in a French school away from horses and such nonsense she might lose some of the rough edges and become presentable.

She answered, "I know all about that, Elizabeth. I can't discuss it. You'll have to take my word for everything. I know better than you do and I can't explain. Some day when you're old enough to understand you'll be thankful to me for it."

"I could understand it now. I'm not a baby. Anyway, I don't see what it's got to do with me. You could take Papa with you. Aunt Alida could look after me. I'd be all right."

Fanny began to feel angry and impatient because Elizabeth didn't understand what she was going through. She said sharply, "I haven't time to discuss it now. It has to be, and don't worry me any more about it. I've sent a telegram to Doctor McIntosh to send Jim down from school today, so that he can take a boat day after tomorrow."

"He'll hate it, too. He won't want to leave school."

"There's nothing to argue, Elizabeth. It's all settled."

The girl kept on crying, because nothing in life seemed worth anything and she didn't want to live any longer.

Fanny said, "Telephone that you're not coming for your piano lesson, and then begin to get things together ready to pack. Maggie will help you."

"Where are we going, Mamma?"

"Paris—London—Italy. I don't know. I haven't thought where."

"Will there be horses?"

"I don't know. I should think not."

Fanny went over to the desk and began to search through the drawers. For a moment the girl watched her, wondering whether she dared risk another question.

At last she said, "Are we going to be gone for long?"

"I don't know. Certainly for a year, at any rate. Maybe longer."

"Oh, Mamma!"

Fanny found what she was searching for and again gave her attention to Elizabeth. She took the passports out of the drawer and turned to her.

"I TOLD you, Elizabeth, that I didn't want to discuss it any more. I know what's best for you and for all of us. You're a plain, unattractive girl and you'll never get anywhere unless I can do something for you. You're hopeless, and what I'm doing is for your own good. I've got about three years to work on you and I'll need ten. Now, go and get packed, and don't say another word."

Elizabeth tried to speak, but what she meant to say turned into a gulping sob and she ran out of the door. Fanny heard her sobbing uncontrollably as she ran down the hall, and she thought, "Why should God have wished on me such a frump of a daughter?"

It was all right. The visas on her passports and the children's were good for another five months, so Jim's must be good also because they had been stamped at the same time when they all went to London. She remembered that it was on this trip she had met Melbourn one night at dinner on the boat and that when she'd met him she thought him attractive, not dreaming that their acquaintance would turn into something different from mere friendship.

Then she saw that all that was a thousand years away. It was as if a steel curtain had been let down between that life and the life she had begun this morning. And now she had to telephone Melbourn as if he had never been her lover and ask of him a favor as if he were a stranger, and when he heard that she wanted to speak to him he'd think she was trying to get him back again and wouldn't talk to her.

She flushed at the thought of putting herself in such a position, but she could think of no other way out. Even if the police discovered before evening who "Mr. Wilson" really was, Melbourn was powerful enough to arrange for them to get away in time, and if they didn't discover the secret, Melbourn would be the only one who would be certain to keep it.

She saw that it would be no good trying to telephone him. She would have to see him or write him a note which would make him understand that she wasn't calling him because she wanted him back. First of all, she'd have to get him to listen to her, and the first thing she must do was to find out where she could reach him. Then she remembered that Sir John and Nancy Elsmore were arriving and that he probably would be at the pier meeting them because Sir John was an important man.

She summoned courage to ring up his

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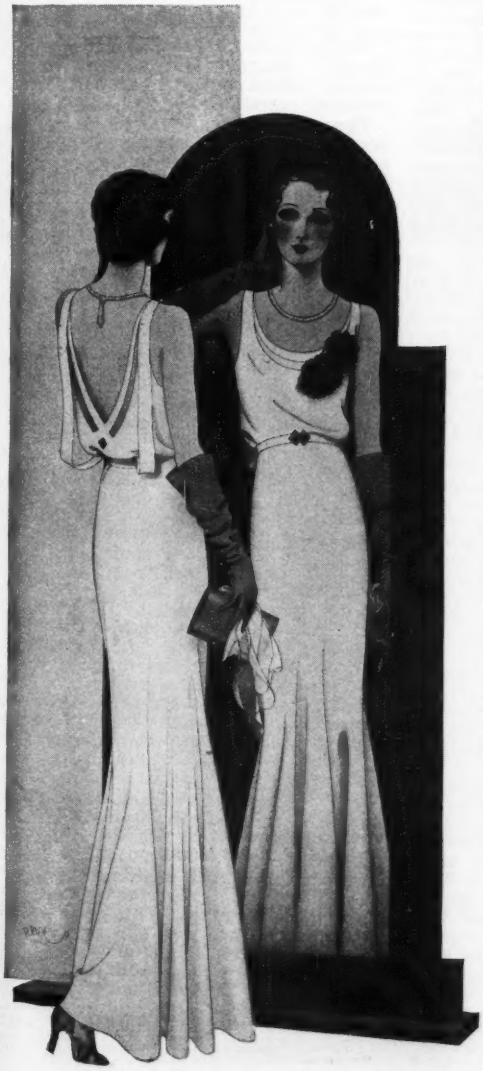

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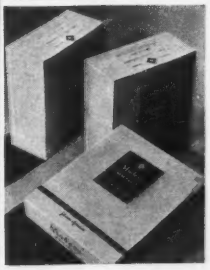

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secretary to find out where he would be. Mr. Melbourn, the secretary said, was out. He had gone to the pier to meet Sir John Elsmore and he was lunching with the Elsmores later at the Ritz.

The butler brought in a pile of newspapers and left them on the desk beside her, and mechanically she opened one of them to look at the sailing list. The Paris was sailing at midnight.

If the police did not discover who "Mr. Wilson" was, there would be fourteen hours in which to arrange everything before they disappeared. Everything would be all right, unless Melbourn believed they ought to stay and face the music. He would know what to do.

It struck her that it was only because she had known him so well that she was willing to place everything in his hands. All the others, even her own close friends and Jim's, she could not trust, because now in this crisis it seemed to her that they were really strangers whom she did not know at all. She wanted to weep at the thought that everything was finished with the one person she had ever known intimately, for at the moment she felt she knew Melbourn better even than she knew Jim.

As she sat there staring at the piece of notepaper on the writing table, the whole of the past year seemed to be falling apart into disconnected fragments and impressions. For the first time she understood that this affair between Melbourn and herself had never been either romantic or beautiful, but only a sensual adventure in which she had always been at a disadvantage because she was the one who cared the more and he the one who granted his good humor, his flattery, his attentions, even himself, grudgingly and with preoccupation.

There were not even the seeds of tragedy in the whole thing because it lacked the dignity which must go with tragedy. He had never given her love; he had given her everything of which love was composed save tenderness and intimacy, and she saw all at once that she had never been happy with him.

Because she could not go on thinking of Melbourn in this cold light, she took up her pen and began to compose the note she meant to send him at the Ritz. It was not an easy note to write, and before it was finally achieved she had written and rewritten it many times.

Twice she thought hysterically, "I can't do it! I won't do it! It is too much to ask of any woman." And no sooner had she put down the pen than a sense of the horrible net which was closing about them overcame her, and she felt weak and helpless and terrified.

She saw that she was not strong enough, or ruthless enough, or possessed of sufficient character to carry the thing through unaided. Melbourn's very coldness and lack of scruples seemed to her qualities approaching nobility . . .

He had the character to overlook laws and conventions and scruples. She saw that to him even honor was a feeble thing, conceived by the weak to salve the wounds of their defeats. To him honor was a thing you used if it could be of use to you.

And after many efforts she achieved a final draft which read:

Dear David:

I accept our decision of last night. (It was really *his* decision, she thought, but I cannot admit that.) It's all over and I suppose we can go on being friends, whatever happens. There's nothing to discuss about it.

I'm only writing you because I am forced to. It isn't pleasant for me and I wouldn't do it if there were any other way out. Something awful has happened—as awful as anything could be. I can't cope with it myself. I don't know what to do. I have to see you today. *I have to,* David. The sooner the better, because every minute is precious. It hasn't anything to do with beginning all over again. I swear I won't even speak of that.

I shall wait at home for you to telephone when you can come, or where and when I can meet you. It's a matter of life and death. If you fail me, I don't know what I'll do. I might do anything. For the sake of whatever may have been between us once, don't let me down.

Fanny

She read it over and it seemed to her that the note was cheap and melodramatic, but she couldn't think how it could be worded differently and still achieve its purpose, and if it was melodramatic and cheap it was because she found herself entangled in a calamity that was sordid and melodramatic.

While she folded the note and wrote "David Melbourn, Esquire. Urgent," she was overcome again by shame and by a sense of complete unreality. The whole thing could not be true. It had never happened.

This Fanny who was sending this note was a strange Fanny who had risen out of the depths of her own character; a Fanny as strange as the Fanny who a few hours ago had lain on the bed in hysterics. And that Fanny seemed dead now. This new Fanny was like Melbourn himself, who could toss into the dust his pride, his honor and his self-respect to achieve what he had to have.

She called the butler and told him to go to the Ritz and leave the note, with the injunction that it must be delivered the moment Mr. Melbourn arrived.

When the man had gone away she went to Jim's door and looked in at him. She saw that for a second time in his sleep he had managed to pull the bedclothes over his head. She removed them without disturbing him, and as she stood there looking down at him she again felt a wave of affection for his very helplessness, and it seemed to her that she had come round the circle and was beginning all over again.

They would go to some out-of-the-way place where they could be alone and no one would know them, and her mind began to create pictures of them sitting on terraces in the sun before glittering snow-covered mountains and exploring together valleys filled with extravagant wild flowers. The more she thought of it, the more romantic the prospect became, and for the first time she experienced a profound thankfulness that she had finished with Melbourn, and could rest.

For the first time middle age appeared to her to be pleasant and comfortable instead of a horror. And it occurred to her how fantastic it would be if Melbourn and Rosa Dugan had been the means of bringing her and Jim together again as they had once been. When she went back to her own room the second man was standing there with a bundle of newspapers.

"These are the later ones, madam. Bossom thought you might want them, too."

He left them on the writing table and she saw that the top one contained an enormous picture of a woman seated on a table. Above the picture was the headline, "Night-Club Singer Strangled in Exclusive Murray Hill Love Nest."

Lying on the chaise longue she began to read the whole story, in the grip of a horrible fascination because for the first time the thing was real to her. It was all printed and in the papers, like any common murder in the suburbs or on the West Side.

For Savina the meeting of St. Anne's Hospital board was exactly the same as all the other meetings she had attended in the twelve years of her service as one of its directors. It went on and on. When it was two o'clock and nothing had been accomplished, Savina appointed herself steam roller of the occasion and demanded a committee of three which was to go ahead with the work. And at last the board meeting was finished and she was able to go home to Alida and the dogs and the comfortable house and a delicious luncheon.

At home there was a message from Lady Elsmore saying that she would be delighted to come to tea, and Alida told her that Philip Dantry had telephoned to ask her if he might come in for a moment about five. He had, he said, a surprise for her.

When Savina heard this, she said, "I don't know. Perhaps he had better not come at five."

"Why not?" asked Alida.

"On account of Nancy."

"They'll have to meet some time."

"Of course they will, but I don't know whether it's a good idea for them to see each other in a crowd."

"It'll be easier than meeting without anyone. Besides, Nancy doesn't mind crowds. She's always liked being the center of everything."

They sat down to a luncheon of flounder in Chablis jelly, pigeon, salad and lemon-meringue pie in the big dining room, heavy and dark with mahogany woodwork and mahogany furniture.

Savina said, "I wonder what Philip's surprise is to be."

"He's got himself engaged to somebody. One of these chits that nowadays pass for young ladies."

And then Savina remembered about going to see Doctor McClellan to find out whether Hector was really ill and she sent the funereal Henry to telephone for an appointment. Henry was to say that it was urgent and that she wouldn't need more than fifteen minutes.

Then Alida brought up the subject of the murder. She said the latest editions had nothing new and that the police were still in the dark about "the little black man" and "Mr. Wilson." She had seen them take away the body about one o'clock, but the policeman was still sitting by the window, only they'd closed the window now that the body was gone.

In the midst of this morbid conversation Henry came in to say that Doctor McClellan could see her at three.

"Tell him I'll come directly over." Savina saw that Alida was watching her curiously, so she said brusquely, "It's about Hector. I want to find out if he's really ill."

"Why don't you ask him?"

"Because you can't ask Hector things he doesn't want to tell you."

"That's what's the matter with him," Alida snorted. "Everybody's always treated him like that. They've kept him wrapped in cotton wool—his mother and his sisters, and then you and everybody. He's never had a hard knock of any kind in all his life. If people had treated him as a human being when he was younger, he wouldn't be such an old fraud now."

Savina didn't answer but looked at

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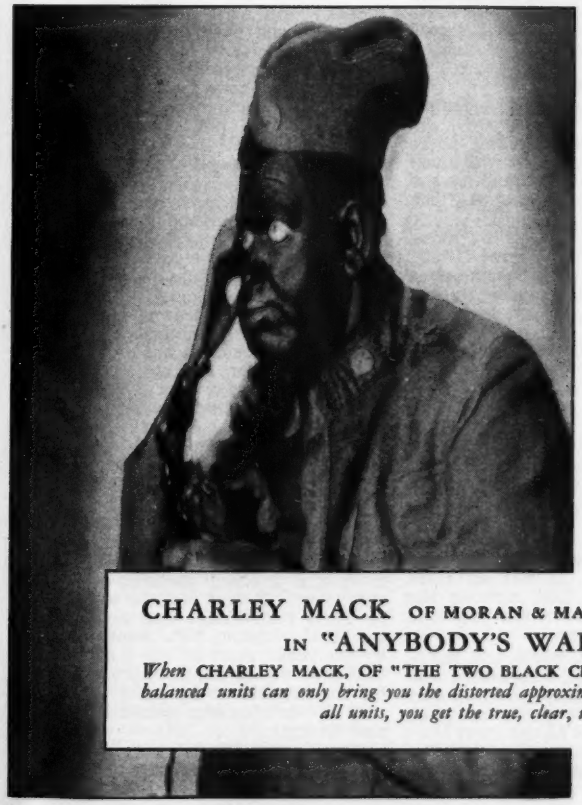

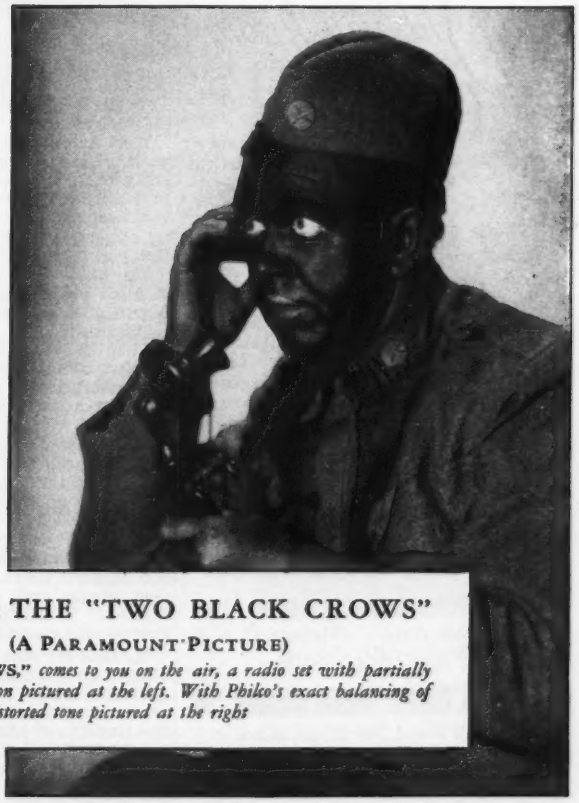

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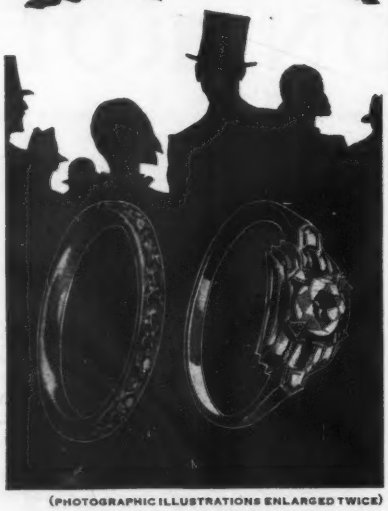

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her watch and saw that she had ten minutes in which to drive to Doctor McClellan's office, so she sent Henry for a taxicab because Albert the chauffeur would be eating his luncheon and she didn't want to disturb him. As she rose to leave the table she saw Maggie entering the room with her arms full of afternoon papers. The maid placed them on the table beside Alida, and Savina, with a swift distaste, saw Alida pounce upon them in search of more news of the murder.

Savina arrived at the office five minutes late, only to be told by a stiffly starched nurse that she would have to wait. So, seating herself in a stiff chair, she tried to find some interest in the magazines lying on the table, until a door opened and two familiar voices conversed quite near, and it dawned upon her sharply that one voice was Doctor McClellan's and the other was Hector's. She had a feeling of guilt and wanted to run away or to hide herself somewhere.

She heard Doctor McClellan saying, "That's what you need, I think. That would do you more good than anything," and blushing violently, she looked up and saw that the door into the doctor's sanctum was closed and Hector was standing there looking at her with an expression of confusion and anger.

She tried to say "Hello" casually, but was aware that she sounded like a child caught stealing jam.

Hector's round blue eyes stared at her suspiciously and he asked: "What are you here for? I thought there was never anything the matter with you."

"I've had a little trouble lately. Nothing serious." And then nervously she added, "You're coming to tea, aren't you? Nancy sent word she was coming."

"I talked to her over the telephone. I haven't seen her yet."

"It's good having her back again."

"Yes, I suppose so."

The door of the sanctum opened and the nurse was standing there again waiting to show her in. It was all the more difficult to talk in front of a stranger.

"I've been having trouble with my stomach," she said pointlessly.

"Well, I hope it's not as bad as mine, for your sake."

The nurse was still standing there waiting and Savina felt that she must bring the conversation to an end, so she said abruptly, "Will you dine with me this evening?"

"You know I don't go out any more. But you come and dine with me."

She knew that he refused on account of Alida but she was glad that he wanted her to dine with him. "What time?"

"Eightish."

Then she said, "Philip telephoned that he was coming to see me. He said he had a surprise. I don't know what it is." She saw a queer look of pain come into the round blue eyes.

Hector said bitterly, "I don't know. He never tells me anything. He didn't even come home last night."

"Well, tonight, then, at eight."

"Yes. Good-by."

He went out into the corridor and Savina followed the nurse into Doctor McClellan's sanctum. It was an office that shone and glistened, and in the midst of it Doctor McClellan appeared also to shine and glisten.

He was all pink and white and navy-blue, with glasses more transparent and glittering than any glasses she had ever seen. At first she was awed, and then she thought of him not as the great Doctor McClellan but as Ronnie McClellan whom she had pommeled when she was a little girl.

He said, "Good afternoon, Savina," and told her to sit down, remarking that he hadn't seen her in three or four years, and at the smooth sound of his voice it struck her that this wasn't Ronnie any longer but an efficient machine functioning from a brilliant brain that lay behind the incredibly shining spectacles and the bright blue eyes, and she was afraid again and tempted to pretend that she had really come because there was something the matter with herself.

They tried a little banal conversation but it did not come to much and Savina was aware that it was impossible to go on talking in the silly vein of two people making conversation in the corner of a ballroom, so she said abruptly:

"I didn't come to see you about myself. It's about Hector." She grew red again and fancied that a twinkle came into the blue eyes behind the spectacles.

Grinning a little, the doctor said, "There's nothing the matter with Hector. At least nothing the matter with him that I can fix up."

Nervously she said, "Of course I don't want to ask you anything unethical, and if you feel you shouldn't tell me, I won't ask you."

"If there was anything serious the matter with him, perhaps I shouldn't tell unless he gave me permission. But there isn't." He grinned again. "I think he's disappointed and angry with me because I couldn't find anything the matter. When I told him there wasn't he said, 'All doctors are like that. If there's nothing the matter with me, why have I lost twenty pounds in three weeks?' "

"Well, why *has* he lost twenty pounds?"

"I don't know, but I'm fairly sure that it's his imagination." He looked at her and it seemed to her that the sharp blue eyes were examining the inside of her brain with an inhuman concentration. Then he said, "You've known Hector all your life."

"Yes." And then she saw that he was thinking back over the years, recovering the whole story of herself and Hector, and she guessed that he wanted to be frank and honest with her and was not certain whether he dared to be, so she thought, "I will try to talk about Hector and myself in a detached way, as if we were specimens, and that will make it easier."

Aloud, she said, "I suppose I know him as well as anybody in the world."

"Then you know that he's always fancied himself more delicate and sensitive than other people."

"Yes."

"Well, that has grown on him. He can imagine the symptoms of a disease and even produce most of them. He imagined cancer of the stomach and managed to lose weight. You see, it's his way of attracting attention and sympathy which he can't ask for openly. But you see it isn't possible to deceive an X ray. We took all sorts of photographs of Hector's stomach. We even took a cinema of it at work. And there isn't anything but his imagination."

He waited for a moment and then said, "Unfortunately we can't operate and remove the diseased portions of people's characters. If we could, the world would be filled with saints and angels. You see, Hector thinks he's being neglected by everyone; most of all, I suppose, by that nice young nephew of his, and all his relationship to Philip is tangled up with Hector's feelings toward Pat Dantry and Nancy.

"It's so complicated that none of us can understand it, least of all Hector. So he developed all the symptoms of

cancer in order to attract pity, and notice. At least that's my theory. I'm not, of course, a psychiatrist."

Savina said faintly, "Oh, I see."

"It's not a surgeon's job. Maybe one of these new psychologists could do something for him. I can't. Probably he's too old. He's been going on like this all his life. He can't help it, but there he is." He looked at her sharply. "It's people like Hector whose lives are the real tragedies. People get over love affairs and deaths, but people like Hector go on being tormented to the very end." He gave her a curious inquiring look. "How much do you know about life, Savina?"

Again an impulse toward frankness possessed her and she said, "As much, I suppose, as any worldly old virgin could know. I'm not shocked by anything and rarely surprised."

"You see, Hector's always been twisted up inside. There's a great deal in Hector that there is in a hysterical woman. What he needs is to stop thinking about himself and get interested in something or other. He used to be interested in collecting things, but even that bores him now. I think travel might do him good. He hasn't stirred for fifteen years.

"He needs someone to shake him out of himself . . . Why don't you marry him, Savina, and take him away? It would be all right now. I don't suppose he'd be afraid of marriage now. He wants someone to look after him. He's like a spoiled child who's suddenly without anyone to spoil him."

She didn't answer him at once. Instead, she began to think of Ronnie himself and the strange things he was saying. It didn't seem possible that Ronnie, who was of her age and generation and born in a house just down the street, could be looking at things with a detachment so cold and honest. It must be because he was a man of science, and for the first time it occurred to her that science was honesty and that honesty was a great liberator.

It cut away romance and sentiment and a great deal of nonsense, but it left clean wounds which would heal quickly, without scars, leaving life whole and sane and cured. It could make people less miserable because it dealt with hard realities instead of the unwholesome putrescence of dead moralities and the high sentimental purities which had ruined so many lives.

And at the same time she was thinking of Hector and of marrying him, recognizing at once that the wish to marry him, even now when they were old, had always been in the back of her mind, unadmitted even by herself, because it seemed absurd and silly for her to marry anybody at her age. She saw that the idea had become with her a sort of fixed mission which had withstood every rebuff, even from Hector himself. It was as if she had been born to care for him.

She could not think why, save that in spite of everything she still knew that she was the one person who understood him and could save him from himself. Why shouldn't she marry him? Why shouldn't she ask him to marry her?

After all, there wasn't anything for him to fear now and it would be easier for them both than it had been on that hot May afternoon in the apple orchard at Staatsburgh. She was an old woman now, sane and comfortable, and not an awkward young girl driven on by a desire stronger than convention and stronger even than her own pride.

But she wanted to be convinced of all these things, so she said falsely, "I couldn't marry him now. It would be too ridiculous." And Ronnie laughed.

Unsteady eye . . .
uncertain hand . . .
these commonly are symptoms of

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"Why not? There's nothing to keep you from it. If you asked him, I'm sure he'd be delighted to accept. He's lonely and frightened of old age and death, and of being alone. But you mustn't expect him to do the asking. It would be like asking him to grow a new pair of legs. Why not? It would be a good ending for both of you.

"You could travel and enjoy yourselves and lead Hector to forgetting about himself. It's what he needs. He's been fighting himself all his life, and he's tired now and bitter."

Feeling panicky, she rose and said, "I've got to go, Ronnie. I've kept you long enough. Thanks for all you've said. I'll think it over."

He too rose and said, "Are you interested in scientific things, Savina?"

"I'm interested in almost everything."

"Would you like to see an X-ray cinema? It's a new wrinkle, exciting and valuable."

"I've kept you too long already."

"It doesn't matter. People can always wait for me."

He rang a bell and a boyish enthusiasm took possession of him. His blue eyes twinkled and his pink face grew pinker. The starched nurse appeared and he said, "Get me Mr. Champion's reel, Miss Fox. I want to show it to Miss Jerrold." He turned to Savina. "Come along into the dark room," he said and led her through a door into a room where the windows were sealed, and out of the darkness there gleamed a rectangle of faint silver.

Savina was thankful for the darkness, because she felt confused and awkward. There was something indecent and shocking in the thought of watching Hector's insides at work. She wanted to decline the treat Ronnie was offering her but could not bring herself to dampen his enthusiasm.

So she sat down heavily and, composing herself, awaited the ordeal. She heard a clicking sound behind her and the rectangle of silver was illuminated by a brilliant white light.

"Hector's reel isn't as good as some," said Ronnie apologetically. "But I thought you'd be more interested in it. It's difficult to get good X rays of fat people. Very good, Miss Fox. We're ready."

And then on the silver rectangle there appeared what seemed to be a clam or an oyster or some underwater plant which began to work evenly and rhythmically, coiling and uncoiling, churning, relaxing and contracting, engaged upon dissolving morsels of darker stuff which seemed intent upon escape. It was, she thought, exactly like the things, half plant, half animal, which she had once watched on the bottom of the sea through the glass bottom of a boat.

Then she began to think about her own stomach and Ronnie's stomach, seeing them at work in the same fashion, regardless of their own wills, behaving exactly like this strange voracious animal on the silver patch.

At last there was a little filliping sound behind her and the room was dark again and she heard Ronnie saying, "You see, it's a perfect stomach. There's nothing the matter with it."

"I don't know," she answered weakly. "I couldn't say. It looks to me as if everything was the matter with it. But I must go now." They went out of the darkened room and Savina added, "Thank you, Ronnie. You must dine with me some time."

"I'd like to."

And then she said, "Nancy Carstairs has come home."

"Hector's sister, Nancy?"

"Yes; she's coming to tea with me this afternoon."

"I'd like to see her again. She was very beautiful."

"I'll tell her. Good-by."

"Good-by."

As she went through the door she saw that he had already returned to his glass-topped table and his charts, and it occurred to her that it must be dreadful to be like Ronnie, always thinking of people in terms of insides. And it would be dreadful to see an X-ray cinema of the insides of someone in love, with the machinery all at work, and it would be even worse to see a cinema of the insides of the same person when he'd fallen out of love and none of the machinery was busy.

But perhaps men like Ronnie failed to take into account the soul. "I will," she thought, "cling to the soul and not think about the machinery," but then she could not help thinking that when the machine was worn out and finished, the soul didn't amount to much.

Albert was waiting for her with the old-fashioned motor and as she drove slowly home through the tangled traffic, battling the mood of depression, she began again to think of Hector and she saw that she'd forgotten about Alida and that of course Alida made the idea of her marrying Hector impossible. She saw that Alida's life and her own were too deeply entangled for her to desert Alida now.

One of them—Hector or Alida—would have to be sacrificed because it was impossible to look after them both. It was impossible to think of their living in the same house or setting out on a voyage together. Alida and Hector hated and resembled each other too profoundly.

Perhaps, she thought, she could divide her time between them without marrying Hector. She could travel with him, because in this day people didn't seem to mind if middle-aged and even young people went traveling unchaperoned. Alida would be angry, but then Alida hadn't the right to keep her forever chained down to the house in Thirty-sixth Street. She could find no proper solution of the puzzle but she was happy in the thought that two people loved her enough to be jealous of her and to quarrel over her.

The motor drew up before the door and she told Albert that she would want him at eight to go out to dinner. As she entered the living room she saw Alida seated by the bow window surrounded by newspapers. She thought, "If only there could be a good murder every day she wouldn't mind my leaving her."

And Alida, hearing Savina's step, looked up and said in an excited voice, "They've discovered the murderer. It wasn't the mysterious Mr. Wilson at all."

When Melbourn left the Elsmores at the Ritz he determined to go directly to his apartment instead of going downtown to the office. As he stepped into his motor he noticed the newspaper Nancy Elsmore had left on the seat. He saw the picture of Rosa Dugan and the headline, "Night-Club Singer Murdered in Exclusive Murray Hill Love Nest," and he grinned at the profound vulgarity of the words, "Exclusive Murray Hill Love Nest." Love was love and passion was passion, whether it was on Murray Hill or on Riverside Drive, and everybody had to submit to it in one form or another. "An exclusive love nest," he thought, grinning, "is simply a contradiction in terms."

He turned the page idly to read the rest of the story. Then, for the first time, he saw that the night-club singer was Rosa Dugan, and that made everything different.

When he saw that Rosa Dugan was dead, he regretted that he hadn't gone to hear her sing three nights ago when Fanny had wanted to go. He hadn't gone simply because Fanny had annoyed him more than usual that night and because he knew she only wanted to go because it was the thing to do. Everybody was talking about Rosa Dugan and everybody was beginning to go to Rosa's Place. And now she was dead.

He read the story with an indifferent interest, thinking that, with its overtones of bootleggers and night-club life, it was the most commonplace of crimes. If it had been an ordinary night-club dancer it wouldn't have mattered.

And then, halfway through, the story began to acquire an extraordinary interest. He read about "Mr. Wilson" and "the little black man" and the emerald shirt studs and the greasy cap, and as the motor drew up before his apartment a curiously distinct memory returned to him.

He saw a tall woman in a fur coat helping a drunken man out of a taxicab and across the sidewalk to the door of a house in Thirty-fifth Street. And all at once he thought, "'Mr. Wilson' is Jim Towner," and then he was aware that his car had stopped and that the chauffeur was holding the door open for him.

Thrusting the paper into his pocket, he said, "Come back at a quarter to one," and crossed the sidewalk into the house.

Even when Melbourn had shut himself in his library, he still kept seeing the two figures crossing the sidewalk through the blizzard, and the more he thought of it the more certain he became that the man who looked like Jim Towner *was* Jim Towner. He seated himself and read the story of the murder again.

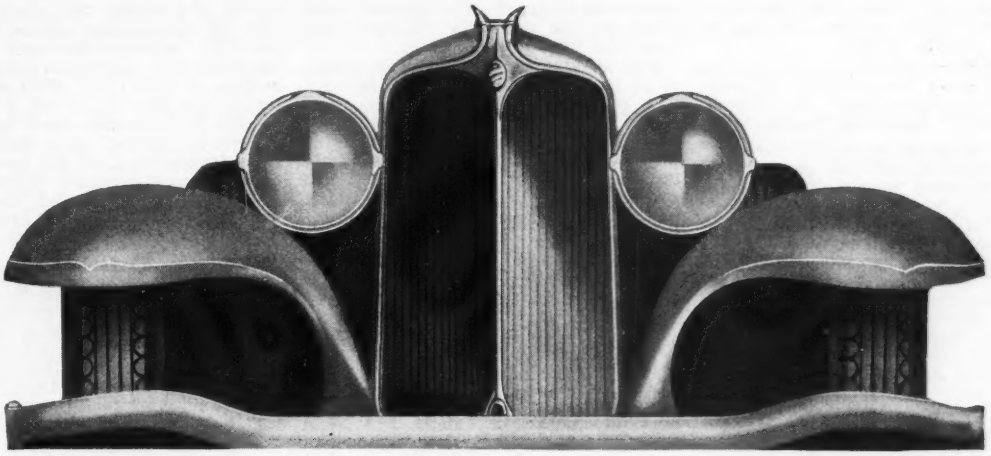
He saw that the number of the house where the murder had occurred must be the same as that of the house where the taxicab stood before the door in the snow. And again he thought, "Such things don't happen." Yet he experienced a curious certainty that it had happened.

And as he thought of it, all the implications of his knowledge began to emerge and assume a definite and disturbing coherence. He saw that he himself might become a figure in a scandal simply because by accident he had been one of the last persons to see Rosa Dugan alive. Perhaps only two others—"Mr. Wilson" and "the little black man"—had seen her afterwards, and the one who had killed her had seen her last of all.

"The little black man" might escape and he himself would never be suspected of any knowledge, but "Mr. Wilson" was certain to be found out, and then awful things would happen. They would accuse Jim Towner of having murdered Rosa Dugan.

Melbourn told himself that Jim Towner couldn't have done it because he wasn't the sort of man who could murder anyone. He wasn't passionate or violent. And he saw, too, that Jim Towner had certainly not committed the murder, because he was so drunk that a baby could have escaped from him.

Melbourn examined the paper again and found that the police fixed the time of the murder at about three in the morning. It couldn't, then, have been



TWO NEW EIGHTS BY CHRYSLER

SET NEW STANDARDS FOR EIGHTS

Eights of breath-taking style and smartness . . . Eights of magnificent luxury and riding ease . . . Eights of silky fleetness, so smooth that touring at any speed is just like coasting or floating . . . Eights so flexible you can lift your foot off the accelerator at any speed without noise or vibration, and when you step on the gas you feel a tremendous surge of silent, velvety power . . . Eights with Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and gear shift, giving two *high-speed* gears . . . Eights with such extremely low center of gravity that you take turns at high speeds without sidesway . . . Eights with the safest and surest stopping ability, made possible by Chrysler weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes . . . Eights designed with that skill and fineness only to be found in Chrysler engineering . . . Eights built to the finest standards in every detail . . . Eights of such manifest quality that you would guess the prices to be much higher than the prices actually are . . . Eights you will be proud to own . . . Eights you will thrill to drive . . . Eights you surely should examine before buying any new car.

possible for Jim Towner to have done it, because at two o'clock he was so drunk he couldn't walk.

For a moment Melbourn's glance wandered idly down the page and presently fixed upon another story. It followed the story of the Dugan murder and read:

> This morning at eight o'clock, while sweeping out the area way, Jamie Anappie, Philippine butler in the household of Mrs. Henry Ellsworth, of 918 East Fifty-seventh Street, discovered the body of a man since identified by the police as "Lucky Sam" Lipschitz, a gunman and bootlegger with a long criminal record. The body had three gunshot wounds. The bullets had entered the back, pierced the lungs and emerged on the other side.
>
> It is believed that Lipschitz was shot in some brawl in the white-light district and his body thrown into the area way during last night's blizzard. It is the first case of a gunman's having been taken for a ride and killed in the heart of the city, and the boldness of the crime is leading the police to unusual efforts to clear up the murder.

Beside the story there was a rogues' gallery portrait of Lucky Sam, who was wall-eyed and had a flat nose and a scar across his face.

The paragraph held no particular interest. It seemed as commonplace as the market quotations of vegetables in Washington Market, but it led him to think how fascinating it would be if you could lift the lid off the whole city at night, and from some position high above it, could watch all that was happening there, seeing and understanding all the tangled skeins of crime and passion and success and defeat. And he saw that Number 918 East Fifty-seventh Street was almost at the corner of Sutton Place and that for a second time in a single night he had passed, by chance, close to violent death without being aware of it until long afterward.

The body might have been there in the area way as he and Fanny drove past on their way from Hector's dinner, and it struck him as preposterous that such things could happen in the midst of a civilized city like New York, and then he thought that perhaps the city was not civilized at all but only a kind of armed barbaric camp in which a savage warfare continued day and night.

But he was aware again that Jim Towner had to be thought of and he began to consider Jim's problem and saw at once that the worst element in it was Fanny. A woman like that, hysterical and wanting adoration and notice, would dramatize herself and become a self-conscious heroine.

Again the thought returned to him that perhaps he alone could save Jim Towner if worst came to worst. For, he thought, Jim Towner wouldn't have a chance, and he, David Melbourn, would have to come forward and mix himself in the cheap, sordid affair by telling a jury that he had seen Towner an hour before the murder and that he couldn't have done it because he was too drunk.

And then he tried to imagine "the little black man" who had left behind the greasy cap. If they could only find him everything would be all right and the worst Jim Towner would have to face would be a scandal. But how to find him, the owner of a cap that was like a million other caps? The emerald shirt studs and the name "Mr. Wilson" were clues that were so much easier.

And all at once Melbourn felt afraid, as he had once before when he sat in a tiny room with the door locked and Verna, his wife, on the other side of the door alternately abusing him and trying to lure him, and with a terrible clarity he saw again how near he himself had come to murder and that in his heart and mind he was a murderer, for in his imagination he had killed Verna many times, without sorrow or remorse. Such things *were* possible. Anyone might commit murder. It was a question of circumstances and pressure.

He thought, "I must do something. I've saved myself before by being clear-headed and seeing all around the thing. This time I've got to save Jim Towner, somehow, in order to save myself. It isn't possible to sit quietly and let a man be sent to jail or perhaps death when you could give testimony that would save him. No, even I couldn't do that."

And he reflected bitterly that most of the trouble in the world was not caused by scoundrels but by fools like Jim Towner, who lost their heads, leaving behind the telltale collar and emerald shirt studs. Perhaps the murderer, too, was a fool or a madman, leaving behind that dirty, greasy cap.

And he remembered having noticed the emerald studs while he was listening to Jim Towner tell a story over Hector Champion's dinner table. He saw them again, glittering and green, in Jim's shirt front. No, there couldn't be any doubt. The studs belonged to Jim Towner.

He swore with annoyance at the thought that all this had happened when he needed his head clear for other things. He saw that now he couldn't put his whole mind into the business of the Gobi mines because all the time he would be thinking about Jim Towner and the danger that was hanging over Jim Towner, and so in a way over himself, and he understood that all along his instinct in the affair with Fanny had been right.

He should never have entangled himself with her, and the air of uneasiness and foreboding that hung over him from their first meeting in the roadhouse was neither nerves nor imagination but the kind of hunch he had always followed until he met Fanny. It was sound instinct telling him not to involve himself with this foolish woman. He had not even disobeyed that instinct through passion or desire, but only out of boredom and because the thing seemed so easy.

He began to walk up and down the room thinking all the while, "I must pull myself out of this strange feeling of confusion and dread. Perhaps I'm growing old and the machine is beginning to crack and I'll lose everything I've fought for and suddenly be dead without having known a moment of rest."

And then he thought of Ruby, cool and poised and sure of herself. When he thought of Ruby, it seemed to him that she could help him because she was a person to whom he could tell everything, and he admitted that for the first time in his life he needed someone to talk to.

With Ruby he wouldn't be alone any longer. It was odd that he didn't think of her first of all as a woman to whom he might make love, but as a friend. That, perhaps, was a good sign. With Ruby everything would be all right and he would regain control of himself and together they'd go away and leave this cursed city which he hated suddenly with an unreasoning, almost hysterical, intensity. Contentment and happiness lay somewhere, anywhere, away from the borders of this city. With amazement he realized that it was the first time in his life he'd thought about happiness.

Then he noticed again the picture of Rosa Dugan lying on the polished desk and his mind returned sharply to Jim Towner and Fanny and the mess in which he found himself involved, and he thought, "This is the first time since I rid myself of Verna that I've found myself mixed up in the lives of other people." But the whole thing seemed clearer now and much less ominous.

He thought, "Perhaps it wasn't Jim Towner whom I saw going into the house. Perhaps it was Jim Towner and the woman wasn't Rosa Dugan. Perhaps it was a different house. I've been jumping at conclusions like a nervous woman. I've got to keep my head."

And in the midst of his thoughts there was a knock at the door and a voice saying, "The car is here, Mr. Melbourn."

He lunched with the Elsmores in their sitting room with windows which gave out on the long canyon of Madison Avenue, and Melbourn, sitting opposite Nancy Elsmore, watched her with a kind of fascination, thinking how pretty she was, but disturbed by an uneasiness which tormented him because he could not define it at once. They talked of the voyage and the weather but most of all of the city, which appeared now to frighten Lady Elsmore.

And then, over the salad, Melbourn knew what it was that disturbed him. He was sitting opposite an old lady who appeared to have no age at all, and she had a face which seemed quite empty, when it should have been changing and animated. It was grotesque and its grotesqueness fascinated him.

Her face by every abstract test was a younger face than Fanny's, with its worried discontented expression, yet it was old and tired in an inexplicable way. It was in the eyes, he decided at last, that age betrayed itself. There were moments when the brilliant dark eyes were weary and full of wisdom. She was like a wax manikin miraculously endowed with life. She was, he thought, almost as brainless as such a manikin would be.

Her gift, even now, appeared to be the gift of pleasing men, and he saw that all her life must have been spent in flattering and cosseting and soothing men, and when he thought of Fanny he saw that this gift was among the greatest the gods could bestow upon a woman; for her own sake as well as for the sake of all men. It was that which in the end a man wanted more than anything else—more than a beautiful body and a brilliant mind or hearty companionship.

He saw why Sir John adored her and watched her as if she were altogether new to him instead of a wife, no longer young, to whom he had been married for years. And at the same time he remembered Ruby and the sandwiches and whisky on the table with the bowl of flowers beside them, and he felt extraordinarily sure of himself and happier than he had been in months.

A knock at the door interrupted the train of reflection which Melbourn carried on behind the curtain of polite conversation, and at Sir John's "Come in," a man entered carrying a silver tray with a note on it.

Next Month—the Dramatic Conclusion of Louis Bromfield's fascinating story of a day in the lives of some fashionable New Yorkers

Blood Will Tell! *by Peter B. Kyne*

(*Continued from page 59*)

an' maybe seventy percent o' the class they're born with, you can just bet your ranch, Dad, these mares will drop big foals. An' no good little horse ever beat a good big horse, at any distance over six furlongs. You got to have a big powerful horse to go a mile an' a quarter."

"But I ain't wishful for runnin' horses, Mike," I explain. "The big idea was to improve the quality of our cow horses."

"Which we'll do the same," says Mike. "You'll sure get some grand stock horses. But we'll raise some thoroughbreds, too, an' if we only get one good horse out o' the lot, this thoroughbred stock won't cost you a cent."

Well, I couldn't get rid o' Mike, because I liked him. Of course I'd figgered that, now he was well again, he'd go back to ridin' runnin' horses, but I see now this ain't his idea o' the full life.

"I'm a good jockey," says Mike, "but I ain't so good owners are fightin' to buy my contract. The money's in breedin' an' trainin' horses I can win with, an' if this ain't a grand ranch to breed blood stock on, I'm a fool."

So I seen there was nothin' else to do but put Mike Dolan on the pay roll at the wages of a top cow hand. I might as well confess, too, I'm as curious as a pet coon to see what comes of his experiment, particularly as he informs me he's picked the three mares to make a perfect "nick" when bred to this here stallion Mopperup.

Mike don't give me no rest. Apparently he ain't a-drivin' me. No, sir, he just keeps on suggestin' things, so it ain't no time until I'm suggested into settin' aside a quarter-section o' the finest subirrigated meadow on the 70 Ranch as a stud farm. An' a barbed-wire fence won't do. No, sir; I got to put in sixteen-foot redwood posts with fine heavy wire mesh the foals can't get their feet into or jump or get hurt none if they run into it.

The next thing I know I'm buildin' a barn with a dozen boxes an' space upstairs for hay, besides a separate stallion barn, an' I'm in twenty thousand dollars on the whole shebang. Yes, sir, twenty thousand dollars in assets I don't need an' don't want, includin' a room for Mike, who won't sleep up to the house no more.

Along in February an' March of the followin' year I have eighteen half-thoroughbred foals an' three that's all thoroughbred. Mike don't even bother to look my foals over a-tall, although to my mind they're the likeliest-lookin' foal crop I've ever had an' I'm beginnin' to feel grateful to Mike for suggestin' them.

That stallion begets about seventy percent liver-colored chestnuts, which is a color I've always admired in a horse. Mike's youngsters are all colts an' big, but he loses one of the mares in colt-birth, so promptly, an' without consultin' me, he knocks one o' my half-bred fillies on the head an' steals the mare for a foster mother, an' Mike's happy, notwithstandin' I've just lost a thousand-dollar mare.

"Don't worry, Dad," says Mike. "If this colt amounts to anythin' he'll be worth ten of his mother. It's just a question o' time."

Well, them three colts prosper like the green bay tree. Meanwhile the two remainin' mares are rebred to Mopperup. From the day they're dropped Mike is out in the field monkeyin' an' foolin' around with his three colts. They're a-nibblin' him an' rearin' up an' placin' their little legs on his shoulders an' a-wallopin' him from time to time with playful kicks which he don't mind.

He halter-breaks 'em when they're three months old; he watches 'em an' guards 'em like a mother, an' when they're eight months old he weans 'em. But does that mean they stop drinkin' milk? It does not. Before I know it, Mike has got me to order the foreman to break three big, heavy milkin' Hereford cows to stand quiet while Zing milks 'em, which Zing says milkin' two cows for them dog-goned colts ain't accordin' to Hoyle. So I have to raise the heathen's wages to quiet him.

Mike, he cooks up every night a hot mess for his colts—crushed oats, a little wheat, handful o' corn an' bran—an' the warm milk in it, with a few carrots, which we wouldn't never have had no carrots if Zing didn't plant 'em in my private vegetable garden, whereat the heathen kicks some more. Yes, sir, all the peace an' quiet o' my life is disturbed by this demon, Mike Dolan—an' I ain't got the heart to hurt him.

Life ain't been very kind to Mike from birth, I gather, an' he's plumb happy now for the first time. It's a terrible thing to destroy a feller human's happiness, but I come mighty close to it when Mike starts honeyin' me out o' gradin' him a little three-quarter-mile private race track to train his colts on. I got to put a wood fence around that track, too, an' eighth poles an' quarter poles an' a timin' stand. An' I got to build chutes to break 'em out of an' import a fancy startin' gate an' act as starter.

When his colts are about sixteen months old Mike starts breakin' 'em. It ain't scarcely no job at all. They never buck once, which is an eye opener to me, but this is on account they've been handled since birth an' know Mike Dolan for their friend. First he gives 'em walkin' exercise; then he trots a little; finally he walks, trots an' canters.

Meanwhile, I been stuck for about eight hundred dollars' worth o' what Mike calls tack, which is an exercise saddle weighin' seven pounds, bandages, bits, headstalls, rollers, blinders, standard martingales, night cloths, coolin' sheets an' all the medicines in the world, in case his colts get sick. After bringin' 'em in from the track he washes 'em off with warm water an' a sponge, then he scrapes the wet off'n 'em an' rubs 'em with somethin' that smells like bay rum.

Havin' rubbed 'em he puts a blanket on 'em an' walks 'em fifty or sixty minutes around the barn, which has a porch built all around it so he can walk 'em in wet weather. Havin' cooled 'em out he grooms 'em an' blankets 'em an' so on, *ad libitum*, until the day's work is over, after which Mike stands leanin' in over the half doors o' the boxes admirin' an' dreamin'.

One day he tells me he's got to have a stop watch, so I'm set back fifty dollars more. Bein' taught how to clock a horse, I become official timer, whilst breezin' the colts, an' one mornin' Mike says: "Dad, we're goin' to find out what we got this mornin'. I'm going to breeze Dad's Dandy"—he honored me by namin' one o' the colts that—"an eighth."

So he breezes Dad's Dandy an eighth, never lettin' the colt all out, an' my stop watch says eleven an' two-fifths. The next mornin' we breeze Old Folks, the half orphan, an' my watch says thirteen seconds.

The followin' mornin' we breeze McGonnigle, which he's named for my foreman, this bein' Mike's final—an' successful—effort to win the foreman's approval. McGonnigle steps the eighth in twelve, an' Mike says he's satisfied, but has his doubts if Old Folks will ever be more than a sellin' plater, although it's too soon to jedge the colt. He says some horses that won't give you a good workout will catch pigeons, once they're in competition.

Son, I smelt it comin'! In about a week Mike says he'd ought to have a good exercise boy so he can ride McGonnigle in competition. I almost have a fit when I discover that exercise boy has to have a hundred an' twenty-five a month an' board himself, or forty less than that an' eat ranch grub. I got to house him free gratis, too, an' I'm like to have a strike on my hands, because I'm only payin' my foreman a hundred an' seventy-five a month, an' he rides all day, wearin' out four horses per diem.

However, Mike tells me the boy's good an' worth a hundred an' fifty—an' then I know how-come racin' stables is a luxury that only the rich can afford. An' by this time McGonnigle has a little sister an' Dad's Dandy an' Old Folks have each a little brother, an' come March I'll own three more thoroughbred foals.

Time is flyin' on winged hoofs, as the feller says, an' I'm up to my ears in the runnin' horse business—an' beginnin' to like it. Every time I look at them beautiful colts an' compare 'em with my pot-bellied, knot-headed an' misformed cold-blooded cow ponies I get a vision o' what Mike's all het up about.

We're schoolin' the colts at the barrier now, an' I'm enjoyin' my job of starter, whilst the foreman is now timekeeper. We're workin' 'em a quarter now an' McGonnigle does it in twenty-two flat, which is a race horse, believe you me. Old Folks, set down for a real race for a quarter with Dad's Dandy, can't do it in better'n twenty-three an' a fifth to save his life, while Dad's Dandy is steppin' along in twenty-two an' three-fifths, which is another race horse.

Strange to say, Mike likes Dad's Dandy best, so one day we have a five-furlong match race, an' Dad's Dandy noses McGonnigle out by a whisker. And the exercise boy is up on him!

About this time Mike Dolan gives our blood stock ranch a new name. First off, he calls it a farm. Then he calls it Valle Verde Stock Farm, because it's in a green valley, an' from that to Valle Verde Stable is only a verbal jump. Somehow, it all sounded rich an' aristocratic to me.

"Well, Dad," says Mike Dolan one mornin' in early February, "there ain't no sense in havin' a racin' stable unless a feller races 'em for profit. How about shippin' me down to Tia Juana race track so we can see these colts run in real company?"

There ain't nothin' to it. I'm sold by now. I got to see them colts compete if it's the last act o' my life, so I have the railroad company spot in a horse express car an' we truck the colts to the railroad an' load 'em in. I'm tellin' you, son, if you ever want to get a real pain in the pocketbook, try shippin' race horses by express.

At Tia Juana Mike gets his license as trainer. Also, he renews his license as jockey, an' as I'm afraid it'll hurt my credit with the bank if it's known I'm operatin' a racin' stable an' see a good chance to get shut o' the whole business, I sell Mike the whole stable, mares, stallion, foals an' tack, for what I've got in

the game to date, which is thirty-three thousand an' forty-one dollars and nineteen cents. Inasmuch as Mike has no money I take his note, secured by the horses, so he's now owner, trainer an' jockey. Not bein' altogether mean, I loan him a thousand dollars to carry on with until he can win some operatin' capital on the track.

When he's there about two weeks he wires me that he has McGonnigle entered in a race for two-year-olds that have never raced before on a regular track. I wire him back to enter Dad's Dandy too, out o' compliment to me, because I got a notion that colt is goin' to be in the money. So Mike does that an' by the time the race is to be run both horses are in an' the public has a chance to bet the Valle Verde entry.

But the heaviest blow is still to fall on me, son. The mornin' before the race Mike Dolan begs me to bet a thousand dollars for him on the stable entry. I have visions o' havin' to go to my bank for a loan, so bein' weak, but not weak enough to see a horse named for me run an' me not have a bet down on him, I fall for Mike's wiles. Then he entreats me with tears in his eyes to spread five thousand more in the books, if I can get three to one, an' just before the race to lay another thousand in the Pari-Mutuel machines.

I kick an' buck an' squeal all over the tack room, but Mike talks an' explains an' tells me what a cinch it is—an' in the end I wire my bank to wire me ten thousand dollars, an' after the money's been bet I set up in the grand stand an' shiver an' cuss an' tell myself this is absolutely the last time an' if that Mike Dolan ever asks me for another dollar I'll hire him killed.

Mike, who is up on McGonnigle, waves to me as he's paradin' past the grand stand, an' his cheerfulness gives me courage. Then the race is run. It's all a smear to me. I get heart failure. There's three horses bunched in front, an' it's anybody's race—so I close my eyes an' groan.

When I open them again the numbers are up, an' out of fifteen horses in the field McGonnigle is first, Dad's Dandy is second by half a nose an' I never was sufficiently interested to find out the name o' the critter that come third. I'm still settin' there tryin' to figger out how much I've won, when Mike Dolan comes up on the clubhouse veranda an' hugs me. Then he figgers out my winnin's. I've made twenty-two thousand dollars an' I still have my ten thousand.

THE follerin' day Mike Dolan comes to me an' hands me a check for what he owes me. He'd won eighteen thousand dollars in prize money. I'd won him two to one in the machines, so that made twenty thousand, an' he'd sold McGonnigle for fifty thousand.

"Which his cannon bone is too long," Mike explains to me. "He'll break down as a three-year-old if they run him on a hard track—an' yesterday, after the race, while he wasn't lame, he had a slight temperature in his off leg an' just the tiniest little swellin'. It went down again, but I thought best to sell him. We got a full brother to him at home."

"So you're comin' back to the farm, Mike?" I says.

"Sure," says Mike. "I'll send a good man up to look after the yearlin's an' I'll race until late in September, here, there an' yon. Then I'll come back to train the youngsters."

"Well, Mike," I says, "I'm out of the runnin' horse business an' I'm out with a big interest yield on the investment. I'll forget the wear an' tear on my conscience, but no matter how much money you make racin' horses I'll never sell you a quarter-section out o' my ranch. I'll just let you use it free gratis until you retire, with the provision that when you got a horse that can win you let me know. Me, I'm goin' back to cows an' experimentin' with them half-thoroughbred cow ponies."

When Mike come back in the fall he brought Dad's Dandy with him. He'd won five races with Old Folks an' then sold him for twenty-five hundred.

The follerin' February he departs for the races again, only his hopes ain't so high this time. He's still got Dad's Dandy an' the horse is fit, but he's got one filly an' they're always uncertain, whilst the two colts, while good, ain't nothin' to mortgage the ranch to bet on. In order to help out on expenses he ships three ton o' good oat hay from the ranch in the car with his four horses, hay bein' dear in Baja California.

All durin' the meetin' at Tia Juana I get letters from Mike, but no good news. Finally I wire him as follows:

> How come you can't make a profit this year You got exactly the same blood you had last year Please explain in the interest of science

Back came Mike's answer. It was just like Mike.

> Dear Dad I should have shipped more hay and less horses

Later I learned that Dad's Dandy had been sick with one thing an' another, an' couldn't be got fit in time for racin' at Tia Juana. An' before he left the track Mike has sold his other horses for whatever he could get for 'em; then he ships back to Aurora, where he gets a lot o' kiddin', on account he's owner, trainer an' jockey of one horse, which a single-horse stable is known as a badge horse, on account his owner can always get an owner's badge admittin' him free to the track, even if his horse can't win a race.

At Aurora he fits Dad's Dandy again an' as a three-year-old the horse shows a big improvement. Mike wins lots o' races with him an' it's only due to bad racin' luck when Dad's Dandy isn't in the money. He's a horse with short stout cannon bones an' good knees; he has a grand constitution an' can stand up under a lot o' hard racin'. He has a sweet disposition an' the work don't sour him or set him back. He's the sort of horse that can support a stableful o' sprinters an' sellin' platers, because he has far better than average speed an' runs consistently.

That year, while Mike was in Chicago with Dad's Dandy, his stallion, Mopperup, got pneumonia an' died. Then one of Mike's two remainin' mares aborted her foal an' when the other mare foaled the little one had one misshapen hoof.

However, there was another colt, a full brother to McGonnigle, an' two fillies ready to put into trainin' in the fall, so Mike was hopeful. However, bad luck always comes in bunches. The colt ran into the fence an' broke his neck an' the fillies got distemper. It hung on three months an' stunted 'em considerably; they couldn't be got ready to race until the followin' March, an' then they weren't worth tryin' with.

The two remainin' brood mares did not breed that year an' Mike was discouraged. So he sold off his mares an' young stuff an' bade me good-by.

"If I can make a killin' with Dad's Dandy an' get a hundred thousand dollars together I'll restock the farm," he said at partin'. "I'll race Dad's Dandy until he breaks down; then I'll retire him to the stud an' try to pick up a few good mares for him."

He didn't come back that fall, after the last meetin' in Chicago. Him an' Dad's Dandy shipped to Miami an' over to Cuba, but they come back to Tia Juana in the spring so Dad's Dandy could run in the Coffroth Handicap, which was worth about seventy-five thousand dollars to the winner. But Dad's Dandy was fifth in that race.

I never saw Mike Dolan again until he come back last spring. An' he never again owned another horse but Dad's Dandy. They got to be such pals Mike would never sell the horse, although frequently offered good money for him. Together they roamed the country, but always appearin' at the best tracks.

FROM time to time Mike would make a bet on some other fellow's horse. Maybe he'd win, maybe he'd lose. But when he entered Dad's Dandy he spread his money three ways, if in doubt, an' Dad's Dandy never disappointed him.

Yes, sir, that sure was a one-horse combination. Mike owned, trained, rode, rubbed an' fed Dad's Dandy, an' after a while when Mike got low in funds an' had to economize, he got in the habit of sleepin' in the box with Dad's Dandy. Mike used to write me from time to time, but if he had bad news he always kept it to himself, although I reckon when him an' Dad's Dandy was alone in the box o' nights he told the horse about it an' got nuzzled in sympathy.

When Mike Dolan had been gone from the Valle Verde Stock Farm nine years an' the farm was only a memory, I got a wire one day from Mike. Like everythin' the sucker had ever said or wrote, it meant a lot more than appeared on the surface. It said:

> Dad's Dandy and I are all through Dandy's pretty old and he has bowed a tendon and I am coughing again May we both come home?

They were at the Tanforan race track near San Francisco. I didn't answer Mike Dolan's telegram. I just went down there. I found little Mike, with gray in his auburn head now an' lookin' ninety years old, settin' on a camp cot in a box in Poverty Row. He was holdin' the head o' Dad's Dandy ag'in' his chest, strokin' it, an' I see at a glance that their racin' days are over. There wasn't half enough straw beddin' an' the hay net was empty. An' Mike was fightin' to keep back the tears when he saw me.

The first thing he said, after shakin' hands, was: "Dad, won't you groom Dandy? I ain't able to no more, an' the old hero's been neglected. He's gettin' itchy an' rubbin' his tail against the wall. An' will you buy him a bale o' hay an' some oats an' carrots? I fed the last armful o' hay an' the last quart o' oats last night—an' oh, Dad, he's too good a horse to starve to death.

"I'm glad you've come. I'm all through, but I want you to have Dad's Dandy. He'll live to be an old horse, an' I want a home for him. I want him to go back to Valle Verde an' green grass. He's earned a rest. Just let him play around—you might raise a few good colts from him for future cow ponies—he'll never run another race; lame for keeps, eh, Old Honesty? Eh, Old Spartan, that never quit tryin' an' wouldn't know how if you'd wanted to!"

An' Mike Dolan commenced dribblin' his tears into the horse's muzzle.

Well, I put Dad's Dandy in an express car, with a man to look after him, an'

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WHO said West Point is all drill and dress? Here, instead—a sunshine-patterned trail. Two adventurers, gay and carefree. Hands that touch. Eyes that meet. Romance in the making, priceless moments to be recorded.

For such is the way of a boy and a girl . . . and a Kodak.

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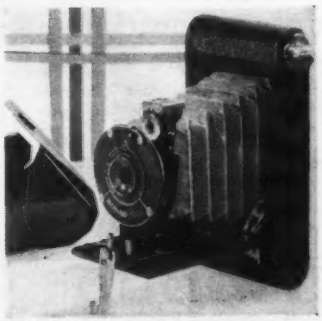
Yes . . . get out your camera, or get a new one. Too many picture opportunities are calling . . . too many moments passing to let them all slip by. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Camera at right is Pocket Kodak Jr. No. 1, for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, $9; with case, $11. No. 1A, for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, $10; with case, $12.50. In blue, brown, black and green.

sent him back to the ranch. After restin' Mike Dolan up a few days I brought him home, too. Poor Mike! He was pretty broke up when I brought him out an' showed him the cemetery of his dead thoroughbreds. I had a headboard up for each one—you see, when Mike Dolan sold me the love of a thoroughbred he sold me for keeps.

Until he got too weak to leave the house Mike spent his days at the old stable with Dad's Dandy. He wanted to keep on sleepin' in the box with the horse but I wouldn't let him do that, although I did put a cot in there so he could rest easy durin' the day. An' I give him a man to groom the old horse an' keep his box clean, although while he could stand Mike always fed the horse himself.

I knew Mike wasn't goin' to last very long, an' my main idea was to make his last days happy the way he wanted happiness, an' that was down in the old stable with Dad's Dandy, where he could set an' hold the horse's head in his arms an' talk to him an' dream of old triumphs.

But come a day when Mike couldn't go down to the stable, so I went down an' did the needful by Dad's Dandy an' turned him out in the paddock. I might as well have stayed up to the ranch house, because the horse refused his breakfast an' wouldn't graze. All day long he stood up in the corner of the paddock closest to the ranch house an' nickered an' looked for Mike Dolan.

That kept up three weeks. The horse wouldn't eat enough to keep a canary bird alive; he was nervous an' walked up an' down alongside the fence. Finally I took him up to the screened veranda where Mike lay fightin' for breath.

Mike pipes: "Hello, pal," an' Dad's Dandy nickered an' tried to shove his fine head through the wire screen. An' then Mike whispers: "Good-by, pal. You was the best of them all. You was honest an' you was brave an' you always run your race like a hero! Good-by."

I wasn't down to the stable with Dad's Dandy before Mike had slipped away from us. So I had the boys dig a grave an' make a coffin big enough to hold Dad's Dandy an' Mike Dolan—for I seen that Dad's Dandy wasn't goin' to make the grade. He was dyin' of a broken heart. I reckon he'd dropped a hundred an' fifty pounds already; he'd lived his life an' found it good, an' what was the use keepin' him in loneliness?

Besides, I was selfish. I didn't want him around spoilin' the days for me, for I'm gettin' old an' what days I got left I want to have peaceful. So, the mornin' of the funeral the foreman led Dad's Dandy up to our little thoroughbred horse cemetery an' stuck his forty-five in Dad's Dandy's ear; then we slid him down some planks into his last box an' laid Mike Dolan beside him, in his racin' silks an' his little old head on his pal's neck; we nailed 'em down an' forgot 'em.

No, I didn't go to the funeral . . . An' I'm out of the thoroughbred horse business—that is, I'm half out, but I'll never look in at another race track. Folks call it the sport o' kings, but somehow I don't relish seein' 'em run their brave hearts out no more. I've had enough.

We'd like to know how many of you stopped at the end of this story to swallow the lump in your throats? We admit right here that we did! And we're glad to announce more Kyne stories—Coming Soon

The Bracelet (*Continued from page 83*)

coming to a decision for or against her character. She felt that he was secretly against her.

But Mr. Lane was asking her questions, and she was answering them. She heard her voice saying, "Yes." He was drawing from her a confirmation of the story he had outlined in his opening speech. He was asking her about Brett, about her friendship with Brett. And she was answering; was speaking about Brett. And all the eyes of the women in court were staring at her. In her evidence she was reliving painfully the most important part of her life.

"The diamond-and-emerald bracelet was not the first of his presents to you?"

"No, it wasn't."

"Kindly tell the gentlemen of the jury of anything else he gave you."

"He gave me a white jade cigaret box."

"Any inscription on it?"

"Inside the lid there was an inscription."

"Kindly tell the jury what it was."

"My initials in gold and 'From Brett' in gold letters."

"So there was nothing extraordinary in his giving you a present?"

"No."

"When did he give you the bracelet you wore at Mrs. Solesby's party?"

"He gave it to me a few days before I saw a similar one on Lady Bettine Fayne's dressing table round her golden owl."

"Where did he give it to you?"

"In my studio in Clarence Lane, Regent's Park."

"Was it to commemorate anything special?"

"No. I understood that he had bought it from a Russian aristocrat in Paris, who was poor and was selling things piecemeal."

"Did he give you the name of the Russian from whom he bought it?"

"No."

"Did he ever tell you, or hint to you, that the bracelet was one of a pair?"

"No."

"So that when you saw a similar one on Lady Bettine Fayne's dressing table you were surprised?"

"I was astonished."

"What did you think?"

"I realized at once that she must have received it from Mr. Arden."

"The second bracelet of a pair?"

"Yes."

"What was your feeling?"

"I wasn't pleased."

At this there was a faint ripple of laughter in court, and the judge leaning forward said in a harsh, menacing voice:

"There must be silence in court."

Mr. Lane then drew from Olivia that she had worn her bracelet at Mrs. Solesby's party because of a feeling of pride, wishing to show Lady Bettine that Brett Arden's friendship for her was too great to leave her out when there was a question of giving anyone souvenirs of value.

While Olivia was answering his questions on this point she was inundated by an almost unbearable sense of shame. How could she have been so poor, so paltry, as to wear Brett's gift merely to score off Lady Bettine?

"When did you first become aware of the rumors going about London, of the accusations being made against you?"

"When I visited Mr. Blades Bircham after Mr. Arden had left London for Paris."

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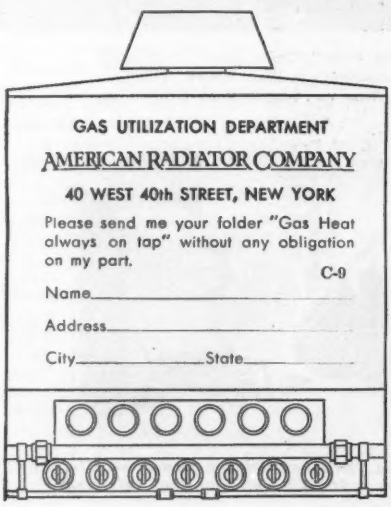

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"Kindly tell his lordship and the jury what occurred."

Olivia described what had happened at the office of Modern Days.

"You were astonished?"

"Yes."

"And indignant?"

"I was very indignant."

"Were you in any way alarmed?"

"No."

"Will you tell his lordship and the jury why you were not alarmed?"

"Because I was innocent and knew, or thought I knew, that I should be able to prove my innocence immediately."

"How did you propose to prove it?"

"By asking Mr. Arden to make a statement that he had given me the bracelet which I had worn at Mrs. Solesby's."

"Ah! And what did you do?"

Olivia related how she had at once telephoned to the Savoy and learned that Brett Arden had gone to Paris and had left Paris for Cannes; how she had then written a letter telling him——

But at this point Lady Bettine's counsel, Sir Wingate Snaithe, K.C., got up and inquired whether this letter mentioned by the witness was going to be produced in evidence. Mr. Lane replied that it was not, as it was no longer in existence.

"I object, my lord, to the introduction into this case of this alleged letter if it is no longer in existence and is not to be produced in court," Sir Wingate said to the judge.

"My lord, if justice is to be done in this case," exclaimed Mr. Lane, "it is essential that my client should be permitted to show that——"

The judge held up a bony hand. "I must uphold the objection of counsel for the defendant," he said. "If the letter has been destroyed it cannot be produced in court or be used in evidence."

"As your lordship pleases!" For a moment Lane seemed at a loss. Then he said: "Leaving the question of the letter, then, what did you do next?"

Olivia described how she had gone to Berkeley Square to see Lady Bettine, and had succeeded only in seeing Lady Bettine's maid, Anne Marie Rivoire.

Lane then took Olivia through the painful events which had led her to send a telegram to Brett Arden, and to follow it up with the journey to Cannes.

"You learned that Mr. Arden had had a heart attack following a motor accident and was lying dangerously ill in a nursing home, and then you decided that you must go to Cannes?"

"Yes."

"Your reason?"

"I wished to get from Mr. Arden a statement that he had given me the bracelet I wore at Mrs. Solesby's party."

"What happened when you reached Cannes?"

"I went to the nursing home and was told that Mr. Arden was dead."

There was a moment of intense silence in the court. It was broken by Mr. Lane's voice saying sympathetically:

"Please tell his lordship and the jury what happened then."

Olivia hesitated. Then she said, "Am I allowed to speak about my letter?"

"I have already decided that the letter you say you wrote to Mr.—er—to Mr. Arden, having, according to you, been destroyed by you, cannot be used in evidence," said the judge.

"Leaving the letter, then," said Mr. Lane, "what occurred between you and Wacher?"

"I asked him whether Mr. Arden had been too ill to read letters that had come for him after his accident."

"I have said, and I say it again," said the judge, "that any letter that has been

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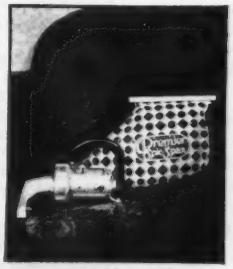

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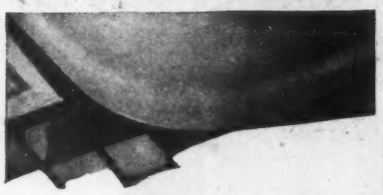

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destroyed cannot be used in evidence."

"Very well, my lord. But I must respectfully submit to your lordship that my client is at a grave disadvantage if she is not to be allowed to show——"

"Continue with the case, leaving the letter. Was the telegram you say you sent to Mr.—er—to Mr. Arden also destroyed?" the judge asked Olivia.

"Yes, my lord."

"Very well."

There was a long pause. At last Mr. Lane said: "You remained for the funeral, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And then returned home?"

"Yes."

"Did you learn anything there?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I learned that it was being said all over London that I had stolen Lady Bettine Fayne's bracelet and that there had been a paragraph about it in Modern Days."

"What did you do then?"

Olivia described how, finding that Lady Bettine was determined not to withdraw publicly her accusation of theft, she decided that she must bring an action for slander against her.

"You did not wish to do this?"

"No—indeed."

"Why not?"

"Lady Bettine had been my greatest friend," said Olivia in a low voice.

"That is all I have to ask you," said Lane. And he sat down, as Sir Wingate Snaithe got up to cross-examine Olivia.

Sir Wingate Snaithe was a famous advocate and was noted for his powers in cross-examination. His bulk was great. His clean-shaven face was large and pasty, and was lighted up by a pair of shining "pop" eyes, pale yellow in color, or perhaps yellow-gray. He often smiled with a peculiar blandness, but his face, when he was not smiling, was hard. Making his voice very soft, he began to question Olivia.

"About this friendship of yours with Mr. Brett Arden, Miss Mansfeld: of course your parents were aware of it?"

"No, they weren't."

"You kept the fact of this close friendship with a married man secret even from your parents?"

"I didn't tell my parents about it."

"Your greatest woman friend during the time we are speaking of was Lady Bettine Fayne, I believe?"

"Yes."

"You told her?"

"No."

"You kept your friendship secret even from your greatest friend?"

"I didn't tell her."

"You didn't tell her." (Pause.) "As this great friendship with Mr. Arden progressed, did you rent a so-called studio situated in a sort of quiet alley near Regent's Park called Clarence Lane?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to make money by drawing for illustrated papers."

"Ah! We know that you did do some drawings for Modern Days."

"Yes."

"And Mr. Brett Arden visited you in this so-called studio?"

"Yes; sometimes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"You were always alone when he visited you there?"

"Not always."

"Will you kindly tell us of his visiting you on any occasions when you were not alone?"

Olivia mentioned Brett Arden's visit when Anne Marie was with her, and was closely questioned as to what took place then.

"Any other occasion?"

"He came once with Lady Bettine Fayne."

There was a stir in court.

"But you told us just now that Lady Bettine was not aware of the friendship existing between you and Mr. Arden."

"She didn't know about it."

"But of course when she came to you with him she knew?"

"No."

"Did neither you nor Mr. Arden tell her that he was in the habit of visiting you at the studio?"

"No, we didn't."

"Your greatest woman friend, and you didn't tell her?"

"No, I didn't tell her."

"But she knew, of course, when she brought Mr. Arden to your studio that he had been there, had seen it?"

"No, she didn't."

"You both allowed Lady Bettine, your best friend, to remain under the impression that Mr. Arden was seeing your studio for the first time on the day she brought him there?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Olivia hesitated and looked down, while the crowd waited eagerly for her answer, and the judge examined her coldly. A sharp and painful debate was taking place in her mind. If she did not throw blame on a dead man, on Brett, she knew that she could not exculpate herself in this matter of the deception practiced on Lady Bettine. But could she throw blame on Brett?

"Well, Miss Mansfeld, can't you answer the question? Why did you and Mr. Arden play a comedy in your studio for the benefit of your greatest friend, a woman who was devoted to you?"

"We thought it best not to say that Mr. Arden had been in the studio before."

"Indeed!" Wingate Snaithe looked at the jury. "So you deceived your friend?"

"I didn't tell her."

"But you knew all the time that she supposed it was Mr. Arden's first visit to your studio as well as her first visit?"

"Yes."

"Lady Bettine's maid, Anne Marie Rivoire, knew he went there to see you?"

"Yes."

"And apparently at this time she had never said anything about that to her mistress. Had either you or Mr. Arden taken any measures to make her hold her tongue?"

"I took no measures."

"And you don't know whether Mr. Arden did?"

"I don't know."

"Did you know, when Lady Bettine came, that Anne Marie Rivoire had not said anything to Lady Bettine?"

"I wasn't sure then."

"What do you mean by 'then'?"

"I gathered by what Lady Bettine said that she didn't know Mr. Arden had ever been in my studio."

"Then! And later? Did you find out anything about this matter later?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"The same day."

"The same day! How was that?"

"I saw Anne Marie after Lady Bettine had gone."

"Where?"

"In my studio. She came with Lady Bettine's car, thinking her mistress was still with me."

"And she had gone away?"

"Yes; with Mr. Arden."

"What happened when you saw Anne Marie Rivoire that day? Did you ask her whether she had told Lady Bettine

that you were in the habit of receiving Mr. Arden at your studio?"

"I asked whether she had ever spoken about meeting him that day when she was with me in the studio."

"Ah! You took the trouble to ask her that! You wished to set your mind at ease as to that? To make sure that Lady Bettine, your great friend, did not know of the deception you and Mr. Arden had practiced upon her?"

"I asked her. That is all I can say."

"Very well. The jury must draw their own conclusions about that."

Sir Wingate leaned back and seemed to be thinking profoundly. Suddenly he fluted this question:

"Did you object to Lady Bettine's friendship with Mr. Brett Arden, evidenced by her bringing him with her to your studio?"

"No. Why should I object?"

"Please don't ask me questions, Miss Mansfeld. The questions must come from me. You didn't object—then! Did you object later on?"

"I never spoke to Lady Bettine about it."

"You were quite satisfied that those two should be friends?"

"They were tennis partners. It was natural."

"You never told Mr. Arden you strongly objected to this—tennis friendship?"

"I never said I strongly objected to it."

"Did you ever discuss it with him?"

After a pause Olivia said, "We did speak about it."

"Oh, you did speak about it! Can you tell my lord and the jury what took place when you—spoke about it?"

"It was after I knew that his—Mr. Arden's—health was in a dangerous condition. He told me the doctor had warned him not to exert himself. When I knew that, I objected to his playing tennis in tournaments with Lady Bettine."

"So you did object to his association with Lady Bettine Fayne?"

"In that way I did."

"Merely because of his health?"

"That was my main reason."

"When you objected, and he continued to play tennis—with Lady Bettine Fayne—did you make any further protest?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"I told him he was a fool to go on risking his life for the sake of a game."

"Of a *game!* Did you say for the sake of a game?"

"It was tennis. He—Mr. Arden—that is, Lady Bettine had told me they were going to play together on the Riviera."

"Ah! And you objected to that?"

"I thought it was madness, considering the state of his health."

"It was only his health you were so solicitous about?"

"I knew it was dangerous—his playing tournament tennis."

"With your great friend, Lady Bettine. And so you tried to stop it?"

"Yes."

"How? Did you take further steps?"

"I told Mr. Arden that if he didn't stop playing tennis I would tell Lady Bettine he was ill, too ill to play."

"Oh, you told him that! You threatened him, in fact?"

"I said I would tell her."

"Was anything said about Lady Bettine? Did you say you objected to Mr. Arden's friendship with Lady Bettine?"

"I didn't say that exactly."

"But did you give Mr. Arden to understand that you did object?"

"He may have gathered it."

After a long pause, Sir Wingate said in a voice with a sharp edge to it, "You say Mr. Arden gave you the diamond-and-emerald bracelet which you wore

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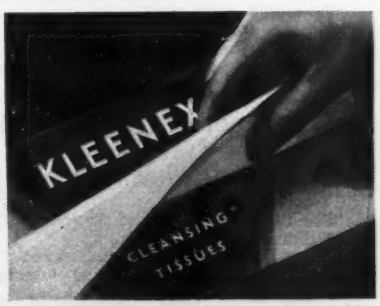

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at Mrs. Solesby's party shortly after Christmas. When did he give it to you?"

"At the beginning of the New Year."

"Ah! Was it a New Year's gift?"

"He did not say so."

"But you took it as that?"

"I don't know that I did."

"I believe Mr. Arden brought the bracelet to your studio—according to your account of the matter?"

"Yes."

"Just walked into your studio and handed you a magnificent bracelet of diamonds and emeralds?"

"He gave it to me in the studio."

"It wasn't a birthday present?"

"No."

"It wasn't a souvenir to commemorate any special occasion?"

"No."

"Just a casual present—like chocolates or flowers—this magnificent bracelet of emeralds and diamonds?"

Olivia was silent.

"You were not surprised at receiving such a costly gift from a man friend?"

"I was surprised."

"Oh, you were surprised! But you made no difficulty about accepting it?"

"I did accept it."

"No one was there, of course, when the gift was made?"

"No; no one."

"You didn't show it to your mother?"

"No."

"Nor your father?"

"No."

"Anybody?"

"No; I didn't show it to anyone."

"So nobody knew you had received this magnificent present except the giver of it?"

"No. I told no one."

"Wasn't that unusual?"

"I don't know."

"You just put the bracelet away and never mentioned it to a living soul?"

Silence.

"Had you no intention of wearing it?"

"Not then."

"Not—then! A bracelet no one knew you possessed, given to you in the privacy of your studio, locked away, with no intention on your part of using it in the way it was meant to be used, as an ornament to increase a woman's beauty. That is what you wish his lordship and the jury to believe?"

"That is the truth."

"Very well. And now we come to Lady Bettine Fayne's unfortunate illness. The doctor ordered her to bed. Now did Lady Bettine on the —— of January"—he mentioned a date—"at about five o'clock in the afternoon telephone to you at Great Cumberland Place?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"And having been informed by a footman that you were at your studio, did she ring you up at the studio?"

"Yes, she did."

"Were you alone at the studio?"

"No."

"Who was with you?"

"Mr. Arden was with me."

"Mr. Arden was with you in the studio. Lady Bettine asked you to come to see her?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell her Mr. Arden was with you in the studio?"

"No."

"Did she ask if anyone was with you?"

"Yes."

"She did ask. What did you tell her?"

"I didn't tell her anything."

"What did you do when she asked?"

"I said I would be with her at seven and rang off."

"Without replying to her question?"

"Yes."

Sir Wingate asked a few questions about Olivia's visit to Lady Bettine when she had dined in the latter's bedroom.

"During that visit did Lady Bettine again ask you who was with you in your studio when she had telephoned?"

"Yes."

"What did you answer?"

"I didn't answer."

"Were you behind a Chinese screen by the bedroom door on the point of going out when she asked you?"

"Yes."

"And what did you do?"

"I went out."

"Without answering?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet anyone outside the bedroom door?"

"Yes."

"Whom?"

"Anne Marie, Lady Bettine's maid."

"Speak to her?"

"I just said good night and went downstairs."

"Now we come to your second visit to Lady Bettine's bedroom during her illness; the last visit, I understand, on which you were ever received by her, the visit of January the ——" He mentioned another date. "You brought her some flowers—chrysanthemums?"

"Yes."

"Where did you put them?"

"In a jade vase that was on the mantelpiece."

"And then?"

"I put the vase on a table beside Lady Bettine's bed."

"What happened then?"

"We had a conversation."

"During it was anything said that upset you?"

After a long pause Olivia said, "I don't know that I was upset."

"We won't quibble over a word. Did anything Lady Bettine had said distress or offend you?"

"Perhaps."

"And did you get up to go after staying only a short time?"

"Yes."

"You made an excuse for going?"

"I said I had to dine early as I was going to the theater. That was true."

"Was Lady Bettine vexed?"

"I think she was."

"How did she show it?"

"She said if I had only come to bring her some flowers and go away she didn't want the flowers. She told me to take them away from beside her bed, and put them anywhere—on the dressing table."

"Did you do so?"

"Yes."

"When you went to the dressing table what happened?"

"I saw a diamond-and-emerald bracelet exactly like mine lying there round a golden owl which held matches."

"A bracelet exactly like the one you *say* Mr. Arden gave you?"

"Yes."

"Very well! You say you saw this bracelet which was exactly like yours on Lady Bettine's dressing table. Did you put down the vase of flowers and come away immediately?"

"I put the flowers down."

"And came away at once?"

"I may have stayed there a minute."

"You *may* have stayed there! I suggest that you did stay in front of that dressing table so long that Lady Bettine was astonished. Isn't that so?"

"I wasn't there long."

"Were you there so long that Lady Bettine called out from her bed to know what you were doing?"

"I believe she said, 'What are you doing, Olly?' "

"Did you make any answer?"

"I said I was putting down the vase."

"But you have just told us that you had already put the vase down."

Olivia was silent.

"It was merely an excuse to explain your long stay in front of the dressing table?"

"I didn't know I stayed there long. I was astonished at seeing the bracelet. I was looking at it."

"You were—looking at the bracelet! And when Lady Bettine spoke you were startled?"

"I don't know."

"And then you came away and immediately hurried from the room?"

"No. I went to the bedside to say good-by."

"Did you say you must go at once, and did Lady Bettine protest, but did you go nevertheless?"

"I did go. I had to go."

"You *had* to go! Very well!"

There was again a calculated pause. At last Sir Wingate said in a loud voice:

"Now we come to Mrs. Solesby's party! You decided to wear a diamond-and-emerald bracelet which you say was yours, given to you by Mr. Arden, at that party?"

"Yes."

"Why was that?"

"I wished Lady Bettine to see it."

"Why?"

"I wished her to know that Mr. Arden had given me a bracelet."

"As well as giving her one?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you notice anything in Lady Bettine's demeanor when you showed that bracelet to her?"

"No; nothing special."

"Not that she seemed amazed when you showed her the bracelet and said it was yours?"

"I didn't stay to notice. I just told her and went away."

"You hurried away. And you never spoke to her again that evening?"

"I have never spoken to her again," said Olivia. "I have never had an opportunity."

"Not on that evening? Didn't you avoid her during the rest of that evening?"

"No; I had no reason to."

"Although you didn't meet Lady Bettine again that evening you did meet Mr. Arden, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"He saw the bracelet on your arm?"

"My lord," said Lane, "I object. Mr. Arden being dead, counsel for the defendant has no right to suggest that he saw the bracelet on the plaintiff's arm."

"You had better leave that," said the judge to Sir Wingate Snaithe.

"Very well, my lord." He turned to Olivia. "Did you speak to Mr. Arden about the bracelet that night?"

"I told him I had wished to wear it that night for a special reason."

"What reason?"

"To show Lady Bettine that I had it."

There was a movement in the court, and a faint murmur of voices.

Sir Wingate Snaithe went on relentlessly to cross-examine Olivia about her conduct after she found out that she was being accused of having stolen Lady Bettine's bracelet, making a special point of her interview with Anne Marie in Berkeley Square when she called there and found that Lady Bettine was out. His implication was that Olivia had known Lady Bettine was out, and wished to find out from the maid how the land lay.

He then took her on step by step till he came to the hurried visit to Cannes. "Now what was your exact reason for this hurried visit to Cannes?"

"I wished to get from Mr. Arden a

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statement that he had given me a bracelet similar to the bracelet he had given Lady Bettine."

"A written statement?"

"That or a statement before witnesses."

"You knew this man, who had been your great friend, was dangerously ill?"

"Yes."

"You didn't go because of your anxiety about his condition?"

"I was very anxious. But my reason for going was that I might obtain from him a statement to show that I was not a thief."

"So you went out there merely on your own account, not on his? This dying man had been your great friend and you traveled to his bedside merely to get a statement from him that you thought would be to your advantage?"

Olivia was silent. At that moment it seemed to her that the flesh of her body had become stone. And this envelope of stone contained a grim soul. For the first time since she had gone into the witness box she felt coldly indifferent to opinion, to the opinion of all these staring people, to the opinion of the jury, even to the opinion of the judge.

"I suggest," said Sir Wingate, "that you went to Cannes to persuade a dying man in his weakness to say what he knew to be untrue: to state that he had given you a bracelet which he never gave you. I suggest that you relied on Mr. Arden's chivalry to protect you by subscribing to a lie."

"I have told you why I went to Cannes," said Olivia. "I have nothing more to say."

"When you found Mr. Arden dead you asked to see his man, Wacher?"

"Yes."

"We know what followed. When you got home did you learn from your people that the scandal was all over London?"

"Yes, I did."

"It had even been alluded to, in a veiled manner, in Modern Days?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you decide at once to bring an action for slander to clear your character?"

"I did think I should have to do that."

"Didn't you send a friend, Captain Chumley, to Lady Bettine Fayne to try to persuade her to withdraw her accusation against you?"

"Captain Chumley generously offered to go to Lady Bettine and I allowed him to go."

"Oh, you didn't want him to go but you allowed him to go. We shall hear from him about that. His embassy failed?"

"Yes."

"Did you then make an attempt to see Lady Bettine personally?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I wished to convince her that her accusation was false."

"She refused to see you?"

"Yes."

"Did you then send her a letter?"

"I did."

"Anything else?"

"I sent her the white jade box Mr. Arden had given me."

"Why?"

"I wished to show her that Mr. Arden had given me presents before, and might have given me a bracelet."

"That was your only reason?"

"That was my reason."

"Now, Miss Mansfeld, when you sent Lady Bettine that jade box were you, or were you not, aware that it had been won by Lady Bettine in a lottery, and presented by her as a token of friendship to Mr. Arden?"

"I did know that."

"You did know that! And yet you sent it back to Lady Bettine with this inscription inside the lid: 'O.M. from Brett'?"

"I sent it to her."

Sir Wingate Snaithe leaned back and looked at the jury. "You did this to the woman whom you have described as your dearest friend?" he said. "Was that a kind action?"

"Lady Bettine had accused me of having stolen her bracelet. I wished to prove to her that Mr. Arden gave me presents from time to time."

"Did Lady Bettine keep the jade box?"

"No. She returned it to me."

"No letter with it?"

"No, there was no letter."

"What was it that induced you at last to bring this action against Lady Bettine Fayne?"

"I felt that I must do it to clear my character of a vile accusation."

"But you don't seem to have felt that very soon, eh?"

"One doesn't wish to attack an old friend if one can help it."

"So you were not anxious to come into court about this?"

"I hoped Lady Bettine would realize that I couldn't have taken her bracelet and would say so."

"Ah, indeed!" (A long pause.) "Tell us, Miss Mansfeld, what is your theory about the disappearance of this jewel."

"I have no theory. I saw it on Lady Bettine's dressing table. I left it there. I was told that it disappeared. That's all I know about the matter."

"You have no theory about the thief?"

"No; none."

"No suspicion at all?"

"*I* do not suspect people of theft unless I have strong reason to," said Olivia proudly.

"I have nothing else to ask you, Miss Mansfeld."

Olivia was about to go down from the witness box when Mr. Lane rose to reexamine her. The reexamination was short and towards the end was concerned with the friendship existing between Olivia and Lady Bettine. Lane asked Olivia whether she had in truth hesitated and debated anxiously before deciding that she must bring her action.

"Yes, I did hesitate."

"Was your hesitation caused by fear, as counsel for the defense has suggested, or by your reluctance to attack one of whom you had been fond?"

"By reluctance to attack an old friend."

"You were much attached to Lady Bettine Fayne?"

"Yes. I regarded her as my greatest friend."

"And the idea of having a public quarrel with her distressed you?"

"Yes; very much."

"You only decided to bring this action to protect your good name?"

"Yes. I felt I had to."

"That is all I have to ask you, Miss Mansfeld."

When Olivia went back to her seat by Old Jo after Mr. Lane had finished his subtle attempt to efface the effect of Sir Wingate Snaithe's cross-examination, she felt hard, acute and amazingly indifferent to public opinion.

She watched and listened attentively, but always supported by this curious indifference, while Mr. Blades Bircham, Roger Chumley, her father, her mother, gave their evidence. Roger Chumley's account of his interview with Lady Bettine when Lady Bettine made her definite accusation against Olivia, and said that Olivia deserved to be punished, held the audience breathless. But even this Olivia heard with an under-feeling of cold indifference.

Then followed Wacher, nervous and upset at a public appearance. His evidence was brief. He proved the receipt in Cannes of the telegram and letter from Olivia and the return to her of the letter unopened. His further allusion to the now famous letter produced another sharp passage of arms between Olivia's counsel and Sir Wingate Snaithe, which was ended by the judge's acid comment:

"I have decided that the letter is not evidence, and I shall so direct the jury. The letter has no bearing upon this case."

Then Wacher left the box hurriedly and Sir Wingate Snaithe rose to open the case for Lady Bettine. He at once admitted that his client had uttered the accusation complained of and pleaded justification. He acknowledged that a great friendship had existed between his client and Miss Mansfeld, and that his client had been devoted to Miss Mansfeld and had believed her to be the straightest and most honorable woman she knew. But unfortunately, this belief had been rudely shaken by events and eventually completely shattered.

"Even the deepest and most sincere friendship is unable to withstand the assault of ugly and malign facts," he said. "Up to the very last my client trusted and loved Miss Mansfeld. Let me briefly put before you events already discussed, which in a night caused love and trust to give place to a conviction of deceit. Put yourselves in my client's place, and then ask yourselves whether you would not have been forced by circumstances into the dreadful conviction which she holds to this moment."

He then briefly enumerated what had happened in Lady Bettine's bedroom on the fateful night. He put in a plan of the bedroom, showing the situation of the bed and of the dressing table on which the bracelet was lying.

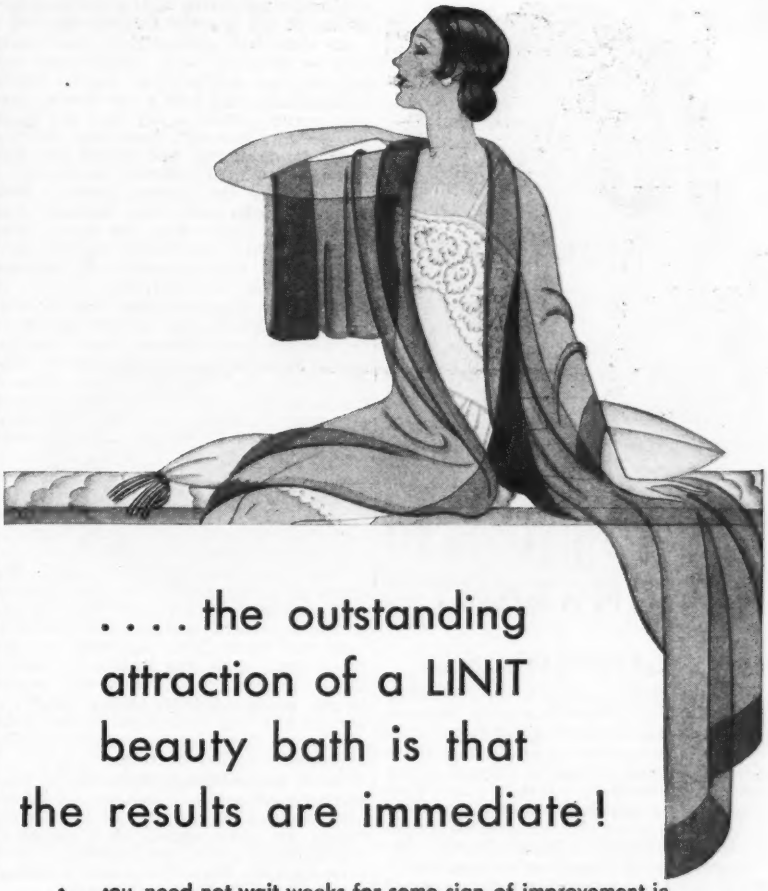
"No one in the room but these two persons! No one had been in the room since Lady Bettine left her bracelet on that dressing table. Miss Mansfeld goes to the dressing table, places the vase of flowers upon it exactly in front of the place where the bracelet was.

"Lady Bettine, propped up on pillows, is waiting for her to come back to the bedside, but for the moment is not particularly concerned with her actions. But something occurs to attract her attention. Miss Mansfeld stays so long in front of the dressing table that at last Lady Bettine is astonished and calls out, 'What are you doing, Olly?' She sees her friend start, like one disturbed, even perhaps alarmed. Miss Mansfeld answers that she is putting down the vase. A long time to take for such an act.

"Miss Mansfeld comes back to the bed and at once says, 'And now I must be off.' And in spite of Lady Bettine's protests she goes. Lady Bettine is left alone in the room with—*or without*—the bracelet."

Here Sir Wingate made a long pause. At last he lifted his head and abruptly introduced into the drama the figure of one whom he described as "the faithful Breton maid, devoted body and soul to Lady Bettine Fayne's service for a period of not less than seventeen years, and absolutely trusted by her mistress."

Having established Anne Marie's admirable character in the minds of the jury, Sir Wingate dealt with what happened in Lady Bettine's bedroom after Miss Mansfeld's departure: Lady Bettine's recollection of the bracelet; her intention to put it away interrupted by Anne Marie's entrance; her explanation to Anne Marie of what she had been about to do and order to her to do it instead; Anne Marie's attempt to carry out



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that order prevented by the startling discovery of the bracelet's disappearance.

He described dramatically how Lady Bettine watched Anne Marie from her pillows; how she told her exactly where the bracelet was; how Anne Marie, puzzled, turned round to say that she could not see any bracelet; how Lady Bettine jumped out of bed and joined her and made the painful discovery which eventually led to the present action. Miss Mansfeld was gone—the bracelet was gone also. That was the fact. And Lady Bettine's statement of that fact had caused Miss Mansfeld to demand damages from her old friend.

"But," Sir Wingate added, "on the evening of her discovery of her bracelet's mysterious disappearance Lady Bettine made another painful discovery. She discovered that her loved and trusted friend was a trickster, a deliberate player of comedy, a silent liar. For, gentlemen of the jury, a lie may be acted as well as spoken."

He then dealt at length with the visit of Lady Bettine and Brett Arden to the studio in Clarence Lane, and related how Lady Bettine had forced Anne Marie to tell her the truth about that visit.

"Her eyes were opened at last. She knew that the friend she had trusted implicitly had deliberately deceived her in an important matter. For the first time she knew Miss Mansfeld as she really was. She was unable to believe longer in her friend. She was indeed forced to the terrible belief that the woman who had tricked her in the studio was the woman who had caused the disappearance of her bracelet.

"Is it extraordinary that seeing what she believed, and still believes, to be her own bracelet on the arm of her former friend, my client should have spoken to friends about what had happened? Is it extraordinary that she pleads justification? But I have not done yet."

And he went on to deal with what happened after the night of Mrs. Solesby's party, making special reference to Olivia's alleged endeavors to induce Lady Bettine to withdraw her accusation, and to Mr. Blades Bircham's decision not to give Miss Mansfeld any more work on Modern Days until the matter of the bracelet had been cleared up.

"Not until the march of events practically forced her to it did the plaintiff reluctantly decide to bring this action. I shall now put my client into the box to give you her version of this matter."

Lady Bettine's name was called by the usher. Olivia saw her former friend getting up. As usual she looked cadaverous, but her face was set in a calm expression. She made her way to the witness box, and without hesitation, and in a clear, distinct voice, answered her counsel's questions. She did not glance at Olivia, who was gazing at her. Betty, the dear friend of so many days, now gone to dust and ashes.

When Sir Wingate had finished his examination in chief, which tended to confirm what he had said in his opening statement, H. B. Lane got up to cross-examine.

His first question was, "Do you believe, Lady Bettine, that if, as you assert, my client stole your bracelet she committed the theft moved by an uncontrollable impulse of angry jealousy?"

The crowded court was startled by the question.

After a brief hesitation Lady Bettine replied, "I think that probable."

"You do not believe that if Miss Mansfeld, as you assert, stole your bracelet she did so from any motive of cupidity?"

"It's impossible for me to know."

"But do you believe her motive, if she took the bracelet, was merely the overwhelming desire to get possession of a valuable jewel?"

"I can't tell what her motive was."

"Then you think that your former great friend might be capable of common theft, merely moved by vulgar greed of possession?"

"I hardly think that."

"Then may I take it that you suppose she acted, if she did so act, which she denies, under the influence of jealousy?"

"I imagine she did."

"You imagine she did! Now, have you any reason for supposing that till she saw the bracelet on your dressing table she had ever seen it?"

"No."

"You had never spoken of it to her?"

"No, never."

"Then will you tell his lordship and the jury why my client should have been angry and jealous about a bracelet she had never before seen or heard of?"

"She might have guessed——"

"Guessed what?"

"I really don't know."

"Might you have bought the bracelet—so far as she knew?"

"I suppose I might."

"Or mightn't your husband have given it to you—so far as she knew?"

"Possibly."

"Then why should she be angry on seeing it? Why should her jealousy be aroused *if* she had never seen that bracelet, or one similar to it, before?"

"I don't know."

"She contends that she already possessed a similar bracelet given her by Mr. Brett Arden. If that is true, wouldn't that fact account for any anger she may have felt on seeing your bracelet?"

"It might."

"Otherwise why should she be jealous or angry—as you apparently believed?"

"I don't know."

"The bracelet was round a golden owl which held matches, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell Miss Mansfeld that you won that owl in a lottery?"

"I don't remember about that."

"Did you win the owl in a lottery?"

"No."

"Was the owl given to you?"

"Yes."

"Who gave it to you?"

"Mr. Arden."

"Mr. Arden gave it to you. Then why did you tell your maid, Anne Marie, that you won it in a Russian lottery?"

"My maid? I didn't tell her that."

"You deny having told her that?"

"I don't remember anything about it."

"Very well! Why did you tell your husband, Colonel Fayne, that you had won the owl in a lottery?"

Lady Bettine was silent.

"As a matter of fact, what did you win in that Russian lottery?"

"I won a jade cigaret box."

"And what did you do with that box?"

"I gave it away."

"To whom did you give it?"

"To Mr. Arden."

"In exchange for the owl?"

"He gave me a pretty trifle. I thought I'd return the compliment."

"Then why say you had won the owl in the lottery when really you had won a jade cigaret box in the lottery?"

"I don't remember saying that."

"Have you really no recollection of having told three people, Miss Mansfeld, Anne Marie Rivoire and your husband, that you won the gold owl in a Russian lottery?"

"I may have."

"What was your object in stating what was not true?"

"I really remember nothing about it."

"I suggest that you didn't wish anyone to know that Mr. Arden gave you expensive presents, and therefore deliberately intended to deceive."

"Not at all!"

"Then why tell a lie about it?"

"I have no recollection of telling a lie about it. Absurd!"

"Anyhow, you do recollect giving Mr. Arden a jade cigaret box?"

"Yes."

"And did he later on give it away?"

"I suppose he did."

"To Miss Mansfeld?"

"Perhaps she asked him for it!" said Lady Bettine sharply.

There was a titter through the court.

"We have no evidence as to that," said Lane. "Now, Lady Bettine, when did Mr. Arden give you this bracelet?"

"Just before I was ill."

"Where?"

"In the Savoy Hotel."

"He was living there at that time?"

"Yes; in Savoy Court."

"Had he a sitting room there?"

"Of course."

"Did he give you the bracelet there?"

"Yes; we had been skating and I went to tea with him."

"And he gave you the bracelet?"

"Yes."

"Did he say it was one of a pair?"

"No, he didn't."

"You are positive he made no mention of having bought a pair of bracelets in Paris from a Russian aristocrat who was in need of money?"

"He never said so. I understood it was a Russian bracelet. That was all."

"After the skating you have spoken of you fell ill?"

"Yes. I caught a bad chill and had to stay in my room."

"What caused you to place the bracelet Mr. Arden gave you round the owl which he also gave you, on your dressing table?"

"I had been looking at it."

"Showing it to anyone?"

"Oh, no!"

"Had anyone seen it since you had it?"

"No."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Yes."

"Your maid hadn't seen it?"

"Oh, no! I feel sure she hadn't."

"Didn't she, your maid, usually see all the things you kept in your bedroom?"

"Yes. But I hadn't shown her this."

"Where did you keep it?"

"In a small deerskin jewel case."

"Was the jewel case locked?"

"Yes."

"Where did you keep the key?"

"Usually about me."

"After you locked up the bracelet what did you do with the key?"

"I put it under my pillow with my handkerchief."

"And what did you do then?"

"I took a bath."

"Left the key under your pillow while you took a bath?"

"Yes."

"And then did you go to bed?"

"Yes."

"Next morning did you go out?"

"Yes."

"Where was the key then?" Lane was drawing a bow at a venture, but he wished to convey an impression that he was asking these questions out of knowledge.

"I forgot it."

"Forgot it?"

"Yes. I left it under my pillow."

"Oh, you left it under your pillow. Who made your bed?"

"That day my maid made it, I believe."

"So Anne Marie Rivoire made your bed that day. And what about the key?"

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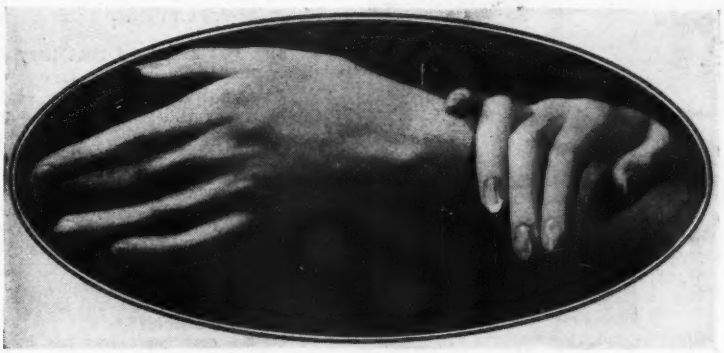

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"When I went to bed that night I found it still under my pillow."

"Hadn't the pillows been shaken up?"

"Of course they had."

"To be shaken up, didn't they have to be lifted?"

"Yes."

"Could anyone lift that pillow without seeing that you had left your handkerchief under it with the key?"

"Perhaps not."

"When you went to bed the next night where were the key and the handkerchief?"

"Under the pillow."

"Didn't you think Anne Marie Rivoire had been careless to leave them there?"

"No."

"Weren't you surprised that they had not been removed?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Anyhow, you will agree that the person who made your bed that day might have taken the key, unlocked the jewel case, and had a look at your bracelet?"

"I suppose it was possible."

"And then, having opened the jewel case with the key and examined the bracelet, put the key back under your pillow in order to create the impression that it had never been touched?"

"Very improbable, I should say."

"But not impossible?"

"Of course one can't say it's impossible," said Lady Bettine.

"Was Anne Marie Rivoire careful?"

"Yes, very."

"Only careless on this one occasion?"

Lady Bettine was silent.

"I suggest that her carelessness on this one occasion was premeditated," said Lane quietly. "And now about Miss Mansfeld's visit to the sick room. You placed the bracelet on your dressing table round the owl?"

"Yes."

"Did you leave it there on purpose?"

"No. I forgot it."

"Forgot it?"

"Yes. The butler knocked at the door."

"Did he come into the room?"

"No. He brought the post and an evening paper. I took them in."

"Then what did you do?"

"I got back into bed and read my letters and took up the paper."

"You forgot the bracelet was still on the table?"

"Entirely."

"What happened then?"

"Miss Mansfeld came to see me."

"Had nobody else entered the room?"

"Not a soul."

"All the time Miss Mansfeld remained with you had you forgotten the bracelet was on the dressing table?"

"Yes; all the time."

"Even when she went to the dressing table to put the vase down you didn't remember it?"

"No. I was thinking of other things."

"Are you a good-tempered woman?"

"Fairly, I think."

"Were you not angry with Miss Mansfeld when she visited you because she couldn't stay as long as you wished?"

"I was rather vexed."

"Now did not Miss Mansfeld say before she saw the bracelet that she must leave you because she was dining early?"

"Yes."

"Therefore her leaving you soon after her coming could have had nothing to do with her seeing the bracelet?"

"I don't know."

"I put it to you that Miss Mansfeld got up and said she must go before she went near the dressing table."

"She did get up."

"And were you not so angry that you told her to take away from your bedside the flowers she had brought and put them somewhere else—away from you?"

"Yes, I did tell her that."

"And that was why she went over to the dressing table?"

"Yes."

"You have told us that Miss Mansfeld stayed in front of the dressing table. For how long did she really stay there? A minute?"

"Oh, more, I should think."

"I suggest that she didn't stay there more than a minute."

"It seemed to me a long time."

"Were you looking at her?"

"Really, I forget. I may have been looking towards her."

"Couldn't you see all she was doing?"

"I wasn't watching her."

"If you couldn't see what she was doing, why did you call out to her?"

"I was looking then."

"But not before?"

"I wasn't paying much attention."

"What made you pay attention?"

"I thought she was oddly still."

"Oddly *still?*"

"Well, I mean——"

"A moment! You have already told us what you mean. You thought Miss Mansfeld was oddly still in front of the dressing table. Now how can a person who is in the act of stealing and hiding a bracelet be oddly *still* while doing it?"

"I don't know."

"You didn't notice any movement on the part of Miss Mansfeld after she put down the vase of flowers on the table?"

"I can't remember. But I remember being struck by her staying so long by the dressing table. And when I called out she started."

"She was first oddly still and then started?"

"Yes."

"Is not that exactly what a woman would be likely to do who was absorbed in examination of some object and was suddenly interrupted?"

"It struck me as odd."

"But now you know Miss Mansfeld's version of this affair, does it still strike you as odd?"

"Yes; very odd!" said Lady Bettine with cold decision.

"Miss Mansfeld has told us that she was amazed at seeing on your table a bracelet similar to one which had just been given to her. Wasn't it natural that she should pause to examine it?"

"I thought her behavior at the dressing table extraordinary. That is all."

"When you called out to Miss Mansfeld did she at once come to you?"

"Yes."

"Was she perfectly composed?"

"I thought she seemed strange."

"Strange in what way?"

"She seemed very reserved and in a hurry to get away."

"But she had told you she had to go?"

"Yes. But she seemed in a great hurry."

"She had given you her reason for that?"

"She had given *a* reason."

"Before she ever saw the bracelet. I suggest that her reserved manner was caused by the shock of seeing her bracelet duplicated on your dressing table."

Lady Bettine made no rejoinder.

"Now," said Mr. Lane, "we come to Anne Marie Rivoire, your devoted maid. When your apparently treacherous memory once more began to function, and you got out of bed to put away the bracelet, did she come into your room?"

"Yes."

"And did you, for the first time, speak to her of the bracelet?"

"Yes."

"You are positive it was the first time?"

"Of course I am."

"Your memory is not again playing you false?"

"Certainly not."

"As Miss Mansfeld had done, Anne Marie Rivoire went to the dressing table?"

"Yes."

"While you, as before, remained in bed?"

"Yes."

"So that the situation was repeated with only this difference, that Anne Marie Rivoire took the place of Miss Mansfeld? Was it not?"

"In a way."

"Precisely—was it not?"

"No; because this time I was sitting up in bed watching all that happened."

"I suggest that you were also watching Miss Mansfeld."

"I wasn't paying any particular attention then."

"Why should you have been paying any more attention when Anne Marie Rivoire took Miss Mansfeld's place at your dressing table?"

"I was telling Anne Marie where to find the bracelet."

"Oh, very well! Now, wasn't Anne Marie Rivoire as long before your dressing table as Miss Mansfeld was?"

"She may have been. She was looking for the bracelet."

"Couldn't she have seen at once whether it was there or not?"

"I keep a lot of things on my dressing table."

"So many that if a diamond bracelet was there one would have to search for it?"

Silence.

"I suggest that Anne Marie Rivoire was by the dressing table for at least as long as Miss Mansfeld was, and therefore had as much opportunity to do anything she wished to do there as Miss Mansfeld had."

"I didn't count the seconds," said Lady Bettine. "Anyhow, I was looking at her the whole time she was there."

"From a distance?"

"Of course. I was in bed."

"I suggest that the distance from your bed to your dressing table is at least thirty feet if not more."

"I dare say it is. But I can see farther than ten yards."

"Anne Marie Rivoire had her back to you while she stood before the dressing table?"

"At first. Then she turned round."

"When was that?"

"When she couldn't find the bracelet."

"When the bracelet was gone—she turned round?" said Mr. Lane. "Is that what you say?"

"Yes."

Mr. Lane left that subject and next directed his cross-examination to Lady Bettine's conversation with Anne Marie about Olivia's friendship with Arden.

"Do you really wish his lordship and the jury to believe you had no idea these two were good friends?"

"I had no idea at all."

"You have complained that Miss Mansfeld deceived you in this matter?"

"She did deceive me."

"How about your own deception with regard to the gold owl? Didn't you tell Miss Mansfeld a direct lie about that?"

Silence.

"Does it rest with you to complain of deception when you yourself strove to deceive your friend in that matter?"

Lady Bettine made no answer.

Leaving that, Mr. Lane directed his cross-examination to what happened after Lady Bettine had made up her mind that her bracelet had been stolen by Olivia, endeavoring especially to prove malice on Lady Bettine's part; acute feminine enmity caused by Anne Marie Rivoire's revelation of Olivia's close

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friendship with Brett Arden. Mrs. Solesby's now famous party was again brought on the tapis. Then Olivia's counsel passed on to Roger Chumley's visit to Lady Bettine in Berkeley Square.

"You have heard Captain Chumley's evidence. Now did he say one word to you to suggest that he came to you prompted by Miss Mansfeld?"

"No. But she must have——"

"Kindly stick to the answers to my questions. He did not. Did you say to Captain Chumley on that occasion that Miss Mansfeld deserved to be punished?"

"I dare say I did."

"And did you say that you didn't care how great the scandal was so long as you succeeded in punishing your former greatest friend?"

"Perhaps I did. I thought then and I think still that she deserves to be punished," said Lady Bettine grimly. And as she said it she turned her head and looked at Olivia.

"From that moment did you set out to ruin Miss Mansfeld's reputation, using all the means at your command?"

"I thought I was grossly wronged and didn't conceal that conviction."

"So from that moment you did all you could to ruin Miss Mansfeld?"

"I saw no reason to spare her."

After a brief reexamination by Sir Wingate Snaithe, calculated to show that Lady Bettine had never felt any personal malice towards Miss Mansfeld, but had merely shown the natural indignation of one who had been abominably treated by a friend to whom she had given her confidence, Anne Marie Rivoire was called to the witness box.

Olivia felt a strange thrill, sharp enough to be painful. The cold hardness which had seemed to envelop her like a shell was suddenly lessened. Life, for her, seemed to be nearing a crisis.

Anne Marie was neatly dressed in plain black, with an unornamented black hat which covered her primrose-yellow hair. Her curiously shaped face was flushed about the cheek bones; her lips were firmly folded together. As she stood up in the box taking the oath she looked tremendously un-English.

Now Wingate Snaithe was asking Anne Marie questions, and she was answering them clearly in her staccato voice: was saying how long she had been devoted to the service of Lady Bettine; how kindly she had always been treated by her employers: how impossible it would be for her to feel happy if she were parted from her mistress, and so forth. Wingate Snaithe was presenting her to the jury as the perfect type of the faithful Breton servant, old-fashioned, if you like, but one who could be depended upon as few modern domestics can be depended upon, the simple, faithful maid, deeply religious.

And then Olivia heard her name mentioned, and again the bracelet was touched upon, and its disappearance was told of, and Anne Marie was expressing her bewilderment about the matter.

"Had you ever seen the bracelet?"

"Never, sir."

"Ever heard of it?"

"Never, sir."

"What did you make of its disappearance?"

"I couldn't believe Miss Mansfeld had anything to do with it, and so I told milady."

A certificate of character at last, and coming from Anne Marie!

"I believe you visited Miss Mansfeld on the eve of the trial?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Why was that?"

Olivia saw H. B. Lane frowning, and Old Jo made a brusque movement, as if of impatience. She looked at Anne Marie. Anne Marie seemed to be seized with hesitation. The shining gray eyes looked down.

"Cannot you answer the question?" said Sir Wingate.

"Perhaps it was stupid of me, sir, but I thought I should like to tell Miss Mansfeld before the case that I could never believe she had taken the bracelet."

"Was that why you went to her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go in?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Mansfeld kindly invited me in. She has always been very good to me."

"And what happened then?"

"I told Miss Mansfeld there must be some terrible mistake as I knew she could never have taken the bracelet."

"How did Miss Mansfeld take what you said?"

"She seemed surprised, sir."

"Why was that?"

"She seemed to think I must have come for some other reason, sir."

"Did she say so?"

"Not exactly, sir. But she seemed to expect—she seemed vexed with me."

"How did she show it?"

"Her manner, sir. When I said I knew she could never have taken the bracelet she said, 'Then where is it?' "

"What did you say?"

"I could only say I did not know as I had never even seen it, only heard of it from milady."

"Then what happened?"

"I went away, sir. I did not see what more I could do to satisfy Miss Mansfeld."

"What did you think she wanted?"

"I could not tell for certain, sir."

"Give us your impression."

H. B. Lane sprang to his feet. "I protest, my lord," he said. "The witness' impression is not evidence."

The judge coldly upheld the objection. Sir Wingate Snaithe at once left the matter, as if it were of little importance.

"Now to go back a little. On the night of the disappearance of the bracelet did Lady Bettine Fayne tell you where she got it?"

"Yes, sir. Milady told me it was a present from Mr. Arden."

"Then what happened?"

"I was surprised and milady noticed it."

"Why were you surprised?"

"Because I thought Mr. Arden was Miss Mansfeld's friend."

"Did you show surprise?"

"I must have, sir, because milady asked me what was the matter."

"Did you tell her?"

"Milady made me, sir."

"What did you tell her?"

Anne Marie related the episode in the studio when she had met Arden there.

"You had mentioned this to Lady Bettine Fayne before?"

"Never, sir. It wasn't my business to do so. Besides, I didn't think Miss Mansfeld wished milady to know about it."

"When you told Lady Bettine Fayne about your having met Mr. Brett Arden that day in Miss Mansfeld's studio how did she take it?"

"Milady was terribly upset, sir. She seemed hardly able to believe it."

"What did she say?"

"She threw up her hands, sir, and said, 'Oh, Olly! Olly!' "

"Was she fond of Miss Mansfeld?"

"Oh, sir, she thought there was no one like her!"

"So that it would have been difficult for Lady Bettine to believe anything against her?"

"Oh, yes, sir—till she lost her bracelet."

When presently Sir Wingate Snaithe sat down, having finished for the moment with Anne Marie, Olivia had the absolute conviction that Anne Marie had made an excellent impression on the court. The certificate of character which she had publicly handed to her, Olivia, was a master stroke. Olivia had to subscribe to Old Jo's opinion that Anne Marie was infernally clever.

Now H. B. Lane was giving her the chance of offering further proof of her cleverness.

"You have told his lordship and the jury that you have never seen the bracelet lost in her bedroom by Lady Bettine Fayne. Is that the fact?"

"Yes, sir."

"You swear that you have never seen that bracelet?"

"Yes, sir. I swear it."

"Very well. You have been with Lady Bettine Fayne for many years?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did not you have the opportunity of seeing everything in her bedroom?"

"No, sir, for I never saw the bracelet."

"As you are Lady Bettine's personal maid do you not have access to the things she keeps in her bedroom?"

"To most of them, sir; not to all."

"What are the exceptions?"

"That bracelet, sir."

There was a faint sound of suppressed laughter in court.

"Were you aware that her ladyship possessed a deerskin jewel case?"

"Yes, sir."

"You knew where it was kept?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was usually in it?"

"Often it was empty, sir. Milady put things in it when we were to travel."

"And at other times it was mostly empty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know there was a key to it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know where the key was kept?"

"Sometimes in the dressing-table drawer, sir."

"And at other times?"

"Sometimes milady had it on a gold chain she wore round her neck."

"That was when there was something valuable in the jewel case?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"What do you mean by 'sometimes'?"

"Milady often wore the key, sir."

"Did her ladyship ever wear the key when there was nothing in the case?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Had you not reason to believe that when the jewel case was locked and her ladyship had the key there was something valuable in that jewel case?"

"There might have been, sir."

"Did her ladyship lock that case and wear the key of it when there was nothing in the case?"

"I don't know, sir. She may have."

"Now, Anne Marie Rivoire," said Lane, "I must ask you to be careful in what you say in answer to the questions I am going to put to you. You remember the night in January when Lady Bettine Fayne came back from skating and had a shivering fit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you prepare a bath for her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Lady Bettine has told his lordship and the jury that before taking that bath she locked up in a case the diamond-and-emerald bracelet which has disappeared, left the case in her wardrobe and hid the key of it under the

pillow of her bed with her handkerchief. While her ladyship was in the bath where were you?"

"In the bedroom, sir."

"Did you go to the bed?" asked Lane.

"Yes, sir."

"You did! Why?"

"To turn it down for her ladyship, sir."

"Did you beat up the pillows?"

"No, sir."

"Did you move them?"

"I didn't touch the pillows, sir."

"Very well. Now carry your mind to the following day. Lady Bettine went out, she has told us."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Anne Marie Rivoire, when Lady Bettine went out and left you alone in that bedroom did you make the bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"You did make the bed. In making the bed did you touch the pillows?"

"You can't make a bed properly, sir, without touching the pillows."

"So you did touch them?"

"Certainly I did, sir."

"Did you lift them?"

"Yes, sir, and shook them up."

"When you lifted the pillows what did you see?"

"I saw her ladyship's handkerchief and the key of the jewel case, sir."

"You did see them!" said Lane. At that moment he failed to prevent a sound of surprise coming into his voice.

"How could I help it, sir, seeing they were there?"

"Precisely! Of course you saw them. Now tell his lordship and the jury—what did you do when you saw them?"

"I left them where they were, sir."

"Why? Was that the proper thing for a careful maid to do?"

"I don't know anything about that, sir. Perhaps it was careless of me but I had my reason."

"What was your reason?"

"I supposed her ladyship put the key there in the handkerchief for a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"I didn't know, sir. But I considered it was not my duty to move them."

"Do you mean to tell us that when you find one of her ladyship's used handkerchiefs lying about you just leave it?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Then what do you mean?"

"I lifted the handkerchief and found the key wrapped in it. That was why I left the handkerchief. It seemed to me that her ladyship must have put it there for some purpose—so I thought it was best to leave it as it was."

"Did you speak about it to her ladyship?"

"No, sir. And milady never mentioned it to me."

("Didn't I tell you that woman was clever?". Old Jo's husky voice whispered in Olivia's ear. "A fool would have denied ever having seen the key.")

"So you left the key! But do you tell his lordship and the jury that you had not the curiosity, before leaving it, to open the case to see what was in it?"

"It never came into my mind to do that, sir."

"Do you really mean that you have never set eyes on the bracelet Lady Bettine Fayne has lost?"

"Never, sir."

"When you discovered that key in Lady Bettine's handkerchief were you alone in the bedroom?"

"Yes, sir."

"For how long was her ladyship out that day?"

"Oh, for quite a long time, sir."

"So that you had ample opportunity for opening the case and looking at the bracelet if you had wanted to do so?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There was nothing to prevent me; nothing at all. But it was not my business to look in the case unless milady asked me to."

"You have told his lordship and the jury that you felt sure that Miss Mansfeld did not take the bracelet. As no one was in the bedroom that afternoon except Miss Mansfeld, Lady Bettine Fayne and yourself, and as you have asserted your conviction that Miss Mansfeld can have had nothing to do with the disappearance of the bracelet, who do you think took it?"

"I know nothing of that, sir. But I can never believe Miss Mansfeld would do such a thing."

"Do you think the bracelet was mislaid?"

"How can I, sir? I have looked everywhere in her ladyship's bedroom."

"When her ladyship told you to go and fetch the bracelet was she sitting up in bed or lying down?"

"Her ladyship was out of bed when I came into the room, sir. She got in when I went to the dressing table, after telling me what I was to do."

"Did she lie down or sit up in bed?"

"I didn't notice, sir. But when I turned to tell her ladyship I couldn't see any bracelet she was sitting up."

"Wasn't the end of the room where the dressing table was almost dark?"

"Not dark, sir. There was the light from the fire."

"But there was no electric light?"

"No, sir; only the one lamp by her ladyship's bed."

"So there wasn't much light?"

"I could see everything on the dressing table, sir."

"But from the bed that end of the room would be in shadow?"

"There was just the light from the fire, sir."

After a few further questions Lane said: "Why did you choose that particular evening to tell Lady Bettine Fayne about your having seen Mr. Arden in Miss Mansfeld's studio?"

"I didn't choose, sir."

"Then why did you tell her on that particular evening? Do you suggest that Lady Bettine forced you to speak about Mr. Arden's having visited Miss Mansfeld's studio when you were there?"

"She did, sir. I did not wish to tell it."

"Are you sure that you didn't speak at that moment because you thought it would do Miss Mansfeld harm?"

"But I was telling milady that I knew Miss Mansfeld couldn't have taken the bracelet!"

"You had kept silence for months, and then you told just at the moment when you knew that Lady Bettine was thinking ill of Miss Mansfeld. Did you not do that with a purpose?"

"No, sir. Milady forced it out of me."

"Why had you never spoken of it before?"

"Because it was not my business to speak, sir."

"You say that you told her ladyship you were sure Miss Mansfeld had nothing to do with the disappearance of the bracelet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that still your opinion?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. I know Miss Mansfeld could never do such a thing."

Passing over the events that immediately followed on that fateful evening, Lane came to the visit made by Anne Marie to the studio immediately before the case was to come into court.

"What was it that induced you to visit Miss Mansfeld on that occasion?"

"I was unhappy in my mind about the bracelet, sir."

"Why unhappy?"

"Miss Mansfeld had been such a friend to milady, sir, and always so kind to me. I wanted to tell her how sorry I was."

"Had you no other purpose in visiting her?"

"That was all, sir."

"You wished to express your sorrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anything else?"

"Just to say I knew she could never have taken the bracelet, sir."

"Do you realize that if Miss Mansfeld, as you declare yourself convinced, did not take Lady Bettine's bracelet someone else must have taken it?"

There was an instant of dead silence in court. Olivia's eyes were fixed upon Anne Marie.

"Well?" said Lane sharply.

"I never saw it, sir, so I know nothing about that."

"But do you not realize that in eliminating Miss Mansfeld from this matter you leave only two people who could possibly have taken the bracelet?"

"Sir?"

"Lady Bettine Fayne and yourself."

"But it was milady's bracelet!"

"Exactly! Why should she hide it? I am not suggesting that."

"I don't understand, sir."

"If Miss Mansfeld, as you say, could not have taken the bracelet, and if we rule out Lady Bettine Fayne, who is left?"

There was another moment of complete silence. It was broken by Anne Marie's staccato voice saying:

"I could never believe Miss Mansfeld could do such a thing, sir."

"Very well!" was Lane's dry comment. "Now, did anyone suggest to you to visit Miss Mansfeld in Clarence Lane?"

"Oh, no, sir. No one."

"Did you tell anyone you had been?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whom did you tell?"

"I told milady, and she was vexed."

"When you went how did Miss Mansfeld receive you?"

"She seemed surprised, sir."

"Did she seem pleased?"

"No, sir."

"When you saw her what did you say?"

"That I wanted to speak to her."

"Did she ask you in?"

"Not then, sir."

"Did you ask to go in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"I did not care to speak out on the step as if I was not fit to go in."

"What happened then?"

"I was going away when Miss Mansfeld called me back."

"And then?"

"She asked me if I had been sent by milady."

"What did you say?"

"I said of course not, that milady knew nothing of my coming."

"What happened then exactly?"

"Miss Mansfeld said I could go in and sit down. Then she asked me why I had come and I told her."

"That you had come to tell her you were sure she hadn't taken the bracelet?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did Miss Mansfeld take it?"

"She seemed angry at what I said. I said to her: 'First milady is angry with me for saying it, and then you are angry with me. But I——' "

"That will do, thank you. Now, Anne Marie Rivoire, answer me this: When Miss Mansfeld finally asked you to come in, did you not get the impression that she was expecting you to tell her something about the bracelet?"

"She seemed angry, sir."

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"What about? Why should she be angry at your coming to tell her you were sure she could not have taken the bracelet?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I suggest to you that she was angry because she thought you had perhaps come to tell her some news about the bracelet and was disappointed because you had nothing to tell."

"I do not know, sir."

"Did she not seem to expect you had come to give her news of the bracelet?"

"She did speak about it."

"What did she say?"

"She said, 'Has Lady Bettine's bracelet been found?'"

"Ah, she said that! Did not that give you the impression that she was expecting news of the bracelet?"

Anne Marie seemed embarrassed. At last she said, "Am I to say what I think?"

"Of course—say it!"

"It seemed to me that Miss Mansfeld said that only for something to say."

"What do you mean?"

"She did not say it as if she expected the bracelet had been found, sir."

"Then why should she be angry when you had no news to give her?"

"Miss Mansfeld seemed to me nervous that evening, sir."

"That will do!" Lane said abruptly.

Sir Wingate Snaithe did not reexamine, so Anne Marie left the box.

At the conclusion of her evidence the court adjourned till the following day.

Olivia spent the evening with Old Jo, who had two rooms, a bathroom and a tiny kitchen in Chancery Lane. After dinner Olivia asked Old Jo what were her impressions of the day's proceedings in court. Old Jo's reply was preceded by a long silence. At last she said:

"Olivia, I must be frank. I believe Anne Marie to be one of the biggest blackguards I've ever laid eyes on, but I think she made a good impression on the court."

"So do I."

"Lady Bettine of course showed animus against you. That wasn't clever of her. But Anne Marie's defense of your character was a master stroke. Of course it's obvious that either you or Anne Marie must have stolen the bracelet. There's no other solution of the mystery. Lady Bettine's above suspicion on that score. So it lies between you two.

"After what happened today I think it possible that the gentlemen of the jury may say to themselves and to each other something like this: 'That Breton maid is intelligent. She knows of course that we must believe that the bracelet was taken either by the plaintiff or by her. Yet, knowing that, she tells us that she is positive the plaintiff couldn't have done it. Now that's honest of her and shows her to be no humbug. She takes a big risk there. But she says right out what's in her mind.' You see?"

"Her certificate of character won't help me much."

"I'm afraid it may only help her. And I believe she gave it because she felt sure that it would. She didn't gamble on a certainty. She took a risk. But I'm afraid that she was justified in taking it. I may be wrong; I hope I am."

"Do you think I'm going to lose my action?"

"Hardly—hardly—hardly!" Old Jo muttered. She stopped. "What's that damned old judge going to say?"

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Letters of the Wilsons' Social Secretary

(*Continued from page 47*)

of Allied troops to Poland to establish order among the Poles. Foch stated it had been refused him; consequently a meeting had been called yesterday to determine what should be done. It was a delicate situation and looked as though a resumption of the fighting would be necessary if Germany was recalcitrant.

They considered all afternoon the methods of procedure. Finally, nearing the end of the meeting, the President asked for the written statement from Germany. They replied that there was none. All that had been asked by Germany was the elucidation of certain points about carrying out the transportation of the troops and absolutely no refusal to allow the troops to pass.

Paris, March 25, 1919.

After luncheon today the President spoke of the question of reparations. He had a conference here this morning with Lloyd George and Clemenceau. Clemenceau had presented the French claim for damages done in the devastated regions and Lloyd George had produced a map and "rather pitilessly" shown the area of the devastated country in comparison with the total area of France before the war, and the French claims for damages in this area are greater than the total wealth then!

Paris, March 27, 1919.

Later: Nothing much on the carpet today. Secretary and Mrs. Daniels came to luncheon. The President is working all day. Mrs. Wilson says that Clemenceau has gone back on all his promises and has reverted to his demands of the first days the President arrived and the first of the "conversations." The President is getting so outdone that he says that he will suggest to Lloyd George that he and Lloyd George draw up the peace terms and if France refuses them, publish the fact and the terms and go home.

Paris, March 28, 1919.

I think I wrote you that Tardieu is supposed to be the one responsible for the anti-Wilson attacks before we left. He came here yesterday to a conference and the President said to us: "You know, Mr. Tardieu is very credulous, for he believes all the Republicans tell him." Then he continued to say that the Republicans were now representing the nationalists as against an international party and were in consequence the worst friends France could have.

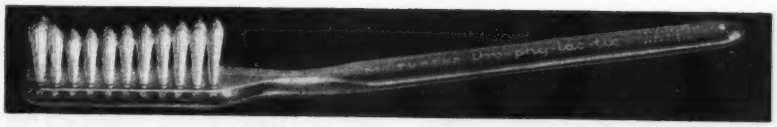
The President is working at high pressure and I do not know how long he can stand it. Conferences all day and no fresh air.

He looks very tired and today at luncheon looked down and out. One of the few times I have ever seen him so. Fortunately Mrs. Wilson keeps well.

Paris, March 31, 1919.

Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Melville Stone, of the Associated Press, and Colonel House came to luncheon today. Mr. Lloyd George is a man of great charm and very amusing.

He held forth on the Irish question and said when he had the various leaders before him he could never get from them what they wanted. The President said he would simply turn the whole matter over to the Irish people if he were the British Government and reserve the motion-picture rights!



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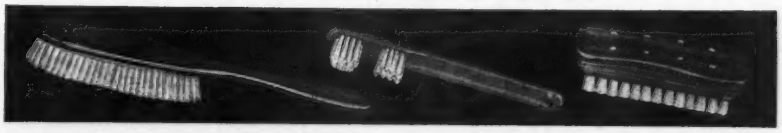

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Mr. Lloyd George spoke of T. P. O'Connor and said he might have been one of the foremost statesmen in the United Kingdom if he had not devoted himself to Ireland and all he gets now is the dislike and suspicion of his fellow countrymen. Lloyd George spoke of the President's remarkable patience with Clemenceau and said often he marveled how he could keep his temper as he did.

Mrs. Wilson and I went to a benefit at the Opéra for the children of the devastated regions. It was wonderfully good. All the best artists in Paris appearing in it. We went at two and got out at six-fifty. I think probably a lot of talent had volunteered and they were afraid to offend anyone by refusing.

Sarah Bernhardt, still the idol of the Parisians, appeared and gave a recitation. She is wonderful at 75 and really looked young at a distance. The audience was brilliant. Madame Poincaré and a party in one box, and the Queen of Roumania, who is really a very handsome woman, in another. She had just arrived from a visit to England.

This morning a blow came. The French Government sent to the Peace Commission a bill which they sent here to be O.K.'d for the President's traveling expenses. It is for about 32,000 francs!

Paris, April 2, 1919.

I have never seen the President more irritated than he was today, after he came out from luncheon. Mrs. Wilson suggested he should go for a walk. He said he would, but first he had to unburden himself about the morning's proceedings and the constant hindrances and petty objections coming up all the time.

They had Foch at the "Big 4" conference. There is an army of Poles recruited from the Poles in the French Army of some 60,000 to 70,000. These are to be under command of General Haller. The terms of the armistice provide the passage of Allied troops through Danzig to restore order in Poland.

The Germans admitted this clause but say there is a large Polish and Jugoslavian population. Anyway, they were fearful of trouble and asked if the troops could go via Königsberg and Stettin. The French objected; why—no one knows.

In the meantime our army Secret Service discovered that the Germans had been making arrangements to transport the troops from the Rhine across by train, which would take a few weeks, whereas this other way takes a couple of months and the object of the whole thing was to prevent the spread of Bolshevism across the eastern frontier of Poland and to get an army in there. The French objected and it took time to beat that down.

Finally Foch was directed to inquire how the Germans proposed to get the troops across, not mentioning the Rhine project, as that was indirect Secret Service information of ours, and he was also told to say to the Germans that they must acknowledge in writing the right to use the Danzig way as per the armistice terms, and Foch was told to say the Allies would consider the use of Königsberg and Stettin. But, as the President said, these French military commanders never seem to obey the orders given them.

Another thing was about the German envoys who were to come to Versailles for a conference; about food, I think. It was some minor commission. The President said when the French Government invited the Allied governments here for a conference they were supposed to talk to whom they wanted, and now it refused permission for them to come to Paris and said they must go to Château-Villette.

They, the Germans, asked for the right to send mail back to Germany with their own courier under French guard, but allow it diplomatic immunity. This the French refused, saying the mail must be sent by French courier and the President says he is convinced that it might be opened and read and naturally the Germans were fearful of this, and the President says that they are within their rights in asking for diplomatic immunity.

Foch says these Germans might communicate with spies and establish a spy system, but as the President said, What will they have to tell? Then the French are in a state of panic over what Germany will do. She is to be allowed no munition works and no forts within fifty kilometers of the Rhine and an army of only 100,000.

The President asked Foch how could they possibly make munitions overnight and he asked what the French were afraid of, and no one could explain. So the days go by and the President is blamed for the delay and the whole world waits and as he expressed it, "Europe is going to pieces."

He said he had sent an ultimatum to Clemenceau, not wishing to have a row directly with the old man, whom he likes really, that "The Allies had agreed to the 14 points as a basis for peace. These were accepted and a decision would have to be reached within a few days or he would go home."

I have never seen him more irritated, or more in a rage. He characterized the attitude of the French and the delays as "damnable." He is usually patient and calm.

Paris, April 3, 1919.

After luncheon today a great event took place—the arrival of the King of Belgium. He called on the President at two, then said he would like to pay his respects to Mrs. Wilson. She asked me to come down to her reception room to see him.

The King had flown to Paris a day or two before. He is a splendid-looking man, with a superb figure. He is charming with a very winning smile and nice honest eyes, quite the most kingly King I have seen. He is eager for the President and Mrs. Wilson to come to Brussels.

Paris, April 6, 1919.

Nothing much today. The President is still wretched but he has served notice on the French that he will leave as soon as the George Washington gets over, if they do not come to terms.

Paris, April 8, 1919.

I have had little to write about these last few days. The President has been ill and Mrs. Wilson has been with him all the time. I don't know whether this move of his in calling for the George Washington will bring these people to time or not. Mrs. Wilson told me today of one of his many exasperations.

The "Four" agreed to leave to a committee of experts the question of reparations, and they, the Four, agreed to abide by their decision (these experts are, of course, in constant touch with their various chiefs among the Four). They put in their report.

Mr. Lloyd George said it was not satisfactory in every respect to him, but it could not be expected to be so to everyone, but he would sign it. It was given to Clemenceau to sign. He said he had never heard of such a thing and never had seen any report!

Paris, April 9, 1919.

Today Mrs. Wilson gave another reception and I really think it was the most picturesque one we have had here, probably because the diplomats were asked.

We had them all today. Even Siam. The first to arrive was the most interesting: Prince Feisal, the son of the King of the Hedjaz.

The President had said that beside the Prince's perfect ease and exquisite courtesy, the heritage of hundreds of years of Oriental nobility, he felt crude and ill-mannered. The Prince has to talk through an interpreter and he said to me he had made a vow not to learn English until peace was signed.

Almost everybody in Paris was here—Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando—every diplomat. It was the most interesting affair of the kind I had ever seen, for America stands at the head of the world and people were all eager to come and fought for invitations.

After luncheon a former Secretary at the Roumanian Court for several years told me that he had heard that the Queen of Roumania is most anxious to meet the President and was resolved not to go away without seeing him. Though an English Princess, the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, she is a loyal Roumanian, and is going to all lengths to get a greater Roumania, and she thinks the President can help her.

She is eager to keep the Dobruja, which Roumania seized in the last Balkan War and which has really a Bulgarian population. She also wants financial assistance, like all Europe, from poor old "Uncle Sam." She is a wonderfully clever and very handsome woman.

Things are progressing somewhat. Mrs. Wilson said she suggested to the President that the only way to get things settled was to have a paper prepared after the other three conferees had agreed on a subject, and have them sign it before they left the meetings. Then they could not go back on what they had agreed, as they did today. Tonight the President seemed more optimistic.

Paris, April 11, 1919.

I did not find time to write yesterday, and while today's memories are fresh I thought I would put them down. The great event, of course, was having the Queen of Roumania come for luncheon.

The Queen was invited at one and the President arranged to meet her upstairs. General Harts and Admiral Grayson were to meet her at the door and conduct her and her party upstairs. Of course, the President and Mrs. Wilson were ready promptly, and we all went upstairs to wait for her.

Nothing tries the President's temper like waiting or being late. The Queen had come to establish a propaganda for Roumania—a Greater Roumania—and she did the worst thing she could in being nearly twenty-five minutes late!

Every moment we waited I could see from the cut of the President's jaw that a slice of the Dobruja or Roumania was being lopped off. At one time he threatened to go in and begin luncheon without her, and asked me to telephone the Ritz to find out if she was coming.

After luncheon we sat for some time in the library and the President and the Queen talked over the political situation of Europe. The Queen was rather more interested in expounding her views than listening to what the President had to say. She begged him when she left to do what he could for her country.

Paris, April 13, 1919.

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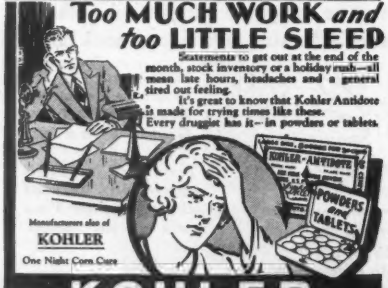

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32,000 francs? Well, another bill has come for food in the trains—4,000 francs!

Paris, April 15, 1919.

The peace negotiations seem to be going on better. It appears that the Italian question is the serious thing. Orlando cried yesterday at the Conference, saying his government was gone if they did not get Fiume, and that there would be a revolution. Also that officers in the Italian Army at Fiume would refuse to obey if told to evacuate it.

The President said later, very truly, that from the first interview he had with Orlando and Sonnino, he told them they could not have Fiume. The fault is evidently Orlando's. He has made promises to his people which he cannot carry out.

Everyone is wondering how Mr. Swope got his two "scoops," one on the text of the revision of the League of Nations, the other the indemnities and reparations to be demanded of the Germans. I am afraid the publishing of the latter has made him temporarily unpopular with the President, for it gives the Germans a chance for intrigue and the terms may accordingly be made harder.

Ray Stannard Baker, who is the intermediary between the President and the newspapermen, is a quiet, scholarly man who writes under the name of "David Grayson." Swope is a volcano of energy and vitality. It appears that Mr. Baker heard Swope had this news of the reparations and indemnities and was sending it off. He rushed down but as an eyewitness said, "That rascal Swope kept on banging the keys, sending out his message," and would not see Baker!

One theory is that he got the League news by piecing out what he heard from different people and asking leading questions and got it straight. The other is that an English journalist got it from one of the English experts, was afraid to publish it and let Swope have it.

The President said if Orlando would only go home to his parliament and tell them the truth he was sure the Italian Commission would be far more respected. He, the President, has written some statement for Orlando to make, and yet with all that, he is afraid to go home.

The President told us this after dinner. We always sit in Mrs. Wilson's sitting room downstairs, around an open fire if it is cold, as it was tonight. After he had finished talking, after taking us into his room to see the contour maps, and to show what Italy claims and what she will get, the President said he thought he would calm himself down by playing solitaire, which he usually does when he is tired or annoyed.

Easter has been a quiet day. Mrs. Wilson and I went over to the Russian Church, but the service was over, and this afternoon the President, Mrs. Wilson and I went for a long drive in the open car. The President was very quiet. He is never anything but gentle and kind, no matter what his worries are.

Paris, April 18, 1919.

Conversation at the table is not so interesting as it was because one of the servants is undoubtedly a spy. The servants are selected by the Foreign Office and are excellent. There is an old head butler and his wife who run the house.

Downstairs a lot of people are fed: the servants, the captain of the French Guard and his lieutenant. You see, all this square is guarded by French soldiers. The enlisted personnel are devoted to the old *maître d'hôtel* and his wife.

Paris, April 19, 1919.

This morning, Orlando was told that the Italians cannot have Fiume. The President is unalterably opposed to giving it to them. Lloyd George said they would stand by him, but they change overnight, and it all remains to be seen what they are accepting.

The President has been told that this is all a bluff; that it is the way Italy has always obtained her territory. Probably the Italian troops will refuse to withdraw from Fiume and that will mean trouble.

The President grew interested in the spy question in the house and had the Secret Service make an investigation, and they report that the minute the President goes out the servants make errands to his study. Now one of the Secret Service sits in there, or did until the President got a strong box in which to put some of the less important papers which he was apt to keep in his desk.

Paris, April 21, 1919.

These are very trying days for the President, with the continual wrangling over the Italian question. Lloyd George and Clemenceau had agreed day before yesterday to stand by him and refuse Fiume to the Italians. This morning—no, yesterday morning, they came and said they had been considering it overnight and had decided they must stand by the Pact of London.

Today the President said that Orlando, for whom he says he has not only a liking but a real affection, made a very moving speech at the Big 4 conference. He read a speech, which was really Italy's ultimatum of what she must have or withdraw, and then, when the end came, he sobbed piteously.

The President said that Sonnino made a very moving argument. He said he had brought his country into the war and had been responsible for the death of nearly a million men, and yet it was really a futile sacrifice in view of the fact that the Conference would have given Italy a more extended coast line, yet not all she championed. He cried: "I shall go home to my people with all these deaths on my conscience."

Tonight the President let me see the statement which will appear in the papers tomorrow in regard to our attitude to Italy and the question of Fiume. This contains about the same matter which was in his letter for Orlando to read to the Italian parliament, and which the latter said he would not read. The French press, the President says, will be violent about it, for Clemenceau said several papers had been bought up. He was very bitter about Italy's part in the war.

Now, the Italians are refusing to sign the peace negotiations with Germany if they cannot have Fiume. The President says he fears all this will give heart to the Germans, who are anxious to have the Allies quarrel among themselves.

At tea this afternoon we had more discussions of Italy. Mr. and Mrs. Morgenthau and Mr. Grasty, of the New York Times, coming in for tea with Mrs. Wilson. Grasty has been over here off and on ever since the war began and believes firmly Italy must back down as we hold the purse strings.

Paris, April 24, 1919.

I wonder if I have made clear the stages of our negotiations as I have gathered them from what the President and Mrs. Wilson have said. Orlando has wanted to withdraw from the Conference for some time; in fact, he has practically withdrawn since he delivered his ultimatum.

Saturday, Mr. Wilson went down to the Crillon and consulted with other members of our Peace Commission to see

if they could offer any suggestion. None of them could suggest anything different. Then Mr. Wilson withdrew, so that Clemenceau and Lloyd George should confer with Orlando and Sonnino and see if they could arrive at any solution.

Mr. Wilson prepared a statement for Orlando to read before his parliament—if he wanted to make a frank statement before the Italian people. But he decided—Orlando did—not to do this. The situation, of course, is very tense. The Echo de Paris has a disagreeable article in it about Americans and the President.

After Luncheon.

The house is just as tense today as it was the day before the war was declared at home. At luncheon an aide came in to say Mr. Balfour's secretary was there and he wanted to know if the President would come to Lloyd George's apartment, as they looked on that as neutral territory and would prefer going there to coming here. The President said, "What children!"

He saw Mr. Balfour's secretary and came back with a statement Mr. Balfour had written for the Press. Of that he read us a few extracts. Lloyd George and Clemenceau are both saying that the President's statement is all right, but premature, yet privately they had told him that now was the time for it to be published.

The President remarked today he wished he had a less difficult person to deal with than Lloyd George, for he is always for temporizing and making commissions. He said he was praying the Italians would not invoke the Pact of London, that they could not make peace, separately, for in that Italy had them absolutely at her mercy and she could prevent everything—the League of Nations—all they had worked for, as the British and French felt they must stand by the pact. He said it was for the British to decide if they would stand with Italy or the United States.

Later.

After luncheon he saw Paderewski, and then at four had his appointment across the street. About 3:30 Colonel House came up and saw Mrs. Wilson and told her to be sure to have a stenographer go over with the President as the others had them, and he should have every word he spoke there on paper. The President was busy with some delegations, so she sent word to Close (his secretary).

My bedroom windows look across the street on Lloyd George's apartment, and there are the Italian cars and their Secret Service men, Clemenceau's car and his Secret Service men, and our own Secret Service men with the President. It is absorbingly interesting with the fate of nations and the destiny of the world going on close at hand. I have just gone to the window in time to see our President come out.

If he had yielded one thing about Fiume the world would never believe in us or our idealism. On the boulevards and on the streets it is the one thing the people are talking about.

Paris, April 25, 1919.

Today, in company with Mr. Henry White, I sallied forth to luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grew of the Peace Commission. He is secretary of it, and was at our Embassy in Berlin when we went into the war. Conversation there was on the Italian question.

Colonel and Mrs. House give a dinner tonight for Ambassador and Mrs. Wallace. The Italian Ambassador and his wife sent regrets and wrote that on

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account of the death of a dear relative and friend they are accepting no invitations for a few days! I suppose the relative's last name is Fiume!

For some reason Mr. Balfour does not seem to have published his statement yet, and the President seems to be of the opinion it won't be published at all. Still, through all this crisis Mr. Wilson keeps as serene and kind as ever when every day, every hour must be bringing a new set of intrigues and troubles to him. Of course, Mrs. Wilson is the greatest help to him in all this.

Paris, April 26, 1919.

These are eventful days, but the President is so tired when he comes home he seldom speaks of what has gone on. In mentioning Clemenceau, he said he seems to have the conception of what is right and wrong, but he seems afraid of the French people and afraid to publish what he considers right. He has always been considered such a lion of courage that such timidity seems curious. It seems impossible to tell which way Mr. Lloyd George is going to jump from day to day.

Secret advices today are to the effect that the Italian fleet is ordered to Fiume, and the army is told to advance toward it. Our navy there is advised to hold all their men aboard ship.

Paris, April 27, 1919.

Today we went off on a jaunt into the country. Mr. Baruch has taken a house at St. Cloud—about twenty minutes' ride. He invited the President, Mrs. Wilson and me to go out there to luncheon.

It is an attractive house with a charming garden and very quiet and retired. As usual, conversation turned on the elusiveness of the various delegates.

The President spoke of General Allenby, for whom they had sent, and whom he characterized as a man in every sense of the word—height and breadth and a splendid face. He, Allenby, advised strongly against giving the French a hand in Syria—said their measures would surely provoke insurrection and massacres, so it was decided by Lloyd George and the others to follow Allenby's advice, and they were proceeding along that line when Lloyd George produced a Colonel Wilson (British) who is very pro-French and he advised giving the French full sway in Syria, which, of course, pleased Mr. Clemenceau. Then it was agreed that a commission go to Syria to study the subject and the President appointed Mr. Charles Crane and another man, the head of Oberlin College, to go with the French and British commissioners to study the matter.

One day Clemenceau and Lloyd George decide to let them go, and change their minds the next! The President said that if he had to deal with three men who were strong enough to live up to their convictions peace would have been settled six months ago. The President says he hates the idea of meeting the Germans. He would not have minded so much meeting the old blood-and-iron people of the old régime, but he dislikes the thought of seeing these men of the new order, and he had searched diligently in his mind for some method to avoid meeting them.

The question came up of Herbert Hoover as a Presidential candidate—Democratic. Mr. Baruch seems to think he wants to run.

Next Month with Edith Benham Helm you see how the Fear and Hate that War breeds frustrated the Greatest Man at the Peace Conference

Little David

(*Continued from page 31*)

do? Take him on one at a time, wid deir han's tied?

SAMUEL: He took de three of 'em on all to once wid *his* han's tied an' his feet shackled. He's so strong it looked like he jest breathed 'em down. It looks like de end of Israel too, little David.

(SAMUEL *gazes off-stage toward the ruined town.*)

DAVID: No. 'Count caize de Lawd loves us. I know dat, 'count caize he likes de songs I made up. He's tol' me so.

SAMUEL: Look, dere's our own little town burnin'. Dey's all giant men an' deir head man took it all by hisself.

DAVID: (*simply*) I kin whup him. I got de means.

SAMUEL: (*still looking away*) I knew we was offendin' de Lawd. I tried to make us stop. He give us dis pretty Land of Canaan, an' what have we done wid it?

DAVID: (*inspired*) I kin whup him. I got de means.

SAMUEL: (*still inattentive*) An' now de Chosen People is abandoned. De deliverer was to come, but——

(*He turns slowly, puzzled.*)

What did you say, little David?

DAVID: (*his eyes on the sky above*) I kin whup him. I got de means.

(SAMUEL *stares, then goes to him.*)

SAMUEL: (*softly, in awe*) Wid what?

DAVID: (*showing the sling*) Wid dis.

SAMUEL: Little David!

(DAVID *slowly lowers his eyes and turns to* SAMUEL.)

DAVID: What?

SAMUEL: I believe you kin do it! (*Excitedly*) Yes, suh. De way yo' standin' dere is jest de way I always pictured de Lawd's anointed. Fo' fo'ty years I been lookin' fo' him. *Dat's* why I went 'cross de fields dat crazy way! I thought I was losin' my min'. But no, dat wuz de Lawd's wukk. Little David, he was leadin' me right yere to you all de time!

DAVID: De Lawd's on our side still.

SAMUEL: (*almost shouting*) Co'se he is! We gonter be saved! Go git 'em, little David! Thank you, Lawd, fo' lettin' me find him.

(SAMUEL *starts to leave.*)

DAVID: Whar you goin', Granddaddy Samuel?

SAMUEL: I'm gonter spread de news. I'm goin' to de temple an' den tell ol' King Saul what he wants to hear.

DAVID: (*a little surprised*) You gonter tell him what I said?

SAMUEL: I'm gonter tell all Israel dat de deliverer's been found. Dat it wasn't nobody on earth but little David. Dat it was little David all de time. An' now at las', he's took charge!

(SAMUEL *leaves.* DAVID *lowers his head.*)

DAVID: Tell me what to do, Lawd.

(THE LORD *appears over the rise.*)

THE LORD: Do what comes into yo' mind, David.

DAVID: (*still in prayer*) Yes, Lawd.

THE LORD: I was pretty near ready to give 'em up. But I'm gonter give 'em dis one las' chance, David, on 'count of you.

DAVID: Yes, Lawd.

THE LORD: I'm gonter make you de king. You is gonter be my sweet singer. But if dey break my laws ag'in I'm gonter abandon dem fo'ever. You be a good king, David, an' teach 'em dat.

DAVID: Yes, Lawd.

THE LORD: Yere comes ol' Goliath. He's de biggest man dey got. I 'spect he heard

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yo' defy. Give it to him, David. An' give it to him good.

(THE LORD *disappears. From the other side of the stage come the legs of* GOLIATH. *That part of him above the knees is hidden from sight. He stops.* DAVID *picks up a stone and puts it in the sling.*)

GOLIATH'S VOICE: Whar at's dat little boy dat's talkin' so big?

DAVID: I'm him.

GOLIATH'S VOICE: You? Why, you ain't no bigger dan a little bug.

DAVID: Mebbe so. Dat don't mean nothin'!

GOLIATH'S VOICE: It do when I jine de party. Does you know who I am?

DAVID: Yo' ol' Goliath.

GOLIATH'S VOICE: Dat's it. An' I'm de biggest an' stoutest man in de worl'! Me, I'm so strong dat toornadoes an' harricanes follow me 'roun' like little pet dogs. I spits lightnin' an' I breathes thunder, an' I'm de doom of Israel.

DAVID: Jest de same I take notice you got sweat on yo' fo'head.

GOLIATH'S VOICE: I jest walked through a cloud. Dat's only de wetness.

DAVID: Well, yere's somethin' else fo' yo' fo'head.

(*He casts the sling.*)

GOLIATH'S VOICE: Now, what you gonter try to do, tease me? I 'spect I better jest bend over an' flick you down once an' fo'—— Oh!

(*The body of* GOLIATH *falls. That is, the legs topple over, the knees off-stage, and the shoes of the late giant come up perpendicularly about the center of the stage.*)

DAVID: Wham!

(*He goes to the feet. The sheep, which had run away at* GOLIATH'S *approach, reappear.* DAVID *inspects the fallen body, raising his hand to shade his eyes as he looks off at the distant head.*)

Right in de middle o' de fo'head!

(*He smiles, then picks up his guitar, and resting his left elbow in the cup of* GOLIATH'S *down-stage heel, begins to sing again.*)

Oh, David was a shepherd boy.
He killed Goliath an' hollered fo' joy.
Little David——

(*The choir off-stage joins in the singing and the sheep begin to dance.*)

——play on yo' hawp,
Hallelu, hallelu,
Little David, play on yo' hawp,
Hallelu!

(*The scene ends.*)

A Gentle Sock on the Jaw (*Continued from page 77*)

mention of them. Socker instantly decided that she did not look at the sport sections of the papers. He sighed with relief and decided that he would say nothing, at least until after this next bout. The purse would be a fat one to aid him toward retirement, and surely Norma would understand such an evidence of his desire to make her happy. So he let the thing drift.

Norma had begun by calling him "Mr. Knowles." Soon this altered to a somewhat stiff and foreign-sounding "Edward." Now she called him "Eddie," and several times he had held her hand as they sat there on the park bench during those all-too-brief luncheon periods.

One day, just three days, in fact, before the big fight, Socker found the courage to sound the girl out.

"I see they're having a big boxing match soon," he hinted.

"Yes," Norma giggled; "a match for the lightweight championship."

"That's right," Socker agreed, mystified. "I didn't know girls were interested in such things."

"I never was," Norma laughed. "But I am now, Eddie. I'll have something important to tell you in four days. Something that will surprise you to death."

"Yeah?" Socker queried. "What?"

"Didn't I say in three or four days?"

"After the fight, you mean?"

"Uh-huh."

Socker rubbed his blunt finger tips across his square chin and wrinkled deep his forehead. Here was something beyond his comprehension. Did Norma know him? Had she known him all along? Devoutly he hoped so.

"It'll surprise you to death," Norma repeated. "Oh, Eddie, it will be so wonderful!"

"What?" Socker insisted. "What's wonderful? Aw, tell me. Tell me—dearie."

He was aghast at his own courage in using the term of endearment, but Norma looked into his eyes and showed him there that which no lover ever has misunderstood. Socker forgot her secret. Nothing mattered but themselves. His muscular arm swept gently around her and he drew her close. The squirrel stirred angrily and dropped from the bench. If there were passers-by the scene was an old one in the park.

"Gee," Socker muttered at long last. "Gee, Norma, I'm glad. I love you so much. Right from the very first I've loved you."

"Me too," Norma sighed blissfully. "I'm so happy, Eddie." She squeezed his hand. "I'm so happy," she went on, "I'm going to tell you the secret ahead of time. It's about Harry. You know, my brother Harry?"

"Yeah," Socker nodded, "I know you got a brother. I'll have to meet him now, sweetheart. And your mother, and your old man. I bet they'll boot me out!"

"Silly!" Norma crooned. "But listen. I must hurry back, and I want to tell you this. You'll never believe it!"

"Shoot," Socker grunted. "Knock me stiff with surprise, you wonder girl."

"Harry's going to be the lightweight champion of the world!"

Norma said the words in portentous tones. She laughed gleefully when Socker sat suddenly erect. "I told you you'd be surprised!" she laughed. "But he is. He says so himself. He's sure to win."

Socker was speechless and this condition gave Norma an increasing delight at what she felt was his surprise.

"You needn't be downright stupid with amazement," she laughed. "I don't wonder you didn't guess it, dearest. How could you? You see, Harry doesn't fight under his own name. He calls himself 'Battling Durkon' and he fights Socker Dooley, the champion, next Thursday.

"It means so much to us, Eddie. He'll be rich, and," wistfully, "we've never had money. Dad needs a rest and so does Mother. Of course, I'm all right. I like to work. But Harry says he'll have so much money he won't let even me work."

She paused and glanced at Socker. The lad's face was set and ghastly. Norma caught his arm. With a masterful effort he got control of himself.

"It's all right, sweetheart," he said listlessly. "It's all right. But you were right when you said you'd surprise me."

"But you take it so—seriously," Norma said wonderingly.

"I'm afraid, after you get so much

money, you won't bother about poor little me."

Playfully Norma pressed her fingers across his lips. The lips, he realized, that had been glorified by her kisses.

"Silly," she charged again. "Of course I will. I'll—why, I'll always love you. Nothing would ever change that, Eddie!"

Once again he escorted her across the street to her work. His brain was awhirl and his heart seemed smothering within him.

Three days later he must defend his championship against Battling Durkon; and Battling Durkon was the brother of the girl he loved!

From out this maelstrom of sudden developments, Socker somehow got the basic facts. He was fighting the brother of Norma. If he lost, Norma could find happiness for herself and her people. If he won, the blows which battered out his triumph would forge her misery and dash the hopes of all those she held dear. In brief, that was what he faced.

How it had all come about, he did not care. He presumed that Norma had failed to recognize the newspaper pictures she must have seen. But all that was beside the issue now.

The problem itself was clear-cut. Must he win? Must he lose?

Surprising as it might seem, the answer lay much with himself. Durkon was outclassed. All the smart ones knew that. They said he was a game boy and a strong one, but Socker was a champion.

Socker, while not underestimating his opponent, had taken the approaching contest philosophically. He knew that he could win. Durkon was game and strong but not so fast as the champion, and speed will beat anything else on earth.

So, mathematically, Socker knew that he was a winner. But now!

It came to his immature mind that a lady about to become a man's wife would find defeat for that man most distasteful. Also, a man marrying a lady assumed grave responsibility in revealing her own brother as greater than himself. If, for love of Norma, he lost the fight, what was there to be gained?

Again, what of his manager? His seconds? His sparring partners? All the thousands of loyal supporters who had stood by him through his climb from obscurity to the pinnacle of his profession? What of them? Could he, in a single gesture of romantic selfishness, throw them over?

His mind was a torment. Impelled by a great love to scale the heights of achievement, he felt himself suddenly anchored by that very love. The condition of his mind reflected in his work. For the first time in his career, his handlers noted a lethargic sluggishness in his training.

Each day he met Norma in the park and she noticed the change in him. There were protracted periods of silence between the two during these last three days. These hurt Norma because she realized that Socker was worried and thought she knew the ridiculous reason why. In the end, she took him gently to task on this score.

"You haven't very much faith in me," she complained. "I don't see how you can love me if you think I'd change."

"I don't think you'd—change."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know," Socker groaned hopelessly. "I just hope you won't change, that's all."

"There's something the matter with you," Norma said solicitously. "Something on your mind. You changed the instant I told you Harry was going to

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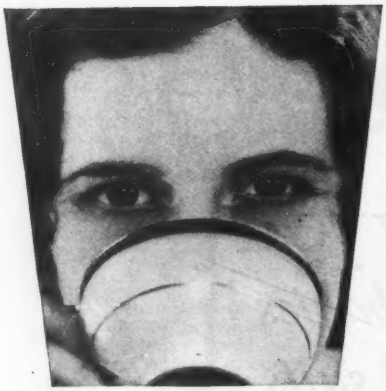

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fight the champion." She paused fleetingly; then, "Are you ashamed of him, and of me because I'm his sister?"

"What!" Socker gasped.

"I don't think boxing is so bad." Norma defended. "What else could Harry do to make a lot of money honestly?"

Socker dropped his elbows onto his knees and gripped his square hands. "I ain't ashamed of him," he said listlessly, "and I'm proud of you. Why, I'm even in favor of boxing!"

"Then what is the matter, Eddie? If we really loved each other, I should think I'd be the first one to hear your troubles. If I was in trouble," she went on, "I'd come to you first of all."

"I ain't in trouble," he lied. "I've had a headache for two or three days. I guess that's it." He straightened and reached across the girl's lap so that the squirrel there on the bench could sniff at his finger tips. "Let's talk about something else, sweetheart," he suggested. "I'm all right."

"Don't you want to see the fight?" Norma queried. "Don't you want to go with me? I'm going to see it."

"No," Socker groaned hastily. "That is, I want to, sweetheart—but I can't. I've got another date." There was anguish in his voice and he withdrew his hand from the squirrel and caught the girl's forearm. "I'm going now," he said brusquely. "But remember that I love you. I trust you, too. Don't ever forget that, Norma. Then, if you don't change——"

His voice broke and he stood suddenly erect. Before the girl could stop him he whirled and walked away from her. He was almost rude. She rose and stood beside the bench, a hurt look upon her face and a vast wonderment in her eyes.

Socker walked briskly, his square shoulders swinging. He did not once look back. Something akin to a sob sounded in the girl's throat and she turned and hurried back toward the store.

The squirrel was left alone on the bench.

The contest was held in a ball park. The customary habiliments of such an affair were there in profusion. Arc lights cast glaring white rays downward upon the canvas of the ring. Three ropes were stretched taut from turnbuckles attached to four posts. These ropes were covered with red plush and the posts were of brass and twinkled in the profound illumination.

Close to the ring were the press rows, where typewriters and telegraph instruments clicked magic words to multitudes. More than seventy thousand people lined benches which spread outward from the ring as though they had been flung there by some centrifugal power.

In the far distance of the night, steel and concrete balconies loomed. These were laden with a human cargo and the voice of the mob rose and faded in exact tempo with the happenings in the ring.

Just outside one corner of the ring sat Norma Niles. The whole scene was new to her. All about her reporters conversed in mystic parlance. Curt they were, and to the point. To the girl they seemed all-understanding and all-wise.

The preliminary contests frightened her but she reasoned that these men were not champions. They were all learning the art of fisticuffs and this, no doubt, explained why they were so often hit.

She awaited in perturbation the appearance of Harry there in the ring; and this Socker Dooley whom he was to fight. Her lips moved in a vague prayer that this scene would mark the materialization of her greatest dreams.

In a dressing room under the concrete stands, Socker Dooley paced the floor. His manager shook his head doubtfully.

"The champ ain't right," he whispered.

And this portentous message found its devious course over a highway of lips to the gambling element at the ringside.

"There's somethin' on his mind," the manager amplified. "He ain't the same Socker."

With the speed of lightning this, too, found its way to the ringside and, with almost an occult divination, the crowd sensed the unusual. It became impatient for the clash of the champions.

"I'll be all right," Socker complained, when his friends tried to cheer him. "I know what I'm doing, don't I?"

To his manager, he spoke angrily. "You made the match, didn't you?" he demanded to know. "That's your part of the business, and it's done."

He whirled upon his trainers. "You got me into shape, didn't you? Well, that's your part of it. And that's done too. The fighting is my part. If you birds will shut up, I'll take care of it."

Socker climbed into the ring amid tumultuous applause. He sensed that Norma would be sitting outside her brother's corner. He had promised himself not to look there, but for some reason unknown to himself, in all that vast arena the only spot his eyes could not avoid was the spot where he knew the girl to be.

Their eyes met. Socker shuddered and turned away.

Seconds were milling about the ring. An announcer with hand aloft was endeavoring to bring about silence. As an aid to this gesture, the timer clanged his bell repeatedly. Pandemonium reigned.

Yet to this champion of champions, the world was a void. He seemed suspended in a vacuum through which he could see at a great distance a single white face. The face was Norma's. It was twisted in anguished disbelief. The red lips had gone white; the eyes were distended. Across her breast her hands clutched each other and he knew they were the same dainty hands which he so loved to hold.

He forgot to shake hands with his opponent and the referee had to direct him. When he returned to his corner, the manager caught the bathrobe from his shoulders and while Socker rubbed his toes in the rosin, spoke to him.

"Snap out of it, kid, will you?" he urged. "Shake off this thing that's got you. You know this Durkon ain't no set-up. You've got a fight on your hands, champ. Snap out of it, will you?"

The words evoked no response.

The bell rang. The sound seemed to come from an immeasurable distance. Socker turned slowly, crouched and went to ring center. He was outwardly calm, but the emotions which assailed him from within were tumultuous and ceaseless, gripping and rending, and they beat upon the shores of his control with the endless energy of an angry sea. Yet, too, he was calm.

Those overhead lights swept to him a message. They created for him an atmosphere in which he was a champion and never could be anything but a champion. As he sidled smoothly to ring center, there to meet his opponent, he knew that he could not throw a fight.

Durkon fought with an advertised ferocity. Socker smiled slightly at the enthusiasm of the challenger when he pressed to an immediate attack. This was to show the multitude and Socker himself that there was no fear in the lad's heart merely because he fought a champion. It was old stuff and Socker

bided his time. He gave ground and carefully studied Durkon's style.

The boy had a hard left hook but he telegraphed it. And when he used it, he made it possible to slip inside with a straight right. Later on, Socker would capitalize that weakness. The fight was long enough. Fifteen rounds. So much can happen in that time. Impatience has lost so many championships . . .

Several times Socker let opportunities slip. Once he feinted the challenger into a hopeless tangle on the ropes. He had a free shot with the famous right hand that had won the championship for him. But he withheld the blow. Men about the ringside groaned when they saw this. Wise ones looked suggestively at each other. As usual, the fight had been preceded by rumors that it was fixed.

As Socker sat in his corner after the round, his manager urged him again.

"It's all right to take your time," he counseled, "but don't pass up clean shots to that guy's whiskers! Where was your right when you feinted him off balance in that round? That's a wild left hook he's got, Socker. Don't string it along too much or he might land with it. Accidents do happen. Step out now, kid. Step out an' paste this bird. Remember, there's a world's championship hung on this ring post behind you. It's worth a million bucks, too."

But Socker could see nothing, think of nothing but that twisted, anguished face behind Durkon's corner. His mind rang with the knowledge that he was fighting Norma's brother. Every time he hit the lad, he hurt her.

The second round gave Durkon more confidence. Once he did catch the champion with that winging left hook. The blow landed high, but it left an ugly welt across Socker's face and sent him reeling into the ropes. Durkon piled in after him with both arms flailing and the crowd rose and shrieked its delight.

Socker weaved through the flying hooks of his opponent and shot a short, jolting right hand to the heart. Durkon backed away. Socker grinned.

Twice in that round came opportunity to drive home the Dooley right to the head. Both times Socker held the punch and those smart men about the ringside saw this and soon large rolls of money began to appear. Something unusual was afoot and the gambling gentry profits by such matters.

Round after round this continued. Socker side-stepped, pedaled, weaved, stepped in and out, pulled Durkon out of himself and thus took the sting from his blows. Those who knew, recognized the brains of his exhibition and could not fathom his delay in ending the fight.

Durkon, though he carried his chin well protected against his chest, nevertheless exposed his eyes, his nose, his ears. The champion could have worked on his body and meted out punishment that saps vitality. But he did not.

"Listen," the manager said to Socker when half the fight had passed and the champion had been merciful to the point of destruction, "what's the big idea? You ain't kiddin' us, you know. Is this thing in the bag? Have you crossed us? We got plenty on you to win. You can win in a walk if you'll start shootin'."

With the words, decision came to Socker. "I'll shoot," he said icily. "Don't worry that I'd cross anybody. I'll shoot, all right," he repeated. "But I'll pick my spot. When I do shoot, I'll hit. And when I hit, the fight'll be over."

As he spoke he glanced over beyond Durkon's corner. Norma was there and she was looking directly at him, her face still twisted and her lips still white.

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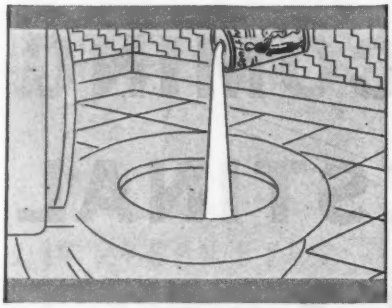

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Three more rounds passed. Repeatedly, the champion feinted his man into a position of defenselessness. And each time he let opportunity pass. It was in the twelfth round that he found his long-awaited chance.

Durkon staged one of his mighty rushes and Socker gave ground before it. He blocked those wild left hooks, moved at increasing speed so that Durkon must increase his own momentum.

Then, unexpectedly, Socker stepped forward instead of backward. Instinctively, Durkon started his wild left hook. But this time, owing to his forward momentum, he did not get his chin into its customary haven on his chest.

The famed right of Socker Dooley darted home. There was no question about its accuracy and certainly none about its power. It landed flush on the Durkon chin. The challenger's head snapped back and his knees beneath him turned to rubber.

He did not fall; he collapsed. It was as though he shrank into himself and became merely an inert heap there on the canvas under the glaring lights. Socker heard a faint scream from behind the youngster's corner. He had not the courage to look in that direction.

There was never any doubt about the effect of that punch. As Socker had said, when it landed the fight was over. Durkon lay a sprawled heap as the final count was tolled above him. From a neutral corner Socker awaited the completion of this formality. Then, eyes still downcast, he went to the prone warrior and assisted in taking him to his corner.

In a matter of two minutes the defeated challenger was once again himself. Realization brought tears to his eyes, but his face was unblemished.

He had had his chance and lost. The champion still was champion. Awaiting the challenger was a modest fortune for his effort.

Socker slapped him on the back and they smiled at each other. Words would have been superfluous. The winner walked across the ring to his corner, then slipped again into his bathrobe.

"Good old champ," his manager laughed. "You had us goin' for a while, but don't hold it against us, kid. You never fought that way before. How were we to know?"

"It's O.K." Socker smiled jerkily. "You couldn't know. Maybe you'll never know. Anyway, I won."

That night he lay again wide-eyed. What of Norma? What of the bench and the squirrel? What of the future of which he had dreamed? What of love? His love?

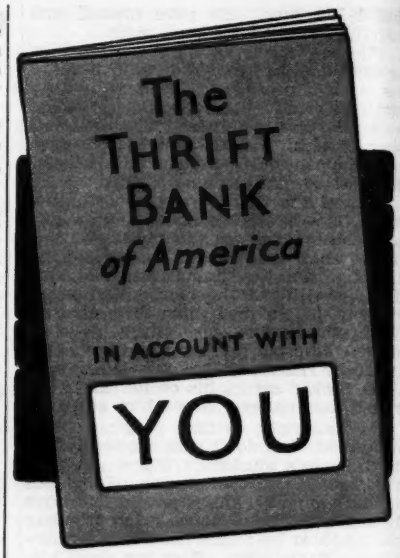
He walked through the park with trepidation slowing his footsteps. He knew the girl would not be there, yet he must go there. Hopelessly he fulfilled a solemn obligation to her, and to their love. Never could it be said that Socker had failed her!

But she was there. He saw her as he rounded a curve in the footpath and the sight both thrilled and terrorized him. What would she say? He saw that the squirrel was there beside Norma, but she gave it no heed.

As he approached there was a look of wonderment on her lovely face. This did not alter as he stopped before her. She did not speak, merely looked upward at him, and her eyes gave him confidence.

"Well?" he asked slowly, falteringly. "Well, sweetheart?"

"You—you are wonderful!" Norma returned rapturously. "The most wonderful man I ever knew."



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"But—but——" Socker struggled for words, but he reached forth and caught her willing hand.

"Harry told me everything," Norma went on. "He explained it all. I think it is the most wonderful thing. I knew always, of course, that you were gentle. Knew it from the second you rescued the little squirrel and talked to me so kindly.

"You could have hurt him so," Norma continued. "Harry knows it now. All through the fight you could have beaten his body, and his face. Cut him, perhaps, and battered him until he was just weak and crippled. All that, you could have done, and he knows it now. But you didn't, Eddie. You waited; and when you did hit him, you finished everything in a single blow. That was gentle. You are the gentlest man I ever saw. Oh, Eddie, I love you so . . ."

Greatest American

(*Continued from page 55*)

make money. I doubt if he were ever cheated because he did not know what the other fellow was doing. But he did not care so long as his own work had been well done.

He is wonderfully tolerant—except of bad work.

To find a man who has not been benefited by Edison and who is not in debt to him, it would be necessary to go deep into the jungle. Wherever civilization exists, there also is Edison. I hold him to be our greatest American. Also I have purely personal grounds for some of my feeling toward him.

He was the first man ever to help me. Thus I know from my own experience how much he can help anyone, and it seemed that there ought to be some way not only to preserve his memory but also—and this to me is more important—to keep the Edison inspiration as well as the Edison work as a continuing stimulus to help others. Words will not do this and neither will statues or buildings.

The best way that I know to keep the influence of a man alive is to perpetuate the scenes amidst which he lived and did his most important work. At Menlo Park, in New Jersey, Mr. Edison invented the phonograph and his whole system of incandescent lighting; at Fort Myers, in Florida, he perfected the phonograph record and did other important pieces of work.

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People will be able to see the exact scene out of which came the electric light and to realize how simply even the greatest things come into being.

We have transplanted the Fort Myers laboratory and also we have found or have had given to us most of the more important models and drawings and other material incidents of Mr. Edison's life. These will go into a wing of the Museum and the Edison Institute of Technology, built to educate to scientific accomplishment and to house a collection of Americana that has been assembled and which will eventually give a presentation of every variety of article and implement used in the United States

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from Colonial times down to the present. In another section it will have examples of every form of transmitting motion ever used by man.

That, however, is something else. The point is that this entire museum and school has been dedicated by Mr. Edison. He made his signature in a great block of solid concrete on which also he left his footprints as he thrust into it the favorite spade of Luther Burbank—for Burbank is another man whose work and methods should be preserved for the inspiration of the coming generation.

The group of buildings in construction flows out from a small central building in the front and this building is an exact duplicate of Independence Hall in Philadelphia. For I hold that Edison, through his work, formed a new kind of declaration of independence. The objects preserved in this museum are steps in our progress toward economic independence. It seemed fitting, therefore, to reproduce in these surroundings the most significant structure in this country.

The recreation of Menlo Park has been more than interesting.

In the midst of some trouble with the landlord of his Newark laboratory—which was only a makeshift anyway—Edison, in 1876, picked out Menlo Park for a new laboratory—after having surveyed a number of small towns. He wanted a place where land was cheap, where he could have all the room he needed and where he would not be disturbed by the noises of a city.

That is how Menlo Park came into being.

When Mr. Edison and I finally decided to reconstruct Menlo Park on a similar plot at Dearborn, we went over the ground together with surveyors. We located the foundations of the more substantial of the original buildings, while Edison picked out also the spots where the frame buildings had stood. In this manner we drew a complete set of plans with all the contours and then laid out the grounds at Dearborn precisely after the original. We took everything but the climate.

The first and most important of the old buildings was the frame laboratory which Edison built in 1876 and used for ten years. This had gone except for the foundation and part of the ground floor. Some of the timber had been taken by contractors and put into other buildings, while some had simply vanished. Edison perfectly remembered the dimensions of his building and made a sketch for us to work with. We checked his figures with the foundations and found them, as usual, absolutely accurate. Then we took out the foundations brick by brick and post by post, numbered them and shipped them to Dearborn. At the same time we followed up the old timber and located parts of it in three houses. These we bought, took out the timber and then rebuilt them.

One of the old doors we found on a barber shop and the other was on a milliner's store. We traced various chairs to various parts of the neighborhood and turned up quite a good deal of the furniture for this and other buildings at Ocean Grove. It is odd how long strong chairs and pieces of furniture will last and the distances that they travel.

The laboratory, as it now stands at Dearborn, is a two-and-one-half-story building with two small offices on the first floor—for originally the offices and everything else were in this one building. The second floor is one clear big room. Francis Jehl, who was with Edison at this time and is one of three survivors of his assistants in the days when he

made the incandescent lamp, helped to arrange the contents of this building. He says:

"It was on the upper story of this laboratory that the most important experiments were executed, and where the incandescent lamp was born. This floor consisted of a large hall containing several long tables, upon which could be found all the various instruments and scientific and chemical apparatus that the arts at that time could produce. Books lay promiscuously about, while here and there long lines of bichromate of potash cells could be seen, together with experimental models of ideas that Edison or his assistants were engaged upon.

"The side walls were lined with shelves filled with bottles, phials, and other receptacles containing every imaginable chemical and other material that could be obtained, while at the end of this hall, and near the organ which stood in the rear, was a large glass case containing the world's most precious metals in sheet and wire form, together with very rare and costly chemicals. When evening came on, and the last rays of the setting sun penetrated through the side windows, this hall looked like a veritable Faust laboratory.

"On the ground floor we had our testing table, which stood on two large pillars of brick built deep into the earth in order to get rid of all vibrations on account of the sensitive instruments that were upon it. There was the Thomson reflecting mirror galvanometer and electrometer, while near by were the standard cells by which the galvanometers were adjusted and standardized. This testing table was connected by means of wires with all parts of the laboratory and machine shop, so that measurements could be conveniently made from a distance, as in those days we had no portable and direct reading instruments, such as now exist.

"Opposite this table we installed, later on, our photometrical chamber, which was constructed on the Bunsen principle. A little way from this table, and separated by a partition, we had the chemical laboratory with its furnaces and stink chambers. Later on, another chemical laboratory was installed near the photometer room."

The present building, as we have put it up, is about one-half made of the original wood and one-half of new wood, but every detail has been exactly reproduced. The original equipment has disappeared, for Mr. Edison never bothered with anything once he had finished with it, but we have collected a few pieces of the originals here and there and have managed to get duplicates of the others. Elmer & Amend of New York, who furnished the original chemical supplies and apparatus, searched their records and have been able to send many duplicates. The organ at one end has been exactly reproduced—the organ on which Mr. Edison used to pick out tunes with one finger while his staff sang.

It may be that we shall get more of the original stuff, for close by the old laboratory was a hollow in which stood a cherry tree. Into this hole, about thirty feet in diameter, the laboratory used to throw its junk and, although the earth had sifted over the pile and weeds were growing, I suspected that something might be below. We put men to work and took out twenty-six barrels of discarded paraphernalia and the remains of experiments. This yielded many finds.

It was in this building that both the phonograph and the incandescent light were brought into the world by Edison and his hard-working crew. They

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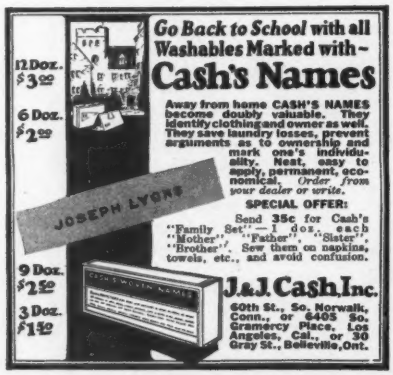
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managed to have a good time as they worked—although their lives centered in the laboratory. To quote Mr. Jehl again:

"Our lunch always ended with a cigar, and I may mention here that, although Edison was never fastidious in eating, he always relished a good cigar, and seemed to find in it consolation and solace. It often happened that, while we were enjoying the cigars after our midnight supper, one of the boys would start up a tune on the organ and we would all sing together, or one of the others would give a solo.

"Another of the boys had a voice that sounded like something between the ring of an old tomato can and a pewter jug. We had one song that he would sing while we roared with laughter. He was also great in imitating the tin-foil phonograph. When Boehm was in good humor he would play his zither now and then, and amuse us by singing pretty German songs.

"On many of these occasions the laboratory was the rendezvous of jolly and convivial visitors, mostly old friends and acquaintances of Mr. Edison. Some of the office employees would also drop in once in a while, and as everybody present was always welcome for the midnight meal, we all enjoyed these gatherings. After a while, when we were ready to resume work, our visitors would intimate that they were going home to bed, but we fellows could stay up and work, and they would depart, generally singing some song like 'Good Night, Ladies.'

"It often happened that when Edison had been working up to three or four o'clock in the morning, he would lie down on one of the laboratory tables, and with nothing but a couple of books for a pillow, would fall into a sound sleep. He said it did him more good than being in a soft bed—that a bed spoils a man.

"Some of the laboratory assistants could be seen now and then sleeping on a table in the early morning hours. If their snoring became objectionable to those still at work, the 'calmer' was applied. This machine consisted of a Babbitt's soap box without a cover. Upon it was mounted a broad ratchet wheel with a crank, while into the teeth of the wheel there played a stout, elastic slab of wood. The box would be placed on the table where the snorer was sleeping and the crank turned rapidly.

"The racket thus produced was something terrible, and the sleeper would jump up as though a typhoon had struck the laboratory. The irrepressible spirit of humor in the old days, although somewhat strenuous at times, caused many a moment of hilarity which seemed to refresh the boys, and sent them on with their work with renewed vigor."

Two years after building the laboratory, Mr. Edison had to have a machine shop for the development of his dynamo and other machinery incident to the introduction of his lighting system. He put up a substantial single-story brick structure and later built an addition on one end to serve as a power house. In this building the first Edison dynamo was made under the direction of John Kruesi—the man who also made the first phonograph—and in the added room were placed eight of these dynamos and an exciter. This was the first Edison central station in the world and from this station he lighted the little town for exhibition purposes. The first commercial station was the one on Pearl Street in New York which has been noted in a previous article.

We found a good part of the machine shop intact at Menlo Park and managed to recover most of the bricks that had been taken away. It was not difficult to identify the bricks—although they had gone into several other buildings. Our new machine shop, in so far as the walls and foundations are concerned, is original. We had to put on a new roof.

We have had no luck at all in discovering any of the original machinery except the boiler; that we found and restored. The steam engine, the dynamos and all the machinery have gone, but we found the makers of the machinery and the steam engine and they have furnished duplicates. Mr. Edison still had the plan of the dynamos and we built new ones according to the old specifications.

All of this machinery is in working order and this power plant furnishes the electric light for the new village just as it did for the old and with wires and fittings exactly duplicating the original. We even have several of the old poles and some of the original fittings. We are able to show everyone just how the first village ever to be lighted with the incandescent light looked when the current was switched on. That teaches more than books will teach.

The next most important building is also of brick and, although it is new, we made it of brick exactly like that used in the original. This was the only show place on the grounds and was erected in 1878 as a show place—as an office and library. It had to be a show place because it was here that the capitalists who came to see the light and other inventions were received.

Everything in this building is new, for nothing at all remains of the old building except one shutter. Although officially it was Mr. Edison's office, he did not spend much time there. His place was in the laboratory and Mr. Samuel Insull, who was then assisting Mr. Edison, has written this description of the conduct of the office and laboratory:

"I never attempted to systematize Edison's business life. His method of work would upset the system of any office. He was just as likely to be at work in his laboratory at midnight as at midday. He cared not for the hours of the day or the days of the week. If he were exhausted he might more likely be asleep in the middle of the day than in the middle of the night, as most of his work in the way of inventions was done at night. I used to run his office on as close business methods as my experience admitted; and I would get at him whenever it suited his convenience.

"Sometimes he would not go over his mail for days at a time; but other times he would go regularly to his office in the morning. At other times my engagements used to be with him to go over his business affairs at Menlo Park at night, if I were occupied in New York during the day.

"In fact, as a matter of convenience I used more often to get at him at night, as it left my days free to transact his affairs, and enabled me, probably at a midnight luncheon, to get a few minutes of his time to look over his correspondence and get his directions as to what I should do in some particular negotiation or matter of finance. While it was a matter of suiting Edison's convenience as to when I should transact business with him, it also suited my own ideas, as it enabled me after getting through my business with him to enjoy the privilege of watching him at his work, and to learn something about the technical side of matters.

"Whatever knowledge I may have of the electric-light and power industry I

owe to the tuition of Edison. He was about the most willing tutor, and I must confess that he had to be a patient one."

Between the machine shop and the laboratory stood a small wooden building used as a carpenter shop, and near by was the gasoline plant. Before he brought out the incandescent lamp, the only illumination came from gasoline gas. This was used later for heating in the little glass-blowing plant for making bulbs—another little wooden building near the laboratory. The carpenter shop and the gas house had entirely disappeared, but we managed to build them over again and also found a complete equipment. The glass plant we have. It was a frame one-story affair, ten by twenty-seven feet, with a small loft.

It was originally built as a photographic studio, but when Edison had so much trouble in getting bulbs blown for his first lights he turned this into a glass house and here one Boehm not only blew bulbs by day and by night but also in his odd moments crept up into the loft to sleep. He literally lived with his work. When neither working nor sleeping, he is reported to have been either yodeling or playing the zither—the zither that Mr. Jehl mentions.

The General Electric Company had this building at their works in Parsippany—having removed it from Menlo Park. And they presented it to us. We have found some of the original equipment and have duplicated the rest. We have had bulbs actually blown here by an experienced glass blower using the same sort of equipment that was then used.

Edison had great trouble in finding pure carbon and we have erected a duplicate of a small building in which lampblack was crudely but carefully manufactured and pressed into very small cakes, for use in the Edison carbon transmitters of that time. The night watchman, Alfred Swanson, took care of this curious plant, which consisted of a battery of petroleum lamps that were forced to burn to the sooting point. Every so often during the night he would scrape the soot from the chimneys. It was then weighed out into very small portions, which were pressed into cakes or buttons with a hand press and shipped to the makers of the telephone transmitters.

We have completely reproduced this whole outfit to show the obstacles which the pioneers had to meet in getting materials. Near by Mr. Edison had an experimental electric railroad, but this we are not reproducing.

The group would not be complete without one essential building, which did not, however, belong to Mr. Edison, and that is Sally Jordan's boarding house where the assistants lived and slept—when they could get away from the laboratory. This was the first house to be lighted by the incandescent lights. It is a duplex house and in all, it contains thirteen rooms and we were fortunate indeed to find the house standing and well preserved.

We took it down bit by bit—even to the bricks of the chimneys—and the present house at Dearborn has in it hardly a nail that was not in the old house. We found a good portion of the original furniture and have reproduced most of the rooms as they originally were, with the exception of one room and in that I have put some of the furniture from Mr. Edison's birthplace at Milan, Ohio.

Thus the whole group is complete in every detail—inside and out. And anyone who wishes will be able to see the surroundings, the tools and even to feel

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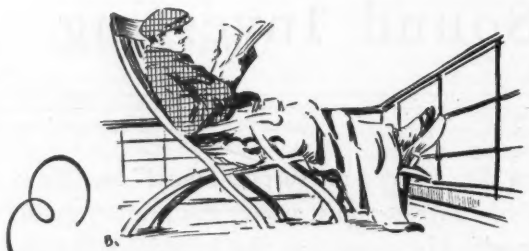

THERE'S nothing like the dog days to make one's mind run to deep sea ballads and salt water verse.

All day such scraps as "Down where the clouds lie on the sea" and "There's a schooner in the offing with her topsails shot with fire" have been insinuating themselves between the rattle of typewriters and the hum of traffic.

Probably it's because an ocean voyage means romance and adventure even to the most staid.

Who will occupy the deck chair next to mine? How will I get acquainted with her? What sort of people will be at my table in the dining room? You see? . . . One imagines that just anything might happen on that great highway that leads to every interesting port in the world.

That's why these dog days have my mind all stirred up. I want to get started . . . I want to see places . . . meet people. Right now . . . then later on a honeymoon, maybe . . . and then again when we're older . . . for what could be more appropriate for a tenth or even a twentieth wedding anniversary than an ocean trip with its new sights, new faces, wider horizons . . . down where the clouds lie on the sea?

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something of the atmosphere of this place of mighty endeavor. For from out of these buildings came the carbon transmitter, the phonograph, the incandescent lamp, and the Edison system of electrical distribution, the commercial dynamo, the electric railway, the megaphone, the tasimeter, and many other inventions. Here also was continued Edison's earlier work on the quadruplex, sextuplex, multiplex and automatic telegraphs, and here also he did his pioneering in wireless telegraphy.

The Fort Myers laboratory does not belong in this group but in order to have everything in one spot Mr. Edison turned it over to me in 1928 and I brought it up from Florida and had it put together again. The building which we have is the original. It was built in Florida in 1884 by Mr. Edison's father, out of wood cut in Maine. In a way it was then a portable building, for most of the actual work was done in the north and the parts were fitted in Florida. Thus reconstructing it was not a difficult task.

It is a single-story affair with a small office at one end. The large room was both machine shop and laboratory. Around the walls are bottles and chemicals of all kinds and down the center of the room runs a line of light machinery—two high-speed lathes, a screw cutting machine, a milling machine, a drill press, a grinder and a shaper. All of these are originals and also we have the original boiler and engine.

In the office we have a low walnut table such as telegraphers used long ago and which I picked up in a railway station at Fraser, Michigan. It may be the same table on which Edison learned telegraphy. That he does not know, but he does know that he learned on a table exactly like it. It was in this building that Mr. Edison finally managed to achieve a phonograph record with the proper "s" sound and here also he began many lines of investigation which he completed in the northern laboratories.

We have gone somewhat further in the reconstruction of Mr. Edison's life. Some time ago we bought the railroad station at Smith's Creek on the Grand Trunk Railroad. This station was built in 1858-59 and it is historic because it was at this very station that young Edison was dumped off the train with his first little laboratory. The last time he alighted at this station he was escorted by the President of the United States. The station has been erected on the grounds and to carry out the whole picture on the occasion of the jubilee of Mr. Edison's great invention, we obtained an old locomotive such as was used on the trains that Edison served as a newsboy, and also we found and reconstructed some of the old passenger cars of the time, including one in which we are exactly recreating his boyhood train laboratory.

We have throughout this work run down every detail with Mr. Edison and his associates and I believe that the reproduction is exact. It must be exact, for if this is to be a recreation of the old scenes then there can be no compromise with accuracy. I want the imagination of those who see history thus concretely presented to start with the thing itself and not to be wasted trying to supply missing parts of the scene.

And if the exhibition teaches only a few boys and girls something of the spirit which made this country, then the labor will not have been in vain. The American spirit of endeavor as represented in its fullness by Thomas Alva Edison is the real wealth of the nation.

Contemporary print of the Battle of Tudela, in which the French defeated the Spaniards in northern Spain, November, 1808

Sitting in Paris he won the Battle of Tudela

HE glanced keenly at the map for a moment, then turned again to the letter before him.

"Entrench Tudela, at once," Napoleon wrote rapidly. "And keep the lines of communication open to Logroño, by the right bank of the Ebro if possible, by the left bank *at all costs.*"

That was in August, 1808. Before Napoleon had ever set foot on Spanish soil!

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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

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Sell Colonial Christmas Cards

Everyone sends Christmas Cards! You can easily make money taking orders now for Colonial's beautiful line of Personal Christmas Cards. Sensational values, designs of unusual appeal. Sender's name beautifully inscribed on each card —your friends will buy gladly.

Profits for Everyone

Any ambitious man or woman can earn a handsome income during full or spare time. You make a liberal profit in advance. No money or experience required. Send today for selling outfit and complete details.

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$10 SAMPLE BOOK FREE

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When a man or a woman makes a statement about the value or the use of some article on the market and says, "They say that it is so-and-so," in all probability the pronoun *they* refers to the advertiser of the article.

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And we can be certain that whenever an engineer, a scientist or an inventor has created something beneficial to mankind, the news will be flashed, not by telegraph or radio, but by advertising.

COSMOPOLITAN'S *SEPTEMBER* ADVERTISERS

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ABOVE—ORDINARY CLEANSING
Note dirt embedded in pores—undisturbed by surface cleansing. Causes blackheads and coarse, dull skin.

BELOW—PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
All dirt is removed. Pores are small. The skin becomes fine, clear, young!

"Clean out those dirty pores"

skin specialist warns women

"DIRTY PORES! They cause blackheads and pimples. They coarsen the skin. Even in the first stages they make a woman's appearance distasteful to men.

"I can't say this strongly enough to the woman who wants to look young: don't disregard even the tiniest pin-point of black that seems to be lodged in your skin.

Cause of Dirty Pores

"Old fashioned cleansing methods won't do. There's a new kind of dirt in the air today . . . It pours from the exhausts of automobiles and from furnace chimneys. It falls on the skin in minute particles of grease, carbon, tar.

"These particles of greasy waste cling to the face, stick in the pores. Only thorough pore-deep cleansing will get them out . . . keep them from spoiling the skin."

How Liquid Cleanses

Remove modern dirt with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser. You *feel* Ambrosia enter the pores, you *know* it is cleansing the skin as nothing has done before. New color comes in the cheeks . . . your face feels refreshed and young. Provides a one-minute facial for train, driving, or office use.

Write for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 9-F, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Dept. 9-F, 69 York St., Toronto, Can.

4 oz. $1.00 — 8 oz. $1.75 — 16 oz. $3.00

Copyright 1930, Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.

HOW TO USE AMBROSIA

NORMAL SKIN: Use absorbent cotton thoroughly wet with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck. Repeat until fresh cotton does not show any soil.

DRY: Cleanse as for normal skin. At night add a softening cream to soften and lubricate the skin.

OILY: Apply Ambrosia frequently with cotton or gauze. Wipe face with cloth wrung out of cold water.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR CLEANSING DELICATE SKINS

AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser